

Big May Travel Issue PLUS "Win a Trip to Hollywood Contest"

PHOTOPLAY

AY

**Charlton Heston
Sounds Off:
ON MEN
AND MATRIMONY**

**BEHIND THE HEADLINES
TAYLOR-TODD MARRIAGE**

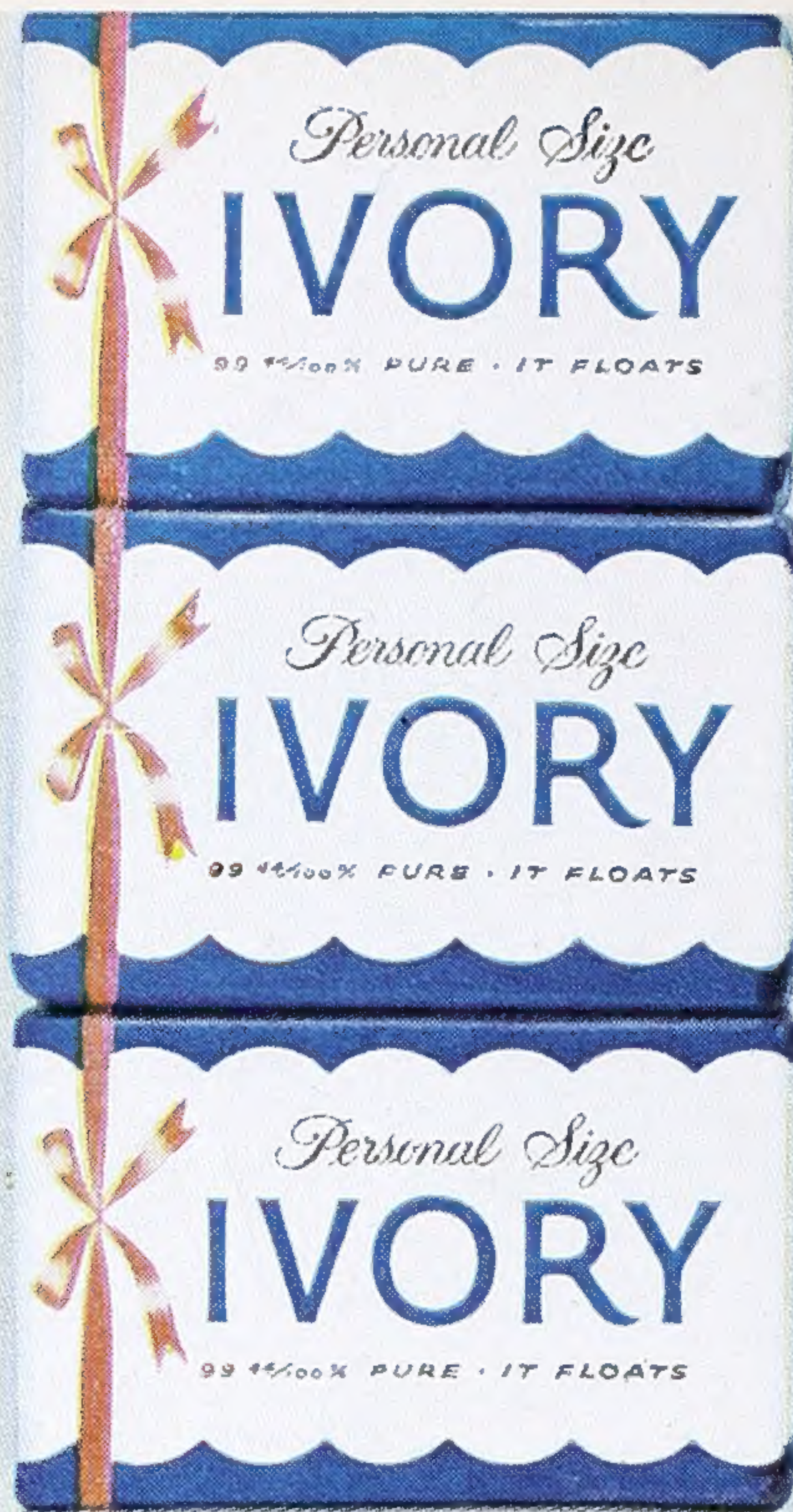
**She Learned to Say NO!
JOAN COLLINS**

25¢



308
SUN 97 3N
NE 46 MAST
VELAND RD
O SLOSBERG
JOAN COLLINS

Like
getting
one free!

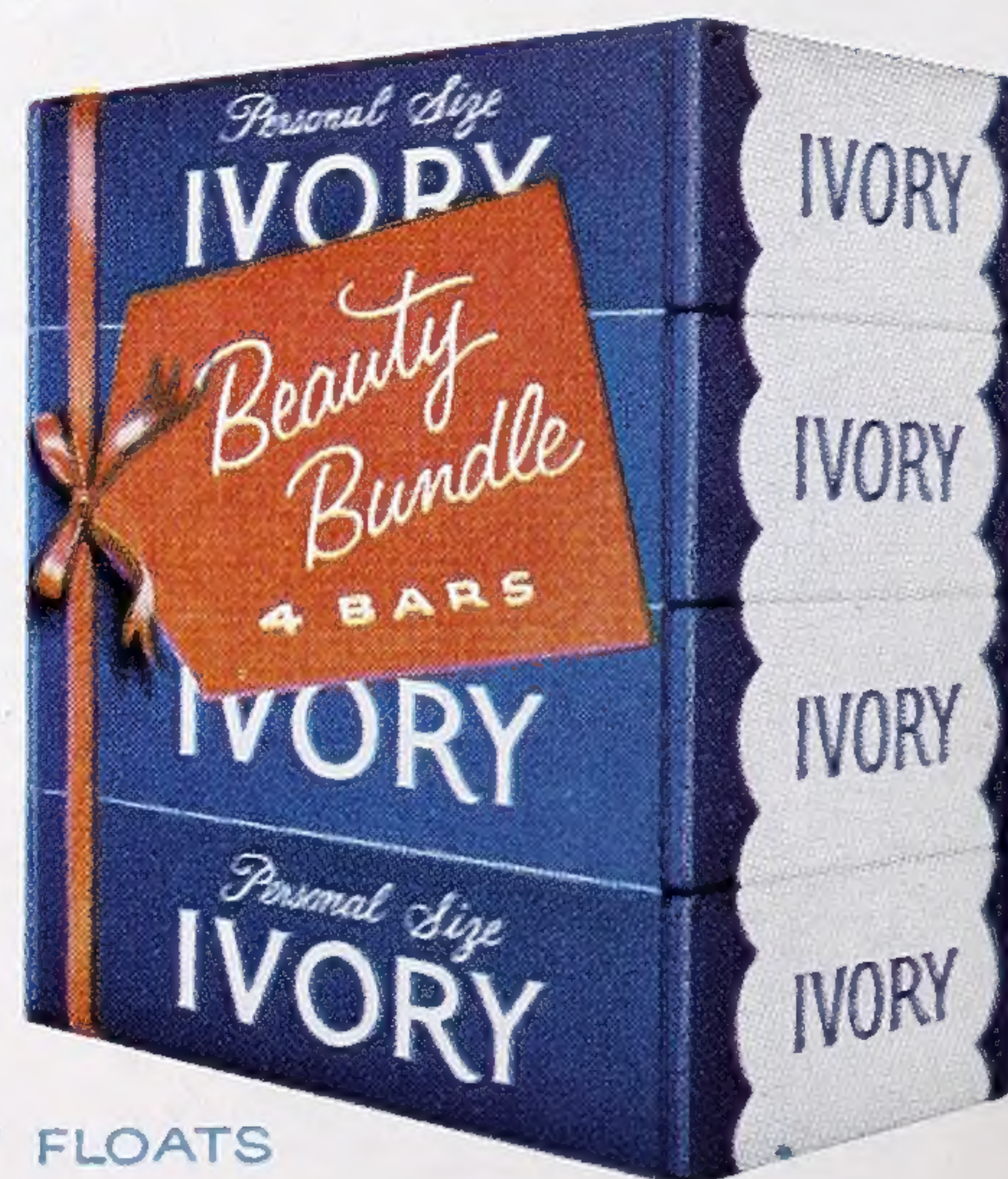


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NOW—TIED IN ONE BEAUTY BUNDLE

4 cakes of pure, mild Personal Size Ivory cost about
the same as 3 cakes of other leading toilet soaps!

Any way you look at it—Personal Size Ivory's new Beauty Bundle
is a beauty of a buy. Now—4 cakes all tied in one neat bundle—
so handy . . . so thrifty. And how those dainty cakes of mildness pamper
your skin! You see, the milder the beauty soap, the prettier your
skin, and Ivory Soap is mild enough for a baby's skin. So for that fresh,
radiant look, That Ivory Look, get your Beauty Bundle now.



99 44% PURE® . IT FLOATS

THE BEAUTY BUNDLE IS YOUR BEST BEAUTY BUY



"You'd think I had halitosis or somethin'!"

Molly's remark was intended as a bitter little joke. She'd had a miserable time at the dance . . . even the boy she invited was neglectful. Molly had no way of knowing that what she blurted out in jest was actually the truth. There's no thermometer that registers when your breath offends . . . that's why it pays to use Listerine *regularly*.

**The most common cause of bad breath is germs
... Listerine kills germs by millions**

Germs—which ferment the proteins always present in your mouth—are the most common cause

of bad breath. The more you reduce these germs, the longer your breath stays sweeter. Listerine kills germs on contact . . . by millions.

**Tooth paste can't kill germs
the way Listerine does**

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine *IS* antiseptic. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine Antiseptic full-strength every morning, every night, before every date!

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
... stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste



PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

MAY, 1957

VOL. 51, NO. 5

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COVER: Color portrait of Joan Collins by James Mitchell. Joan is starred in 20th Century-Fox's "Island in the Sun," "The Wayward Bus" and "The Seawife."

Your June issue will be on sale at your newsstand on May 7



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Try my "natural" beauty secret
**GLORIFY THE
Natural Color
OF YOUR HAIR**

ONE OF THESE PRODUCTS
IS JUST RIGHT FOR YOU!

Nestle COLORINSE
**GIVES COLOR-HIGHLIGHTS
AND BEAUTIFUL SHEEN**

Use Nestle Colorinse after every shampoo to accent your natural hair color, add glorious new lustre, remove dulling soap film, make hair softer, silkier, easier to manage. Colorinse quickly rinses in—easily shampoos out! 12 glamorous colors. 29¢, 50¢.



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Nestle Color Creme Rinse adds beautiful, rich color and youthful

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At all cosmetic counters, or ask your beautician for Professional applications

De luxe doll steals
a two-fisted
newspaper guy
from a shapely
showgirl in the
comedy of the year
—*with songs!*



M-G-M romantically presents

GREGORY PECK
LAUREN BACALL in

DESIGNING WOMAN

co-starring **DOLORES GRAY**

Written by GEORGE WELLS, Associate Producer • In CinemaScope and METROCOLOR
Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by DORE SCHARY • An M-G-M Picture

Brush Your Teeth with Colgate's... Brush Bad Breath Away!



And Colgate's with GARDOL Fights Decay All Day, Too!

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol stops mouth odor all day for most people . . . with just one brushing! Gives you that fresh-clean feeling that comes from brushing your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream.

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Gardol's invisible shield fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing.



*THE TOP THREE BRANDS
AFTER COLGATE'S.



Colgate's with GARDOL

CLEANS YOUR BREATH
WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

over the Editor's shoulder...

To bring the news you want, this month we held a "ball"

A Star and a Story Are Born

One of the special events this past month was our annual Gold Medal Award Dinner in Hollywood. On page 68 Kendis Rochlen tells you all about this year's party ("Hollywood Goes to a Ball") in which we think that everybody—including the guests—outdid themselves to make it the very best one we've ever held. One of the reasons we have such a good time each year is because it gives us a chance to dine and talk with some of our favorite stars. One of the guests we were particularly pleased to get to talk to was Pat Boone. First, because we felt especially proud and happy to welcome him (and his pretty wife, Shirley) to his first big Hollywood affair. And, secondly, Pat was such a great entertainer we decided right then and there that here was somebody that you the reader would want to know better. The result? "The Pat Boone Story," in June PHOTOPLAY.

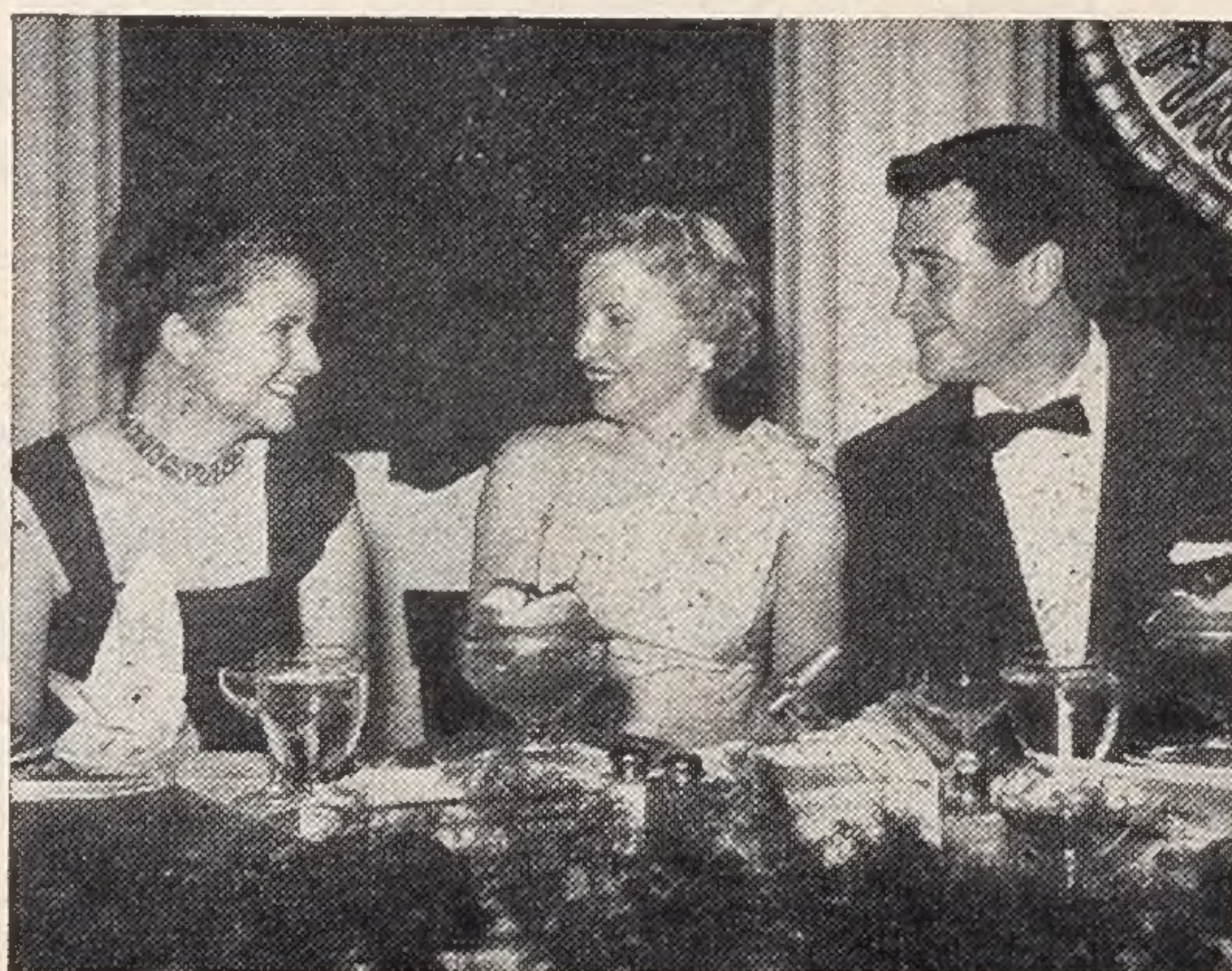
How Do You Rate the Movies?

Recently, we have noticed that research organizations have been asking fans all kinds of questions about their movie-going habits. Questions like: Did you see the picture because of the title? Would you have gone to see it if the title were different? How many times a week do you go to the movies? What kind of movies do you like? Well, some of the tabulations are in and we thought you might like to know what they add up to. It seems that teenagers take in at least one picture a week, and it's their pocketbook, not TV, that keeps them from going more often. The largest film-going audiences are in the 20-

24 age group, with girls preferring musicals and fellows adventure films. This doesn't mean that girls have to go along with blood-and-thunder to please their dates. Men rate musicals second in popularity and will gladly go along with a good mystery or suspense picture or a fast-moving "horse opera." It's the love story, we're told, that the fellows balk at seeing. Most of the men queried rated love a dreary business and something to stay clear of—at least on the screen. Incidentally, four out of ten enjoy reading about Hollywood. As informed PHOTOPLAY readers we wonder if you agree with the surveys, and how you would reply to these and other questions, such as: How do you decide upon a picture? Is it the story that whets your interest? Are you faithful to your favorite stars? Do you see every picture they make? Can a poor review change your mind? We're curious about your opinions.

A Year with Tony Perkins

Back in 1953, our reviewer, Janet Graves, came back from seeing a new picture, "The Actress," and made a flat prediction: "I've just seen a young actor who's going places. He's a boy to watch. His name is Anthony Perkins." We admit we forgot all about Tony until we saw him again in "Friendly Persuasion." After "Fear Strikes Out" we were sure that Janet's prediction was coming true and that he certainly was "a boy to watch." As a result we are going to bring you in every issue for the next year Tony's progress and plans—a step-by-step account of how a boy become a star. Watch for Tony!



Ann Higginbotham, PHOTOPLAY's Editorial Director, and Norman Siegel, the West Coast Editor, at the Gold Medal dinner sought out the stars you like to read about

THE GREATEST EVENT IN MOTION PICTURE HISTORY

as seen through the eyes of a young woman

"I Saw 'The Ten Commandments'"

by Dorothy Rupenian

Age 19, Astoria, N. Y.

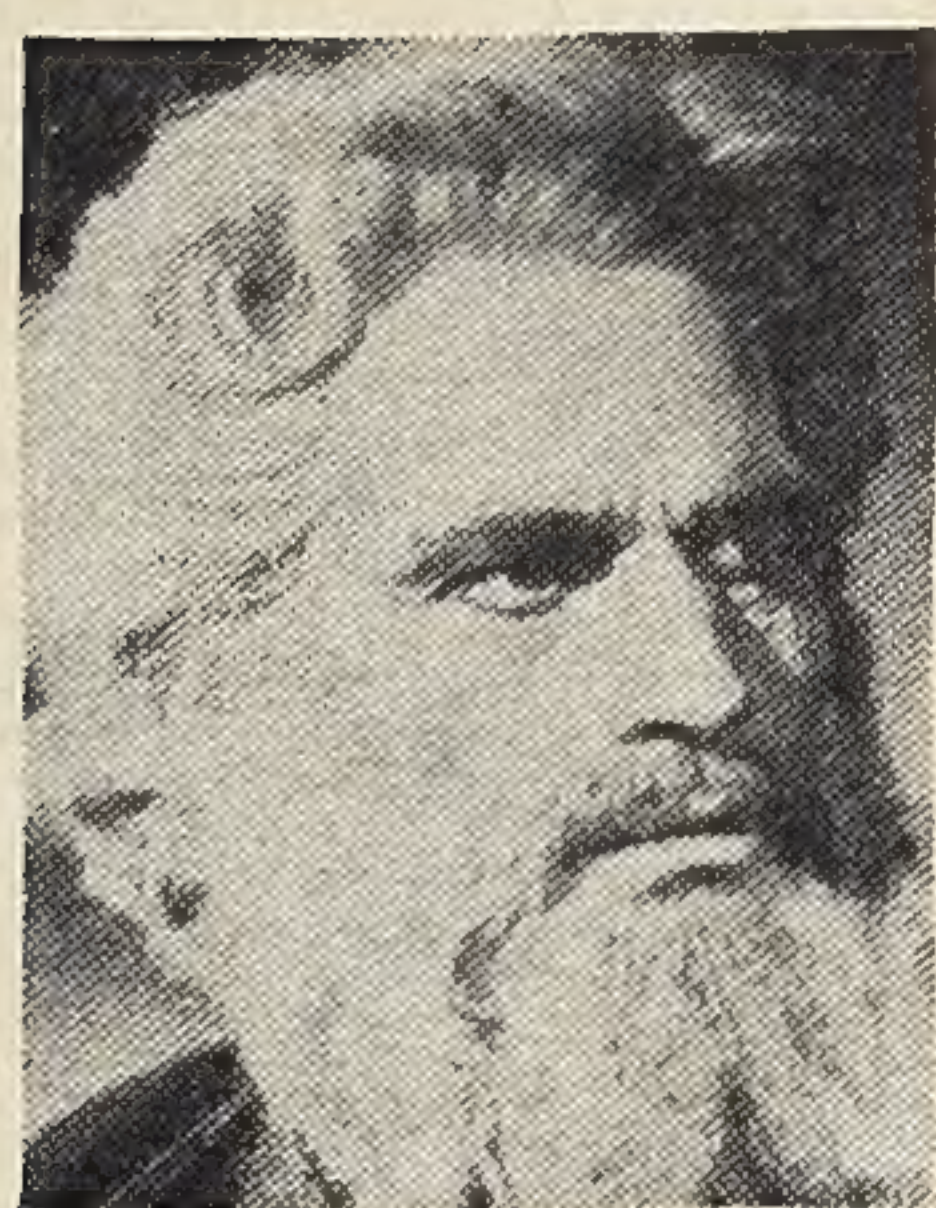
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS is a spectacular movie, but more than that, it is an inspiring drama that left me with a reverence for freedom, a brighter faith and a renewed respect for movie-making.

Cecil B. DeMille could easily have made this a gaudy panorama of pagan revelry, dancing girls and all the other glammers that Hollywood has filmed in the past. Yes, THE TEN COMMANDMENTS has excitement, extravagant sets and costumes—and best of all a convincing Moses in Charlton Heston. But Mr. DeMille hasn't gone overboard to make fiction out of Bible truth; he has let the account in Exodus of the sufferings of the Jews in bondage under Egyptian oppression emerge as a real and significant drama of a people struggling for their freedom.

Liberty and freedom and the right to independence might seem far-fetched thoughts for a Biblical story, but they aren't when you consider that God gave Moses the Ten Commandments on Mount Sinai so that men henceforth would have moral law to live by rather than the whims of each new ruler. There are words here that are as meaningful today as they were when Moses said them thousands of years ago to the Israelites.

This was a motion picture that appealed to me visually with its breath-taking scenes of the crossing of the Red Sea, the burning bush and the writing of the Ten Commandments on slabs of stone with fire from heaven. Spiritually, it was a moving experience to see a sacred book of the Bible translated to these immense proportions, through which more people could come to know the beauty and drama of the Bible's Old Testament.

REPRINTED FROM SEVENTEEN, JANUARY, 1957 ISSUE
COPYRIGHT 1957 BY TRIANGLE PUBLICATIONS, INC.



CHARLTON HESTON
as Moses



ANNE BAXTER
as Nefretiri



DEBRA PAGET
as Lilia



YUL BRYNNER
as Ramesses



YVONNE DeCARLO
as Sephora



JOHN DEREK
as Joshua

CECIL B. DEMILLE'S

PRODUCTION

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

starring

CHARLTON

YUL

ANNE

EDWARD G.

YVONNE

DEBRA

JOHN

HESTON • BRYNNER • BAXTER • ROBINSON • DE CARLO • PAGET • DEREK

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • NINA FOCH • MARTHA SCOTT • JUDITH ANDERSON • VINCENT PRICE

Written for the screen by AENEAS MACKENZIE • JESSE L. LASKY, JR. • JACK GARISS • FREDRIC M. FRANK Based upon the HOLY SCRIPTURES and other ancient and modern writings

Produced by Motion Picture Associates, Inc. • TECHNICOLOR® AND VISTAVISION • A Paramount Picture

BE SURE TO SEE "THE TEN COMMANDMENTS" NOW OR SOON AT SELECTED MOTION PICTURE THEATRES.



Are you ever excited...



tense...



rushed?...

That's when most deodorants fail
but new MUM Cream keeps working



KIND TO SKIN AND CLOTHES

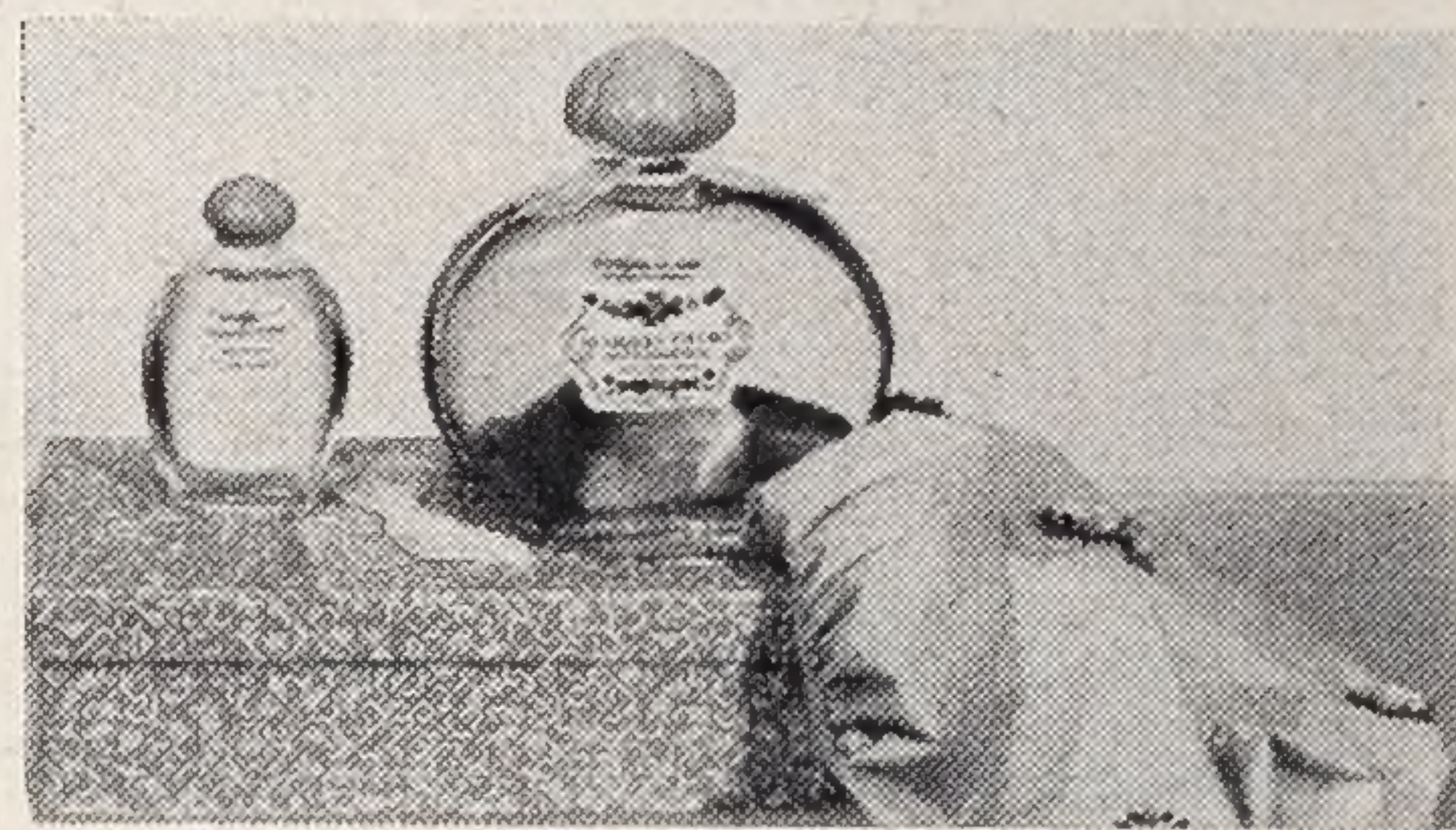
ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT
OF BRISTOL-MYERS

You've probably noticed...when you're under emotional pressure, your perspiration glands suddenly get more active. That's when deodorants which depend on stopping perspiration let you down, and odor often starts.

New Mum® Cream works a completely different way. It is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor. Mum keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day—no matter how active your perspiration glands are. No wonder Mum is so dependable. Isn't that what you want?

*More people depend on MUM than on any
other deodorant... it works when others fail*

becoming
attractions



*It's a gift: "Quelques Fleurs" Refreshence and Eau de Toilette by Houbigant, gift-packaged with Kleinert's flower-trimmed shower beret. \$3.75**



*Outline was formulated by Dorothy Gray to reduce puffiness, refine and clarify skin. Two types: for normal or dry and blemished or oily skin. \$7.50**



*Disappearing act for dark shadows and other blemishes: New Helena Rubinstein Conceal stick with Silk-Tone foundation and "how to" book. \$2.50**



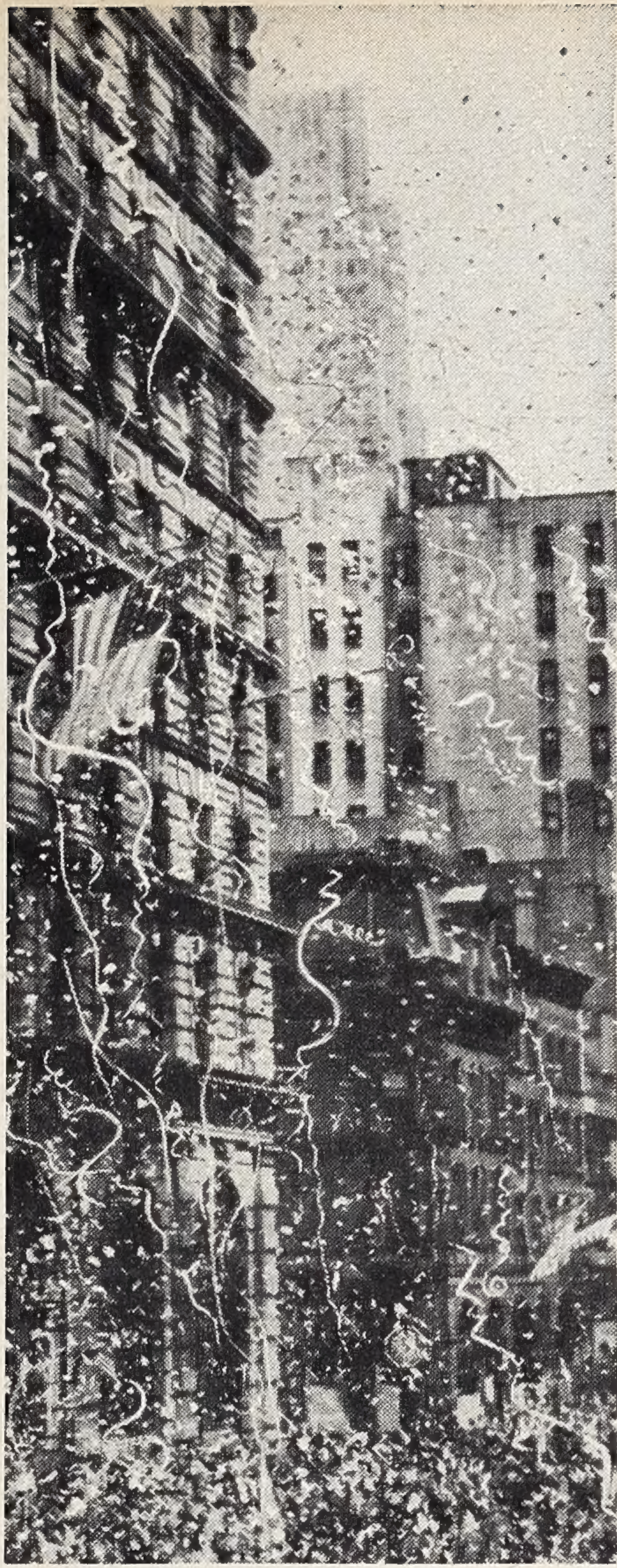
For the girl who rolls her own, new Sta-Rite plastic TV pin curl mirror and tray. Rim is soft to hold comfortably in lap. Green, yellow or rose. \$1.98

**plus tax*

The screen has never
come so close to
the heart of a man,
and an era--

JAMES STEWART

in his role of roles as
Charles A. Lindbergh



WARNER BROS.
PRESENT

the Spirit of St. Louis

as the
world
held its
breath--

BASED ON THE PULITZER PRIZE BOOK BY
CHARLES A. LINDBERGH
IN CINEMASCOPE AND WARNERCOLOR

SCREEN PLAY BY BILLY WILDER AND WENDELL MAYES PRODUCED BY LELAND HAYWARD DIRECTED BY BILLY WILDER

MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY FRANZ WAXMAN



Address your letters to Readers Inc., PHOTOPLAY,
205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We
regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters
not published in this column. If you want to start a fan
club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.
For list of studio addresses, see page 104.—Ed.

READERS INC...

"The King Pin"

I'd like to thank Army Archerd for the marvelous article on Yul Brynner which appeared in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY. I thoroughly enjoyed it and I'm sure many others did too. Being an admirer of this talented man, it gave me a great deal of pleasure to read an article which brought the real Yul Brynner to light. Too many stories give the impression that Mr. Brynner is some sort of an egotistical character who is continually trying to live up to his reel life in real life. Army Archerd is to be congratulated for a very fine piece of work. Let's have another story on "The King" soon.

I've been a subscriber to PHOTOPLAY for many years and I've always enjoyed your magazine from cover to cover. I think it's the best on the market. Howard Eisenberg's article on Debbie and Eddie, also in the February issue, was one of the best I've ever seen on these two young people. "The Rock Hudson Story" deserves three cheers, too. You see, I'm really sold on PHOTOPLAY, so thank you again for a topgrade magazine.

ESTHER KATZ
Hampton, New Jersey

Faith Restored

I must admit that my faith in humanity and my brethren in the journalistic field soared 100 per cent when I opened your March issue and found at least a tiny photo of Ray Danton, Julie Adams and their son, Steven, on page 8. I thought the fan magazines would NEVER get around to printing a picture of this happy trio! But, as usual, PHOTOPLAY came through in true fashion. And I hope this is just the beginning of other stories and photo layouts on Ray Danton and his lovely wife.

TOM J. CONLON
Keyser, West Virginia

Advice to Parents

I've never written a letter to the editor before but I am doing so now because for the first time in ten years of reading fan magazines, I found an article that was really praiseworthy. That story is "Look Kid, How Stupid Can You Be?" by Rory Calhoun (February 1957). When I finished that article, I felt like standing up and cheering. Here's a guy who really makes sense, and it's only because he's been through so much and knows what it's all about. I only hope that as many parents as possible get to read it.

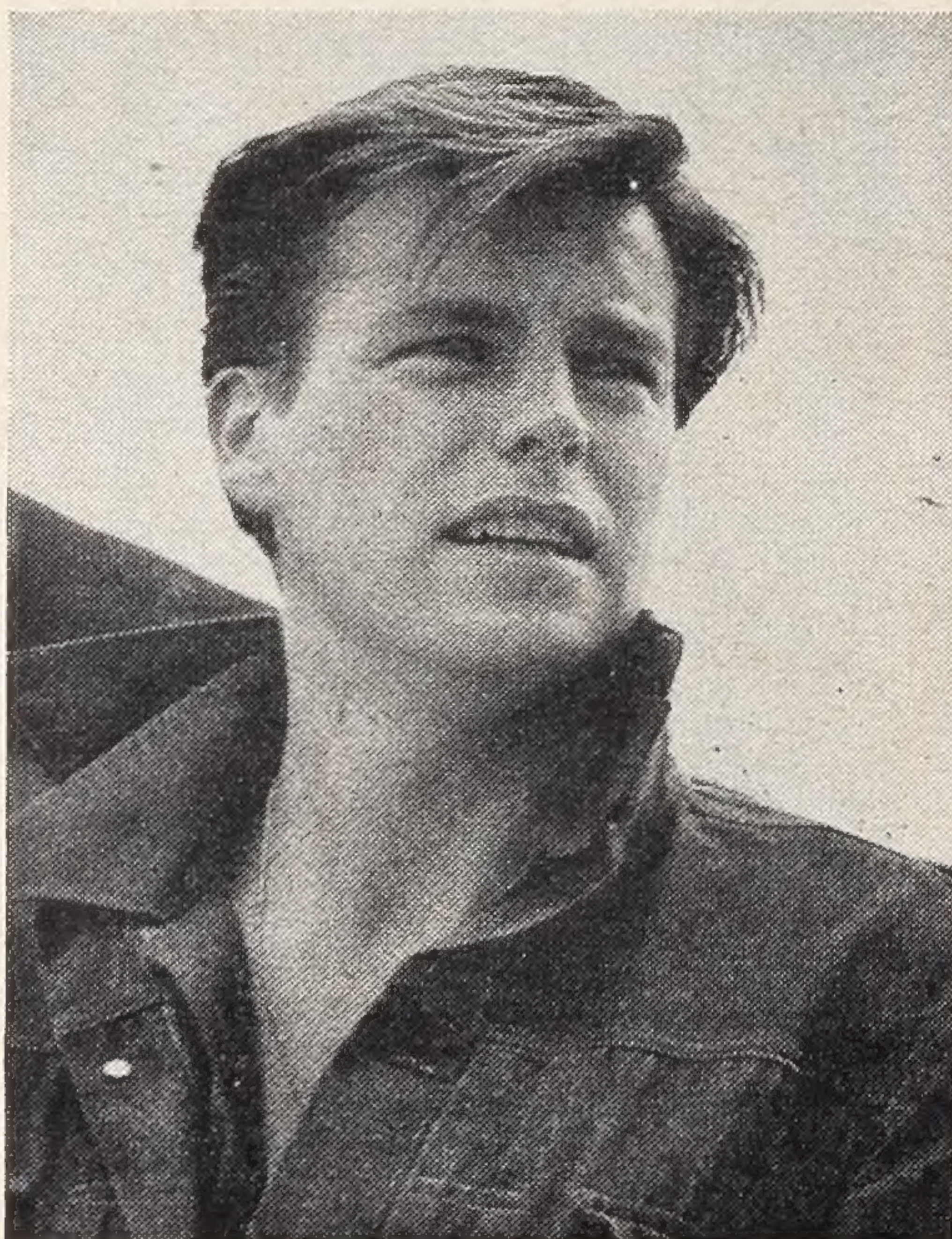
GEORGENE KORTAS
Hamtramck, Michigan

A Chance for Bob?

Robert Wagner is my favorite star. And I don't think he has been very happy about the roles that have been given to him so far because he just doesn't fit into them.

He is from a very nice family and well educated, he has the appearance of elegance and intelligence. I really don't think he came to Hollywood to make money because his parents are well to do, so his main purpose must have been to become a great actor and he is trying very hard to accomplish just that by taking the roles that his studios give him.

I am not saying he is a great actor right now but with the right kind of coaching and



parts in pictures suitable for him, I am sure he would be the great actor he wants to be. As of right now, he is wasting himself on the parts that are actually very bad for him but I think he does the best he can with them.

DARIA DERVO
Detroit, Michigan

Singing Star

In your March issue there was a question sent in by Ginger Hunter asking about the Elvis Presley movie, "Love Me Tender." In your answer you said that only the title of the movie was recorded. However, there is a record that was released with all the songs from the movie: "Love Me Tender," "Let Me," "Poor Boy" and "We're Gonna Move." If any of the Elvis Presley fans would like this record, I'm sure the record store in their town would be happy to order it. (Of course this would make Elvis happy.) I have the record myself and I really enjoy listening to it.

MARION ANDREWS
Battle Creek, Mich.

At the time our March issue was going to press, only the title song had been recorded.—Ed.

Breath of Freedom

I have just read Barbara Drager's letter (March PHOTOPLAY, Readers Inc.) criticizing Debra Paget for her bangles, beads and TV sets. I also read the article about Debra in the same issue.

I'm sure Debra realizes there are millions of people suffering in the world. I'm sure she also realizes there are millions of young housewives and mothers—like me—to whom an article about such extravagant trappings is like a breath of freedom and fresh air. She is truly fulfilling a role—and a reasonably important one—by being and doing just what she is. This may be hard for many people to understand, but I cannot believe that anyone is committing a sin by being true to his—or her—own nature. We cannot all be humanitarians in the sense that Eleanor Powell and Danny Kaye are. To me, stars like Debra Paget are being just as generous in a different way, and to different people. By letting the cameras into her life and home, Debra has brightened many a lonely, dull evening and day for me.

I enjoy your magazine thoroughly. I read it from cover to cover and can scarcely put it down from the time I pull it from the mail box until I've practically devoured and digested the whole thing. My only companions through most of the week are my two small boys (ages 11 months and 2½ years) because my husband works at two jobs and I see him only an hour or two a day except for weekends, so to be able to read all these articles and columns about all these movie stars once a month is just marvelous. Many people criticize me for reading it because they're sure it's not all perfectly true. They never read fan magazines so I don't know why they're such authorities. I'm aware that in writing about people disagreeing statements will occasionally occur, but it's good entertainment and I've discovered that I like your magazine the best of all.

Just one request: please don't ever let Sidney Skolsky go for I do enjoy his column.

(MRS.) OSTA W. SHERMAN
Mountlake Terrace, Washington

A Warm Glow!

I have just finished seeing the film "Bundle of Joy" and that is just what it is. It may be that neither Debbie nor Eddie will ever set the world on fire as dramatic actors but they can sure give it a nice warm glow. The music was just right and beautifully handled by all concerned, and Eddie's voice was at its best—which is fine, indeed.

It's good to see a happy picture now and then—it makes the whole world seem clean and new again.

(MRS.) E. BURTON
New Albany, Indiana

Continued



You're *Prettier* than you think you are!
 ...and you can prove it with a Palmolive bar!

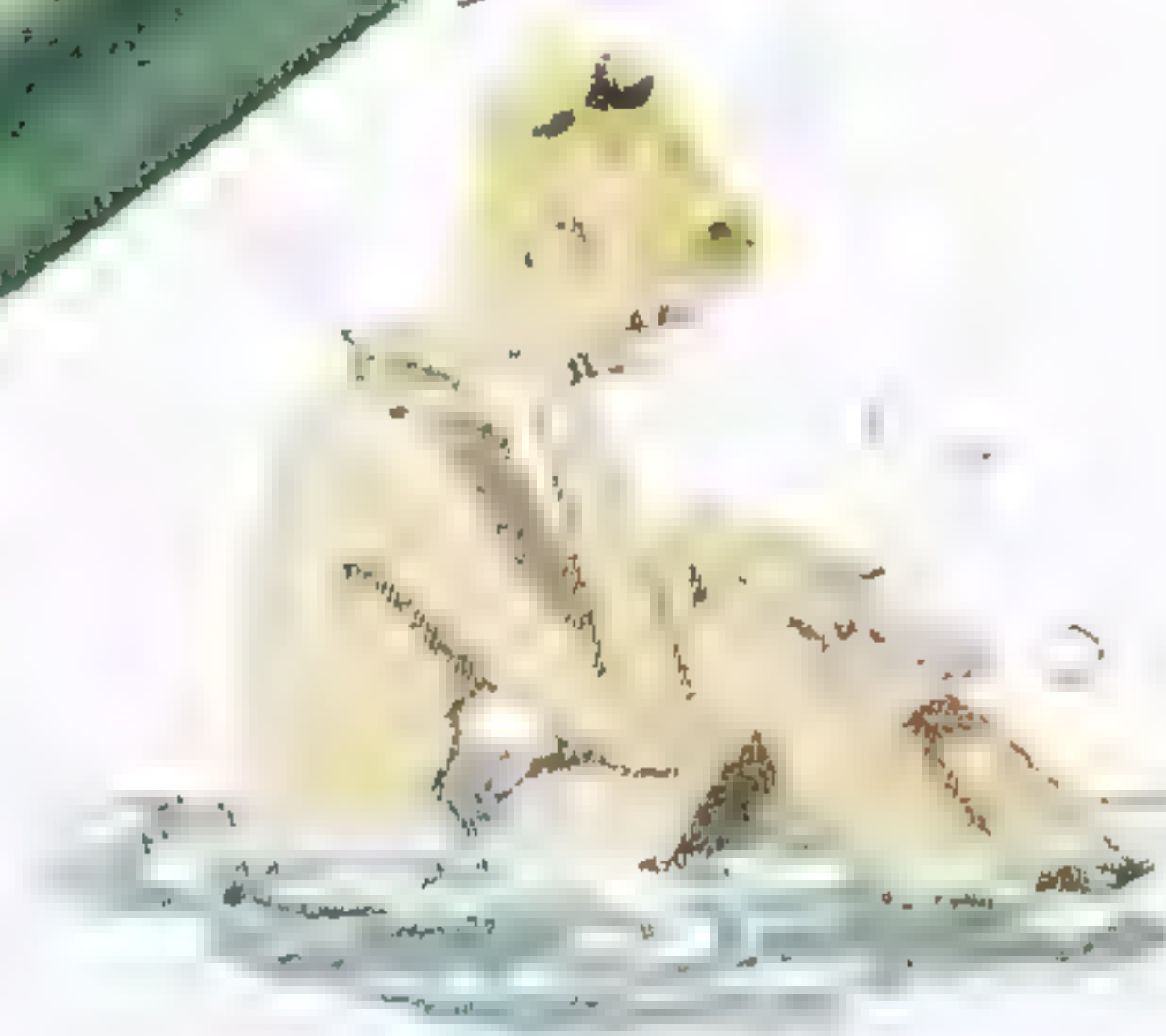


Here's Proof that Mild and Gentle Palmolive Care
 Cleans Cleaner, Deeper, Prettier!

When you wash with your regular soap—in the ordinary, casual way—you leave beauty-robbing hidden dirt behind. But what a glorious difference after a 60-second Palmolive massage! You'll look fresher, lovelier! And to prove that hidden dirt is gone, rub with a tissue. The tissue will stay snowy-white. *Proof* that Palmolive care cleans cleaner, prettier!



*Be Palmolive Sweet
 and Clean All Over
 It's Wonderful for the Bath!*



Yes—new complexion beauty is yours in just one minute with Palmolive Soap. Because Palmolive care removes hidden dirt that casual cleansing misses. And only a soap as mild as Palmolive can cleanse so deeply without irritation. Start Palmolive care today, and see your true complexion beauty come through!



"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by Pimples!"



New! Clearasil Medication 'STARVES' PIMPLES

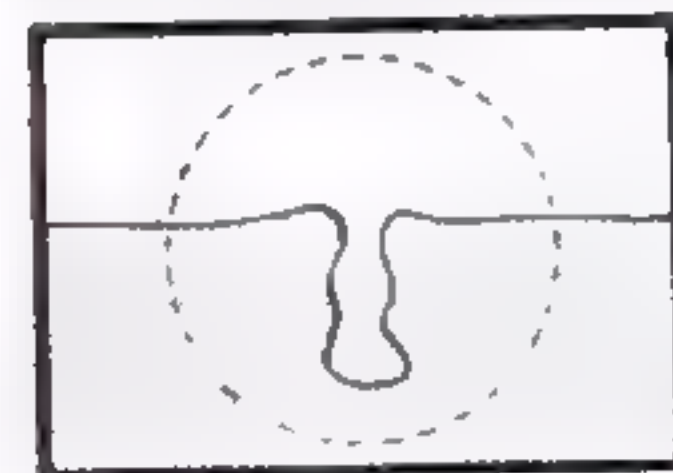
SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works.

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, *that really works*. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were *completely cleared up* or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

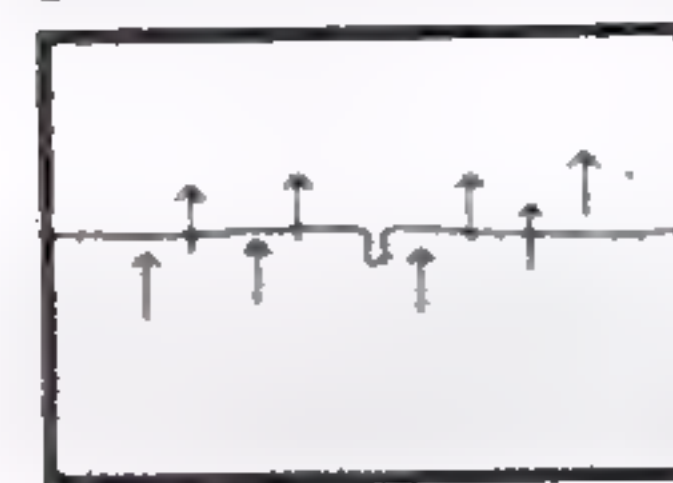
CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR



1. PENETRATES PIMPLES . . . kera-
tolytic action softens and dissolves
affected skin tissue . . . permits
medication to penetrate down into
any infected area.



2. ISOLATES PIMPLES . . . antiseptic
action of this new type medication
stops growth of bacteria that can
cause and spread pimples.



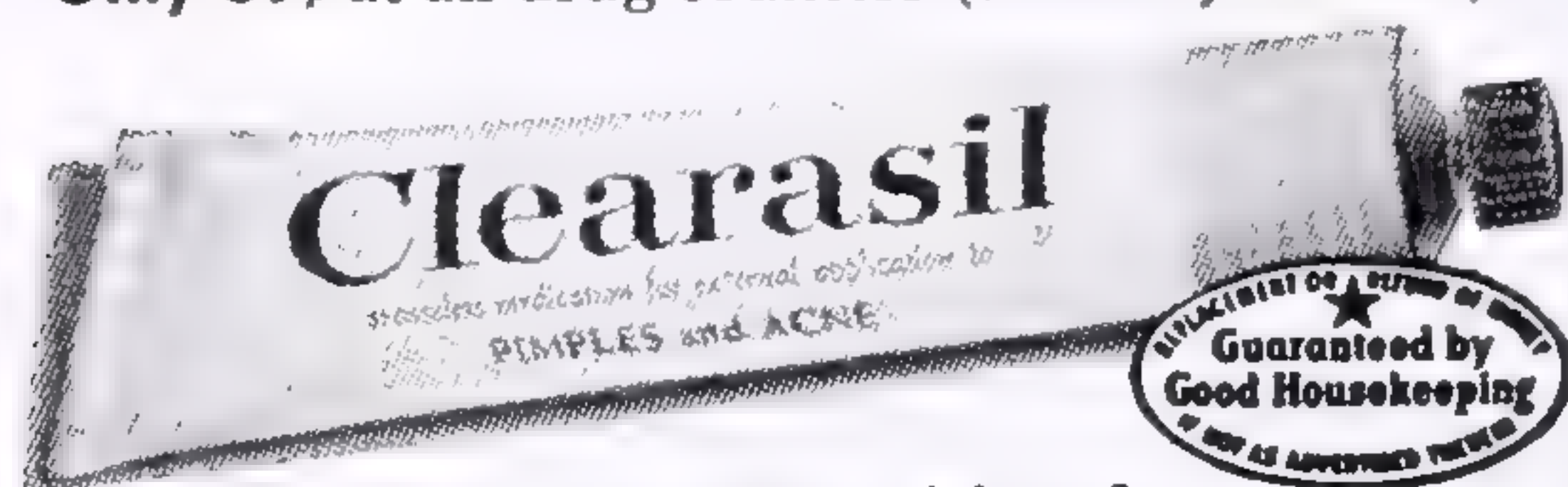
3. 'STARVES' PIMPLES . . . CLEAR-
ASIL's famous dry-up action
'starves' pimples because it helps
to remove the oils that pimples
'feed' on.

SKIN CREAMS CAN 'FEED' PIMPLES CLEARASIL 'STARVES' THEM

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually 'feed' pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication . . . CLEARASIL, helps dry up this oil, 'starves' pimples.

'FLOATS OUT' BLACKHEADS

CLEARASIL's penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath, so they 'float out' with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads! CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors' tests, or money back. **Only 69¢** at all drug counters (economy size 98¢).



**Largest-Selling Pimple
Medication in America (including Canada)**

READERS INC. Continued

Perky Perfect Performance

I have just seen "Friendly Persuasion," and I think Tony Perkins is tops! Not only is he handsome, but a very fine performer. I am looking forward to his next movie, "Fear Strikes Out."

SUE MCCARTNEY
Gadsden, Alabama

We're for Tony Perkins, too! See page 60.—Ed.

Casting:

Some time ago, I read "St. Elmo" by Augustus J. Evans. I think Robert Taylor would make a wonderful *St. Elmo* and Ann Blyth or Jean Simmons could take the part of *Edna*.

MRS. J. R. C.
Wagener, S.C.

I have just finished reading Phyllis A. Whitney's "The Fire and the Gold," a wonderful story about the great earthquake and fire in San Francisco in 1906.

I think it would make an excellent movie with the following in the leading roles: Felicia Farr as *Melora Cranby*; Tab Hunter as *Quent Seymour*; Bill Reynolds as *Tony Ellis*; Betty Lou Keim as *Cora Cranby*; Richard Eyer as *Alex Cranby*.

PAT MCQUAY
Victoria, Texas

I have just finished "The Island Players" by Ilka Chase, and I think it would make a fine movie. I think the following cast would do it justice:

Ginger Rogers and Glenn Ford as *Carla* and *Chet Danforth*; Ray Milland as *Lord Rushmore*; Anne Baxter as *Lady Rushmore*; Karl Malden as *Frank Masters*; Victoria Shaw as *Ann Hinsdale*; Cliff Robertson as *Hal Danforth*; Eileen Heckart as *Miriam Wells* and possibly Agnes Moorehead as the *Countess*. I think the role of *Mrs. Pemberton* practically belongs to Billie Burke.

PFC DAN NANI
Fort Devens, Massachusetts

Questions, Please

Could you please tell me if June Walker, mother of John Kerr, is the *Catherine* of the first "Farewell to Arms" who appeared with Gary Cooper? She has remained in my memory through all these years for her very stirring and memorable performance.

(MRS.) HELEN MOCHNAL
Binghamton, New York

No. That was Helen Hayes.—Ed.

In the March issue, page 53, there is a large picture of Cary Grant and his wife, Betsy Drake. Is the lady in the picture with him not Fred Astaire's young daughter? She looks so young to be Cary's wife.

IONIA LEATHERWOOD
Dallas, Texas

Young or not, she's really Cary Grant's wife.—Ed.

I would like some information about Richard Egan. I think he was excellent in the picture "Tension at Table Rock."

GEORGE BAKER
Detroit, Michigan

Richard Egan was born in San Francisco, California, on July 29, 1921. He has brown hair, gray-blue eyes, weight approximately 185 lbs., height 6'2". His first film, "The Return of the Frontiersman," was made in 1950.—Ed.

I have a bet with my husband who said Glenn Ford played with James Stewart in the picture "Rope." I said he did not. Who is right?

MRS. P. GILLIS
Vedder Crossing, B.C.

You are.—Ed.

I would like to know if "Crazy Love" is the same picture as "Rock Pretty Baby" or are they different movies altogether?

MRS. SALLY SMITH
Fort Wayne, Indiana

"Crazy Love" was an earlier title for the picture "Rock Pretty Baby."—Ed.

Our family is having a dispute regarding "Frankenstein." Half of us think Lon Chaney, Jr., was the original monster while the rest feel sure it was Boris Karloff. Which is right?

MRS. PAT LEWIS
Cleveland, Ohio

In the movie "Frankenstein" Boris Karloff was the monster.—Ed.

I thought that Linda Darnell is Loretta Young's sister and was told that I was wrong.

MRS. RUSSELL STOUT
Utica, New York

I'm afraid you are. They are not related.—Ed.

I would like to settle an argument. I know that a long time ago there was a famous silent movie called "Flesh and the Devil." It starred Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. A friend of mine says Joan Crawford was in it and that her fine acting is still one of her best parts. I say no. Please set us straight.

ADELMIR S. RIBEIRO
Salvador, Bahia, Brazil

You are right.—Ed.

Too Bitter, Too Sweet?

What has happened to the department of Movie Reviews? I can remember the time (not *too* long ago) when I could use that column as a guide to good movies, but such is no longer the case. Now, let's face it—in the February issue, your reviewer has 17 movies listed as "Excellent," 15 as "Very Good," 8 as "Good" and not one as "Fair." Come on, now, movies aren't *that* much better than ever. And the ratings: "The Best Things in Life Are Free"—"Excellent"? "The Great American Pastime"—"Excellent"? "You Can't Run Away From It" and "The Mountain" are "Excellent" while "Anastasia" and "Julie" trailed behind. Granted movies are better than ever but the ratio of "Excellent" movies to "Very Good" and "Fair" is not that great. I think your reviewer is much too free with the top ratings. It seems to me the rating of "Excellent" should be reserved for those ten or twelve movies each year that deserve it.

"CHUCK" WILSON
Braintree, Massachusetts

I read your review of the movie, "The Bad Seed," in PHOTOPLAY. I think you were unpardonably unjust in your comments. Perhaps you did not enjoy the picture yourself, as it was directed in a theatrical manner unsuited to movies (which too is only a matter of opinion) but the performances of Miss Kelly and Patty McCormack were certainly not "unconvincing."

Believe me, I was held spellbound from
Continued

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Circle stitched 4-section cup . . . Floating Action (style 392) and Free-Form. Smartly packaged.

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READERS INC.

Continued

the moment the picture opened until the final scene. I think you might have given these two great performers their due, instead of simply saying that they were "talented players," a great understatement if ever I heard one. Both gave portrayals that surpassed anything Hollywood has turned out in a very long time. The little girl in particular was most unforgettable. I wonder how you could have passed so lightly over the magnificent job she did.

I would like very much to know if these opinions are yours alone or if a number of people get together and come to an agreement. I feel that the movie-going public has a right to protest when you underrate a top movie.

SANDRA ORLOB

San Francisco, California

The opinions expressed in movie reviews are those of our reviewer—and she can't please everyone, can she?—Ed.

Praise to Robert Stack

I would like to get up on my soap box and sing the praises of one of Hollywood's finest actors. This is the first time I ever thought that an actor was worth writing about to a magazine. But one, I think, is, and his name is Robert Stack. In his latest movie, "Written on the Wind," he really showed that he could act. And I do mean act. In just one short movie, he displayed many mixed emotions. At first he was the gay playboy looking for a good time. Then he found that he was really in love and you really could believe him. Towards the end, he was a bitter and saddened man. In the very last scenes, he was the most pitiful person in the world. In all of these moods, he was very believable.

This movie should show the public and all the producers and directors in your very famous town that it isn't always the longest and most fabulous movie that is really the best. Here they had a very delicate story which had to be handled with the utmost care. They must have picked their stars carefully to have them so well fitted to their parts. If more movies like this one were produced in Hollywood, I think more people would go to the movies, but there are so many third-rate movies that it is too boring to watch them.

Let's get back to Robert Stack. I wish some of the producers and directors would open their eyes and notice a really great talent.

JUDITH MARKS
Tallmadge, Ohio

More About the Cut-Out Picture Puzzle Contest

This letter is to inquire and verify receipt of my entry in the PHOTOPLAY Cut-Out Picture Puzzle Contest. I would very much like to know if my entry was received by you as it took me several weeks to prepare it each evening after work, when my children had retired.

(MRS.) GLORIA WONG FENNESSY
New York, New York

Many, many letters like the above were received, and we should like to thank all our readers for the enthusiasm with which they entered this contest. Inasmuch as we received over 25,000 entries, we are sorry that it was impossible to acknowledge each one individually.

After our December issue came out the entries started coming in, and our offices were filled with the most fantastic works of art. Just before Christmas many little

Continued

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... the new **Kotex napkin** with gentle Wondersoft covering won't rub, won't chafe, fits perfectly—gives you the instant and complete absorbency you need.

And the new Kotex belt has a special clasp that won't "dig in" like metal. This self-locking clasp holds the napkin securely, never lets it slip or slide. The specially-woven elastic, too, stays flat and snug—the edges won't curl or twist.

No wonder more women choose Kotex than all other brands.

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You'll be tickled pink!

Pink Cameo—Pink T.N.T.—Strike Me Pink— just three of the many sparkling springtime pinks created for you by Cutex! And if you like just the lightest "blush" of pink, try the new Cutex color, "But Naturally"! One shade is prettier than the next!

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See the heavenly variety of Cutex pinks . . . all at such a down-to-earth price . . .

Lipstick, 69¢ and 35¢
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READERS INC.

Continued

trees were delivered, with the finished pictures hung on the branches, and we placed each of these where they could be seen to best advantage.

A treasure chest of the stars' pictures was one of the most beautiful entries. This was hand-made, put together with spaghetti as part of the frame, split peas used as nail-heads—all painted in gold and white—and each star's picture was framed in the same way. We were heartbroken to find that a few of the names were misspelled and it therefore had to be disqualified.

A beautiful leather album, hand-bound some antique velvet albums, a theatre made of cardboard with crepe paper curtains behind which were the stars' pictures were among the thousands received, and the ingenuity of our readers knew no bounds. Again, we must emphasize that not only did the pictures have to be put together perfectly, but the names had to be spelled correctly, and we were disappointed to find that in many cases where we would have liked to award a prize, the name of Leslie Nielsen, for example, was spelled Nielson.

One of the winners was a lovely fan set upon an easel, with pictures of the stars set in its folds. Another was a round metal box containing, apparently, reels of film, with the stars' pictures inside, labeled "Reel Talent." A red plastic basket with the stars' pictures set in panels won a prize, too. A photograph studio, made of cardboard, with the stars' pictures protruding from slots, under which were painted exaggerated bodies, won for its ingenious maker another prize. A beautifully executed entry was designed to signify a moving picture camera, and this was covered with silver paper—it, too, won a prize.

We were delighted, when we opened a large carton one morning, to find a beautiful ballet dress made of red satin, exquisitely sewn, with the pictures of the stars set in a panel down the front and around the bottom, supported by the prettiest net petticoat with a hoop sewn around the bottom.

"What hours of work went into the designing and making of this dress," we said, and proceeded to check carefully the pictures and the spelling of the names. We found them all correct. It was the unanimous opinion of the judges to award the maker of this dress our first prize of \$2,000. We hope this picture of the winning entry will delight our readers as much as the dress, itself, thrilled us.—Ed.



Red satin ballet dress which won first prize surrounded by some of the 25,000 entries received

Fresh...young...alive! Here's the look you've been looking for!



Now! Give your skin tone the color lift it needs with

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Here is *your* glow . . . loveliest of all . . . a fragile, sheltered look that's, oh, so *naturally* feminine! Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow' is a *delicate* touch—never caky, never drying. Every drop of this moisturizing liquid make-up is blended with Revlon's precious Lanolite to pamper your skin—keep it dewy-fresh. So just *touch* . . . and *glow*! You've found the look you've been looking for! Nobody knows you wear it but you!



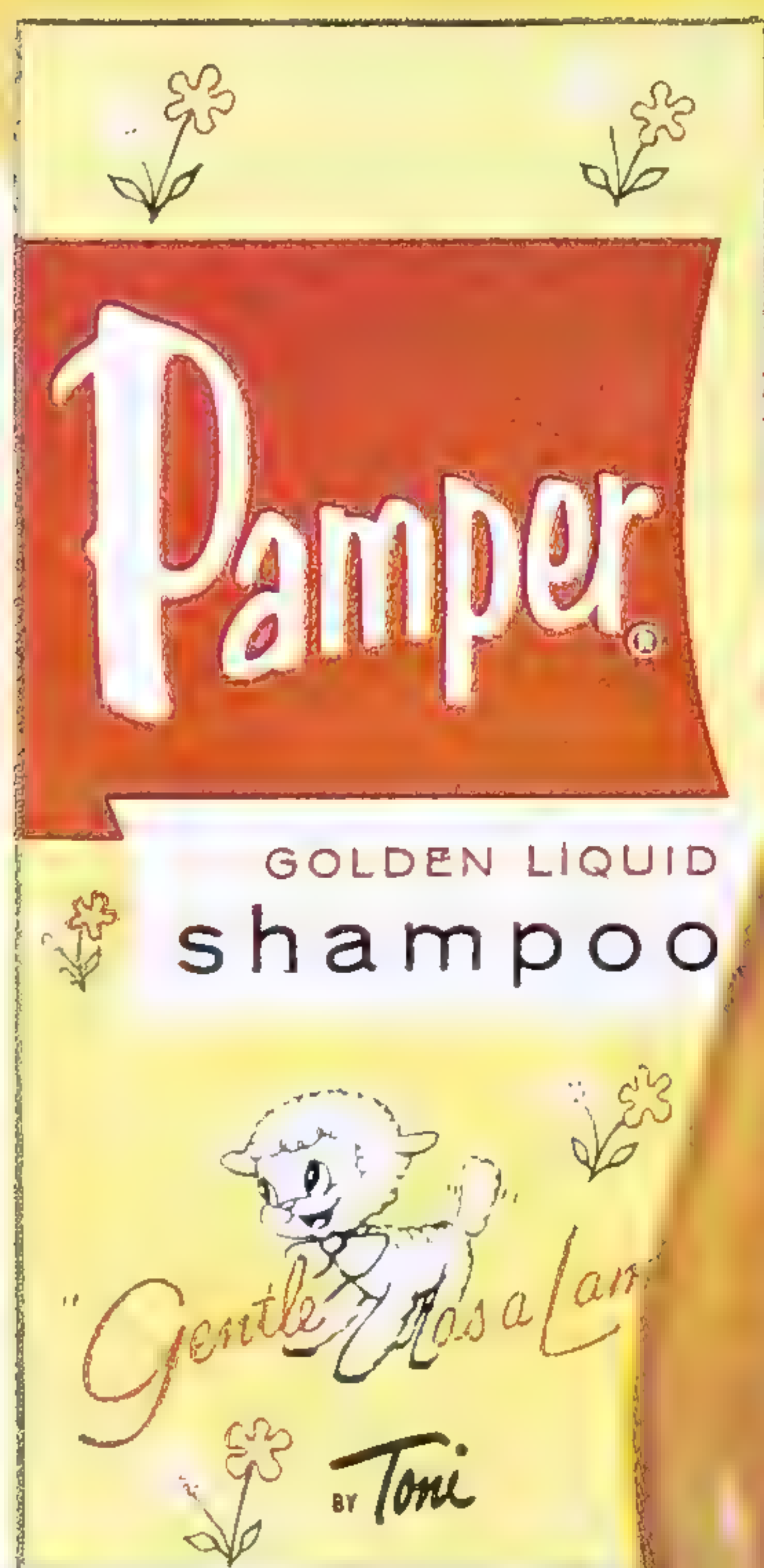
Now in 9 living shades, 1.25 and 1.75 plus tax.
Face powder to harmonize, 1.25 plus tax.

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Golden-rich Pamper



... so gentle it cannot dry your hair –
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New, richer Pamper is the really gentle shampoo. So gentle it cannot dry your hair, leaves it instantly easy to manage *right after shampooing*. So rich it leaves your hair soft, shining, in finest condition. So rich and gentle you could use it every day. Get Pamper today.
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LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT
✓✓ GOOD

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓ FAIR

Fear Strikes Out

PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

✓✓✓✓ Simple yet intense, this searching look into a troubled soul places Anthony Perkins in the forefront of young actors. He plays an actual person, Jim Piersall of the Boston Red Sox. But this isn't a baseball story; it centers on family relationships. As Jim, Tony has been under pressure from boyhood. His is a poor family; his mother, portrayed by Perry Wilson as a wistful wraith of a woman, has a history of emotional disturbance. In the capable hands of Karl Malden, his father becomes an exasperating, pathetic figure. Frustrated in his own baseball ambitions, Karl drives and drives the boy, eventually to the point of crack-up. Not a glamour type, quietly appealing, Norma Moore is Tony's wife.

FAMILY



Instead of a rose-covered cottage, newlyweds Tony Perkins and Norma Moore share a dreary room, but for them it's lighted with love.

BEST ACTING: JAMES STEWART



With a hesitant wave, Jimmy sets out to attempt a feat that no lone human has ever done before

The Spirit of St. Louis

WARNERS; CINEMA-SCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Here is one of the rare tales of high adventure that accents personality over physical action. Casting James Stewart as the young Charles A. Lindbergh seemed doubtful, but the result is a triumph. Though close-ups reveal that Jimmy is not twenty-five, his acting creates the illusion of youth and re-creates one of history's great individual exploits. Almost thirty years ago, Lindbergh made his solo transatlantic flight, in a plane that now looks like a frail silver toy. With his performance, Jimmy shows why that flight captured the imagination of the world and rushed it toward the air age. Flashbacks give amusing glimpses of early aviation, but the focus is on one man, facing death alone.

FAMILY

Continued on page 20

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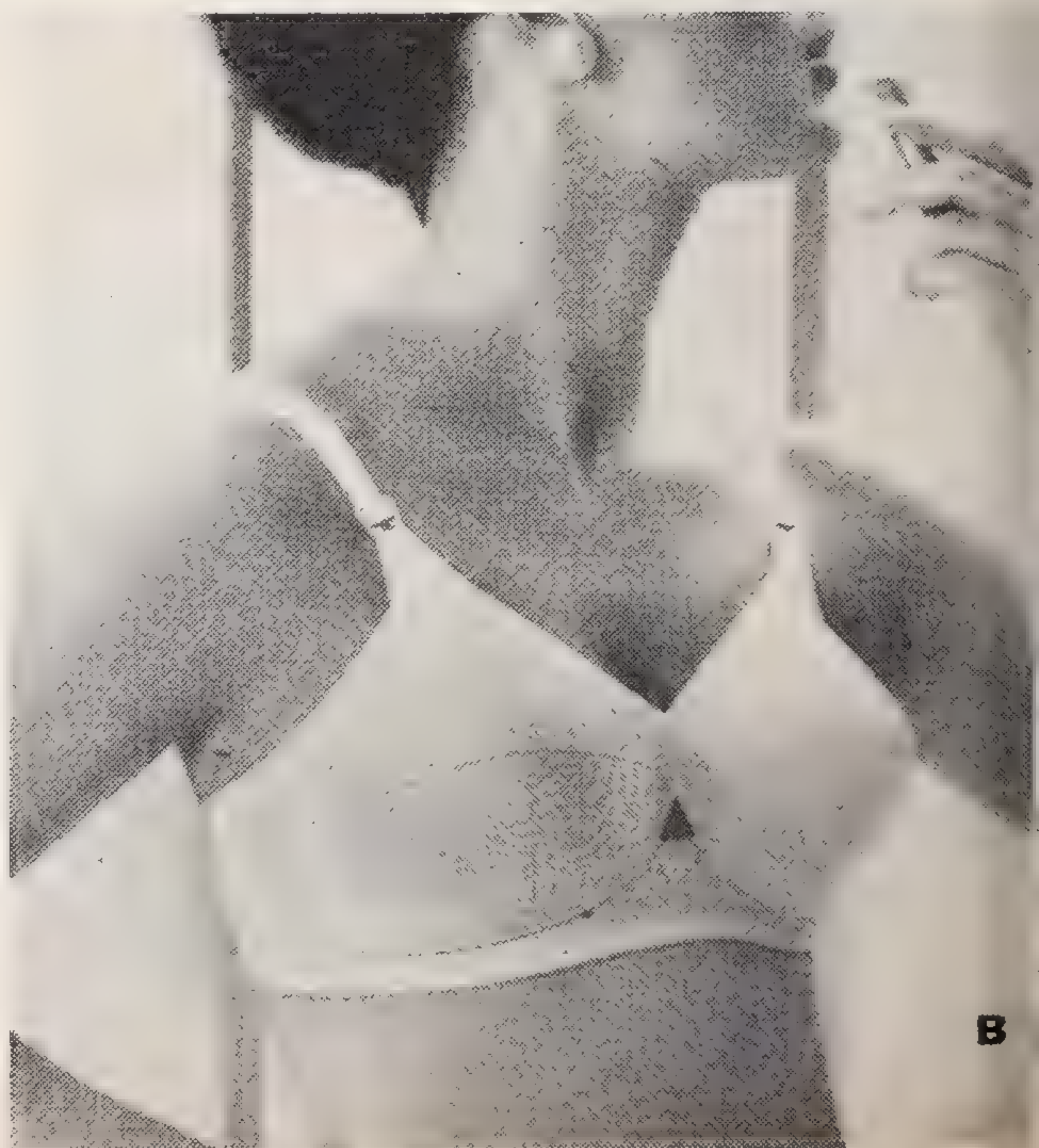
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A

NOW AT LAST!

- A. Glamour-Time "Ringlet".** Superbly fitting, embroidered Nylon sheer with the cloud-soft feel of the Lanolized "beauty treatment." Pink, blue, maize, beige, red, white, black. Only **\$2.00**
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B



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The world's only bras with a "Beauty Treatment"
...the smoothest thing next to your skin!

Now, the wonderful shape you've always loved, plus the kind of bra comfort you've always wanted! You've known the wonders of Lanolin—now you can enjoy its silken, skin soothing touch in famous "Ringlet" and "Action" bras. Only Lovable gives you this amazing "beauty treatment" in a bra. Nylon and Cotton never felt so smooth before; next to your skin you'll like Lovable Lanolized bras best! Ask for them! Wear them! **IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO LOOK LOVABLE**





Who dumped the ravioli in Greg's lap? Lauren has suspicions

Designing Woman

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓✓ A lively marital farce presents Lauren Bacall and Gregory Peck as a decorative, spirited pair, truly in love but battling a mad variety of problems. New Yorkers both, they meet and marry in California, return to find they're of two different worlds. Greg's a sports writer, ill at ease in designer Lauren's snazzy apartment, astonished at her wacky friends of the fashion and theatre fields. She's equally appalled at his poker-playing cronies, even more at a punchy ex-fighter hilariously done by Mickey Shaughnessy. Greg's voluptuous former girlfriend, the dashing Dolores Gray, sets up more obstacles. The pay-off comes when Greg's columns denouncing a racketeer bring gangland vengeance down on him. It's breezy fun, with an occasional bit of singing and stepping.

FAMILY



Fred and Kay Thompson are odd invaders in Audrey's show

Funny Face

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Latest in the long series of Astaire partners, Audrey Hepburn teams charmingly with Fred in a light, imaginative tune-film about high-fashion high-jinks. As editor of an ultra ultra fashion magazine, expert comedienne Kay Thompson looking for a new model to show off a Paris collection. It's photographer Fred who discovers the girl, in the seeming hopeless guise of Audrey, a severely intellectual type whose clothes tastes run to black cotton stockings and sensible shoes. Audrey agrees to the Paris trip only because she's eager to meet a certain philosopher there. So we have a combined fashion show, *Cinderella* story (Fred as her prince) and Paris travelogue, with Audrey proving adept at comedy dances, well as the dreamy ballroom sort.

FAMILY



Italo-American song links Walter Slezak, Dean, Anna Maria

Ten Thousand Bedrooms

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓✓ Affable, easygoing, the first Martin-minus-Lewis film casts Dean Cain as heir to an international hotel chain (thus explaining the title). In Rome to take over a new property, he steps out with Eva Bartok, but quickly falls victim to the campaign put on by her kid sister, Anna Maria Alberghetti. There's a hitch in Dean's marriage plans: His fiancée's musician father (Walter Slezak, most assured member of the cast) won't let Anna Maria marry until Eva and the other older sisters (Lisa Montell, Lisa Gaye) have found husbands. Desperately, Dean makes himself a one-man matrimonial agency. And he has a rival for Anna Maria in flyer Dewey Martin. The idea is tricky; songs and backgrounds are pleasing; but a faster pace would have upped the laugh and entertainment content.

FAMILY



About to turn lawless, Bob and Jeff ignore Hope Lange's plea

The True Story of Jesse James

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ As the James brothers ride again, in the handsome persons of Robert Wagner and Jeffrey Hunter, the film's writers get off the historical hook by practically admitting they've looked more to legend than fact. The picture opens with the hold-up that turned the gang's luck into disaster, then flashes back to show how Missouri farm boys became dreaded bandits. Though Bob's manner as Jesse is a little too boyish, he does manage to show his character change. The first robbery planned to get money for farming in hungry days after the Civil War. Jeff, as the gentler Frank, and others join in. But Bob finally goes headline-happy. Agnes Moorehead plays the boys' mother; Hope Lange and Rachel Stevens, companions in the domestic half of their double life.

FAMILY

Continue

Casual 'n carefree! These new
softer-than-ever hairstyles call for BOBBI...

only BOBBI has special "Casual Pin-Curlers"

The new soft 'n pretty look in hairdos begins with BOBBI—the one pin-curl permanent specially created for casual hairstyles. BOBBI always gives you softly feminine curls from the very first day, and with new special "Casual Pin-Curlers" your BOBBI curls are firmer—your BOBBI wave is easier to set than ever. Pin-curl your hair just once and apply BOBBI lotion. That's all. No separate neutralizer needed—no resetting.



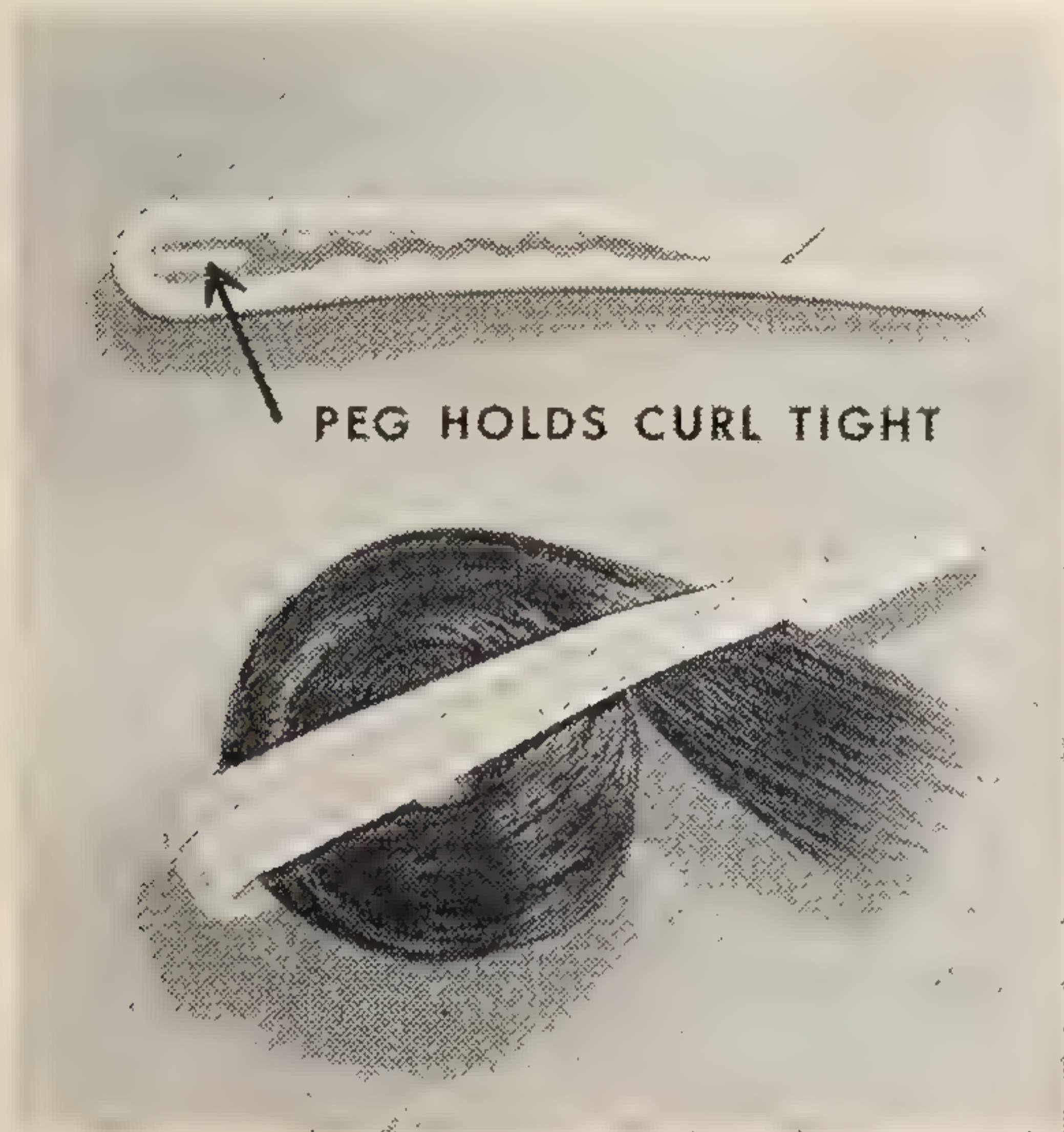
BOBBI's soft curls are just right for the pert new *Honeycomb* hairdo. "Casual Pin-Curlers" make BOBBI easier, prettier than ever!



BOBBI girls have soft hairstyles like *Silk-Fluff* right away, thanks to "Casual Pin-Curlers." No new permanent look—ever.



BOBBI with "Casual Pin-Curlers" gives you this flattering *Sea-Shell* hairdo *and* your permanent—all in one setting.



New "Casual Pin-Curlers" make smoother pin-curls! No loose ends. Can't slip, crimp, rust or discolor hair. Takes only one per curl. Curved to sleep comfortably. Use for setting after shampoos.



See how easy a BOBBI can be! Just "Casual Pin-Curlers" and BOBBI lotion. That's all you need for today's newest casual hairstyles. No separate neutralizer—no resetting needed.



Look for BOBBI in this new package—the only pin-curl kit complete with 55 "Casual Pin-Curlers" and 6 neckline curlers, all in pink plastic, plus new BOBBI lotion, easy directions.

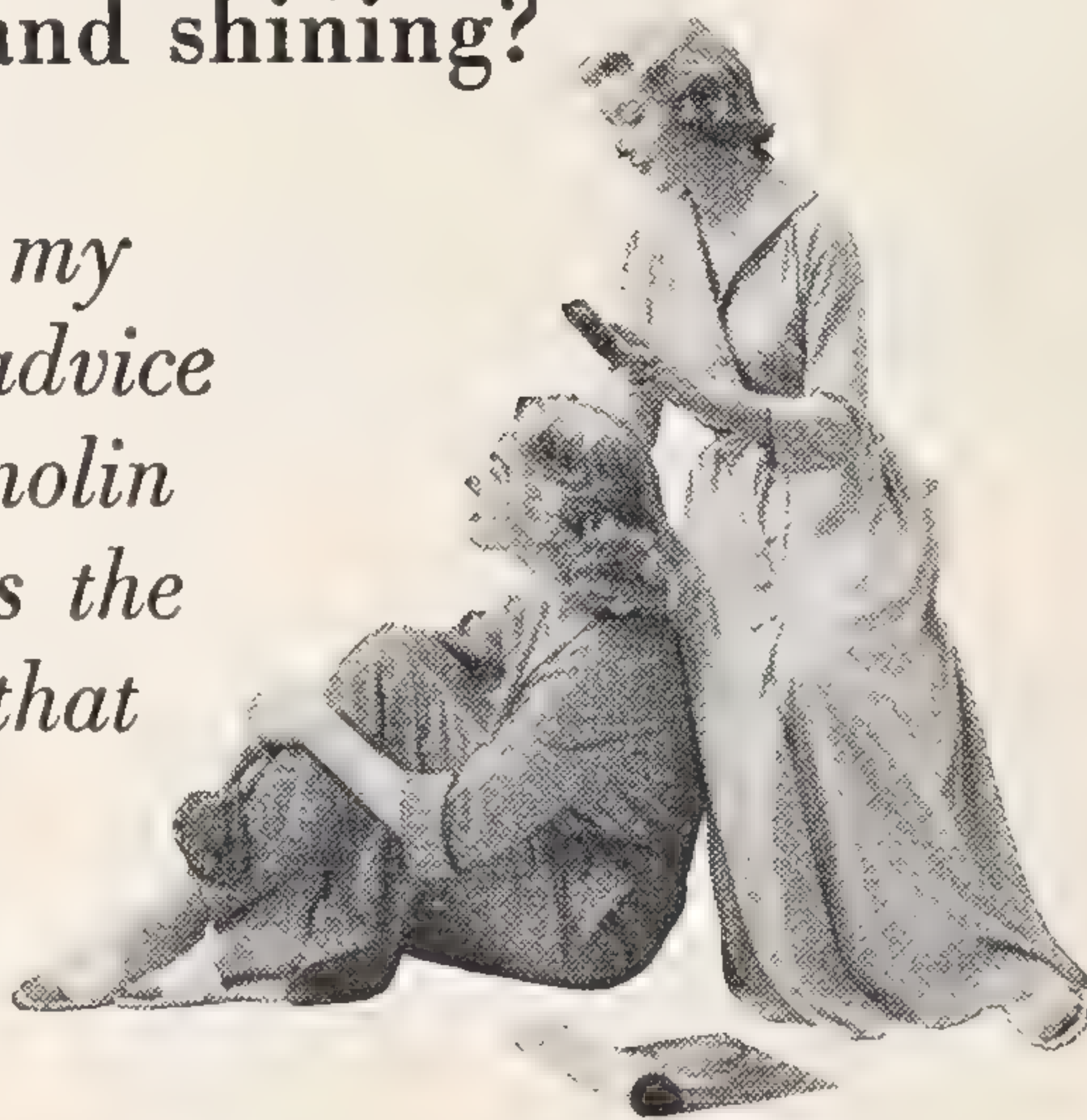
Watch the BOBBI TV Shows . . . "Blondie" and "Valiant Lady"!

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Q: How do you make your hair so lustrous and shining?

A: By following my hairdresser's advice and using Lanolin Discovery. It's the greaseless hairdressing that replaces natural beauty oils.



Q: What's the difference between Lanolin Discovery and other hairdressings?

A: Ordinary hairdressings "coat" your hair—make it oily—

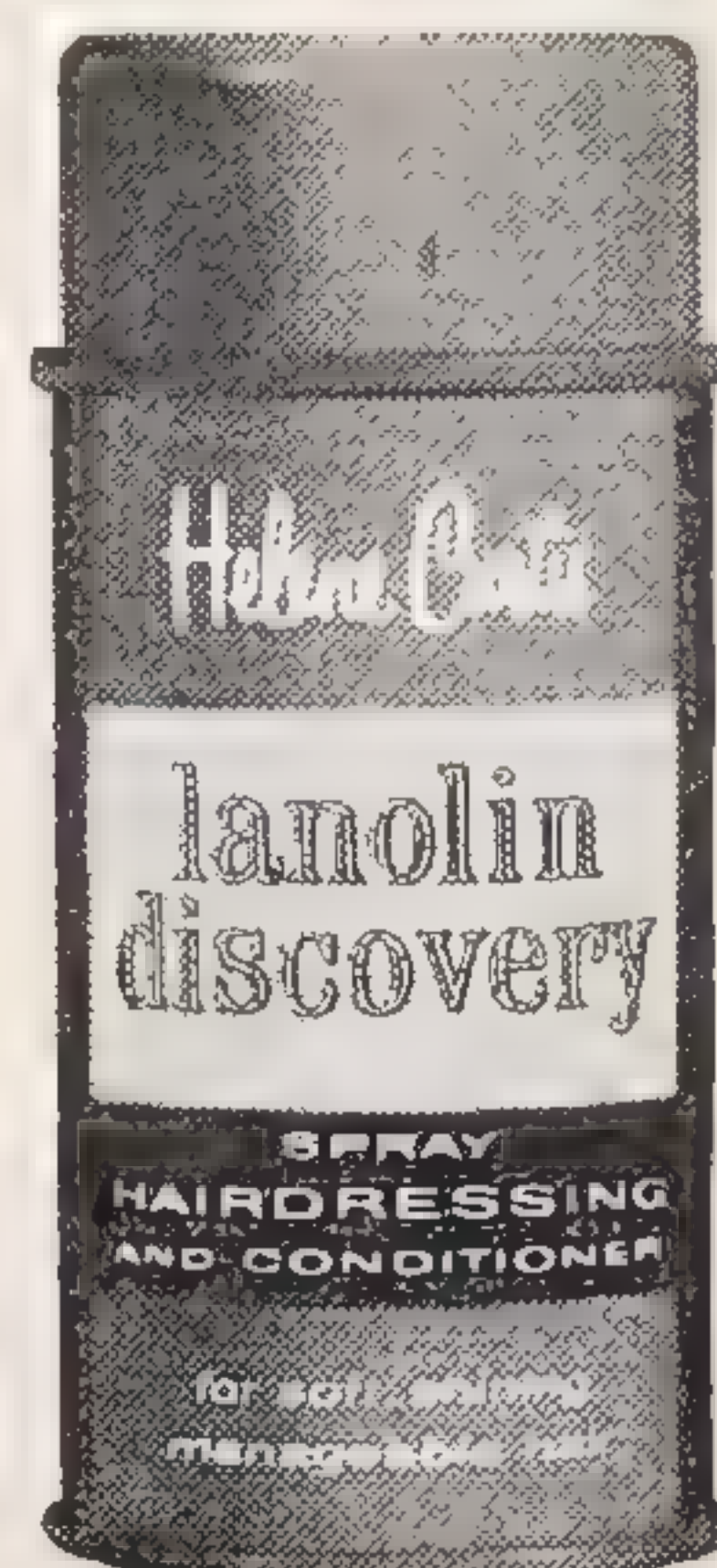
Lanolin Discovery's misty fine spray is absorbed into every hair right down to your scalp.

To enhance the natural color of your hair—to get a shimmery satiny sheen with deep fascinating highlights, just spray on Lanolin Discovery Hairdressing and brush a little. In just seconds you get the same beautiful results as brushing your hair 100 strokes a day.

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THE NEW HAIRDRESSING IN SPRAY FORM

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Used and recommended by leading beauticians. Available wherever cosmetics are sold

MOVIES *Continued*

The Devil's General

STEBBINS

✓✓✓ A fascinating study of upper-echelon intrigue in Nazi Germany gives a powerful role to Curt Jurgens, top European star recently corralled by Hollywood. As an air-force general, feeling secure in his position, Jurgens sneers at the Nazis and their Gestapo. But, as a conscientious military man, he must look into test-flight crashes, possibly caused by sabotage. A weary sophisticate, he finds his lost illusions personified in the young charm of Marianne Cook (seen in "Four Girls in Town"). Along with suspense and romance, there's a revealing cross section of a brutalized, dying society (though its deepest horrors are only hinted at). German dialogue, English titles.

ADULT

The Incredible Shrinking Man U-I

✓✓✓ Science-fiction movies find a refreshing variation on the themes of over-sized monsters and space travels. All the creatures and objects of this neat chiller are familiar—but seen on a terrifyingly altered scale. A good-looking six-footer, happily married to Randy Stuart, Grant Williams suddenly finds that he is shrinking in physical size. Tests show that chance exposure to atomic radiation and chemicals has had a deadly effect, yet science can't help him. Reduced to a child's height, he finds temporary consolation with a pretty carnival midget—until he begins shrinking again. At last, marooned in his own cellar, he is so tiny that to him sewing thread is heavy rope; a straight pin becomes a spear for defense against a spider. The plot has no subtleties, but set designs and photography are so ingenious that the story is haunting.

FAMILY

Kelly and Me

U-I; CINEMA-SCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Set in the era when talkies were new and vaudeville appeared doomed, this sentimental comedy casts Van Johnson in the conventional role of swell-headed small-timer. He's saved from failure when a partner gets into his corny act—the white police dog *Kelly*, a thoroughly engaging beast. Thanks to Piper Laurie, daughter of movie producer Onslow Stevens, Van and the dog hit the screen in a highly popular series. Of course, *Kelly* is the real box-office attraction, and Van grows bitterly jealous. Married to Stevens, Martha Hyer gets involved with Van. Though this movie gently kids the typical dog picture, its hero runs true to scene-stealing form.

FAMILY

Royal Affairs in Versailles

TIMES

✓✓ The palatial residence of French royalty becomes the background of a disjointed film pageant that employs many top names of the country's movie industry, along with a couple of Americans. In the

Continued



I dreamed I was an Outdoor Girl in my maidenform* bra

I'm the nicest sign of the times... openly admired by thousands! And the bra that makes all this possible is the new Maidenform Allegro*. Here's the *pretty* elastic bra with dreamy comfort built right in... it *gives* with you, goes with you every hour of the day. Always keeps you looking as glamorous and youthful as Allegro's easy-control elastic makes you feel. White dacron and acetate elastic satin. A, B, C cups 3.50; D cup 3.95

Millions of women can reassure you

Millions of women have used billions and billions and billions of Tampax since the day it was first invented by a doctor—over twenty years ago.

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Yet really the most delightful discovery to be made about Tampax is its simplicity. Inserting, changing, disposing take only *seconds*. Once you've passed that hurdle, you can relax and enjoy all the many, many advantages of Tampax.

It's invisible in place. Unfelt in place. So made that the wearer's hands need not touch it at any time. It prevents odor. Prevents chafing and irritation.

It's convenient to carry, unembarrassing to buy (on display wherever drug products are sold)—and it comes in a choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) to suit your individual needs.

Why deprive yourself of a product that so many women use, so many doctors approve of? *Tampax is the better way!* Try it and see! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

MOVIES *Continued*

passing parade of kings and their mistresses, Sacha Guitry is outstanding as Louis XIV; Claudette Colbert, as Mme. de Montespan. Orson Welles, in makeup that is a total disguise, plays Ben Franklin; Edith Piaf sings a rousing ballad of the Revolution. French dialogue, English titles.

ADULT

Lizzie

M-G-M

✓✓ A dual role is any player's delight, but Eleanor Parker goes this ideal one better. She has a triple role, yet she is actually playing one person. As a drab, nervous employee in a museum, she finds mysterious, threatening notes in her handbag. Joan Blondell, as the boozy, cheerful aunt she lives with, won't take the notes seriously. But Eleanor eventually follows the advice of neighbor Hugo Haas and consults psychiatrist Richard Boone. He discovers that she has a second, submerged personality, which sometimes takes command. This is *Lizzie*, a painted, hard-drinking hussy—who writes the threatening notes. With hypnosis, Boone unearths still another personality, the sweet, normal girl Eleanor might have been if childhood tragedy had not deranged her. There have actually been such cases, but the film's heavy-handed treatment does not make this one plausible.

ADULT

Oh, Men! Oh, Women! 20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ The psychoanalyst's couch gets a comic going-over in this agreeable, off-handed farce. As an analyst whose patients have more trouble with their hearts than with their heads, David Niven shows a superhuman detachment and calm—until his own heart gets involved. Tony Randall, doing a superb clowning job, is a young man utterly unnerved by a disastrous love affair—with Barbara Rush, now the doctor's fiancée. Though she seems too sensible for her flutter-brained role, Barbara contributes charm. So does Ginger Rogers, as a discontented wife who consults Niven because she feels useless in her marriage to movie star Dan Dailey. The problems of the whole quintet become wildly entangled before the happy finale.

ADULT



Marriage to Dan, Ginger claims, has driven her to sessions on a psychoanalyst's couch

The Guns of Fort Petticoat COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Turned out as briskly as most Audie Murphy Westerns, his latest gives him an unusual supporting cast—mostly feminine. A Texan who fought for the Union, he deserts his frontier post when he hears that his home territory is endangered by Indian raids. With the men off at war, only women and children are on hand, and they at first resent their "renegade" rescuer. But Audie finally gets his petticoated command into fighting trim, with Amazonian Hope Emerson as drill sergeant. Among the other gals: Patricia Livingston, his one-time sweetheart; Kathryn Grant, a spunky tomboy who wins his respect (and more).

FAMILY

The Strange One

COLUMBIA

✓✓ Darkly attractive, forceful in his acting style, Ben Gazzara makes a promising debut in this overdrawn drama of life in a southern military school. As a suave bully with a grudge against the world, he apparently has the title role. But most of the other characters are mighty peculiar, too: Arthur Storch, a cowardly prig; James Olson, a moronic football player; Pat Hingle, Ben's stooge. When Gazzara's hazing results in an innocent cadet's expulsion, George Peppard (a likable, normal type) urges rebellion.

ADULT

Paris Does Strange Things WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ The beautiful Bergman and a delicate, enchanting use of color make this picture a pleasure to the eye. But the mind and the emotions go unsatisfied. Ingrid plays a Polish princess trying to make her way, with charm but without money, in turn-of-the-century Paris. She could marry a rich businessman; she obviously returns the affections of thoughtful Mel Ferrer; but she gets involved with the political career of gallant Jean Marais. A military hero, Jean is being pushed toward dictatorship by a selfish clique. He himself doesn't want power; he just wants Ingrid. Evidently, this is supposed to be light comedy, but laughs are scarce.

FAMILY

The Tattered Dress

U-I, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓ A suspenseful but seldom convincing courtroom drama stars Jeff Chandler as a flashy criminal lawyer. After he has successfully defended a wealthy, no-good married couple (Elaine Stewart, Philip Reed) against the charge of killing the wife's lover, Jeff finds himself on the defensive. Sheriff Jack Carson, who took a fatherly interest in the murdered man, frames the lawyer by persuading juror Gail Russell to swear that she was bribed. In the crisis, Jeanne Crain returns to husband Jeff. At first she is motivated just by loyalty, but the estranged couple draws together under the stresses of Jeff's trial.

ADULT

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BRIEF REVIEWS

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓✓ GOOD

✓ FAIR

A—ADULTS

F—FAMILY

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for the months indicated. For reviews this month see contents page

✓✓ ABOVE US THE WAVES—Rank, Republic: War-action yarn, English-made, has submarine officer John Mills devising schemes to sink a deadly ship in Germany's inland waters. Good acting, vague characters. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ ALBERT SCHWEITZER—Hill-Anderson: Fine movie biography of the great humanitarian-doctor-musician-philosopher, with many scenes at his hospital deep in Africa. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—U.A.; Todd-AO, Eastman Color: Colossal! Yet it's light and entrancing. Stuffy Britisher David Niven does the globe-circling jaunt on a bet in 1872, with Mexico's great Cantinflas as his valet, big stars in bit parts. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ BATTLE HYMN—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Touching, true story of the Korean war, starring Rock Hudson as Col. Dean Hess, who is both combat pilot and man of religion, looking out for orphans. Martha Hyer is his wife, back home; Anna Kashfi, a Korean heroine. (F) April

✓✓✓ BIG LAND, THE—Warners, Warnercolor: Sensible Western set in post-Civil War days. Alan Ladd, Union vet from Texas, sets up a cattle drive and railroad plan to help fellow ranchers. Edmond O'Brien, Virginia Mayo pitch in. (F) April

✓✓✓ DRANGO—U.A.: Suspense mounts as Union officer Jeff Chandler takes over in a hill town of the defeated South. Joanne Dru thinks his policy is too soft; aristocrat Ronald Howard organizes a secret Confederate faction. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ FULL OF LIFE—Columbia: A warm, tender portrait of a family gives Judy Holliday an off-beat role, as expectant mother. Dick Conte's her writer husband, who can't get along with his dad, Salvatore Baccaloni. (F) March

✓✓✓✓ GREAT MAN, THE—U-I: TV people get a going-over in a glittering comedy-drama. For a memorial program, commentator José Ferrer interviews those who knew a folksy star, just killed. Seems our late hero was a heel. Fine acting all around. (A) March

✓✓✓ GUN FOR A COWARD—U-I; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Fast but character-centered Western, contrasting three brothers. A ranch war tests Fred MacMurray, Jeff Hunter, Dean Stockwell. Janice Rule parts Fred and Jeff. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ HAPPY ROAD, THE—M-G-M: Honey of a movie, combining heart and hilarity. American widower Gene Kelly and French divorcée Barbara Laage trail their runaway children across France. Both small kids are charmers. (F) April

✓✓ HOT SUMMER NIGHT—M-G-M: Thriller recalling the 1930's heyday of bandits like Dillinger. Unemployed reporter Leslie Nielsen interrupts his honeymoon with Colleen Miller to invade a gang hide-out, seeking an exclusive. (F) April

✓✓ ISTANBUL—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Eye-filling melodrama shot in the Turkish capital. Errol Flynn's an adventurer; lovely Cornell Borchers, a mystery woman. (A) March

✓✓ LIVING IDOL, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Spectacular Mexican locales highlight a tale of the supernatural. Scientist Steve Forrest tries to rescue Liliame Montevicchi from the Aztecs' jaguar god. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ MEN IN WAR—U.A.: Direct, honest, tense picture of Americans during the dark days of Korea. Average soldier Bob Ryan leads a cut-off patrol, finds an adversary ally in Aldo Ray, the natural-born fighting man. (F) April

✓✓✓ MISTER CORY—U-I; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Tony Curtis draws a doubtful role, as a social climber who turns gambler to win heiress Martha Hyer. As Martha's understanding kid sister Kathryn Grant steals the show. (A) April

✓✓✓✓ RAINMAKER, THE—Wallis, Paramount VistaVision, Technicolor: Funny, touching, fanciful tale of a farm family has Katharine Hepburn as a lovable spinster, Burt Lancaster as a dashing showman, Wendell Corey as his rival, Earl Holliman as kid brother. (F) March

✓✓✓ SILKEN AFFAIR, THE—RKO: In a gentle worm-that-turns story, accountant David Niven creates havoc by juggling the books, led on by French model Genevieve Page. (A) January

✓✓✓✓ TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Overwhelming DeMille epic of Biblical times, forcefully acted by Charlton Heston as Moses, Yul Brynner as Pharaoh, many other stars. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ THREE BRAVE MEN—20th, CinemaScope: Arresting, realistic drama casts Ernest Borgnine as a long-time Navy Department employee suddenly suspended as a "security risk." Ray Milland's his lawyer. Borgnine's wife and children are also affected. (F) February

✓✓ THREE VIOLENT PEOPLE—Paramount VistaVision, Technicolor: Feminine-type Western. Concealing her past, Anne Baxter ensnares rancher Charlton Heston. His embittered brother (Tony Tryon) creates more problems. (A) March

✓✓✓ TOP SECRET AFFAIR—Warners: Knock about romantic comedy. A handsome pair, Susan Hayward and Kirk Douglas play a journalist and an Army general who spar professionally and romantically. (F) April

✓✓ UTAH BLAINE—Columbia: Good Western with lots of shooting and galloping. Rory Calhoun retires from gunslinging, only to take over former man's job on a ranch that's under siege. Susan Cummings stands by him. (F) April

✓✓ WICKED AS THEY COME—Columbia: Story of a femme fatale, told dead-pan. As a beauty-contest winner, Arlene Dahl escapes New York's slum to capture an English tycoon and face a murder charge. With Phil Carey. (A) April

✓✓✓ WINGS OF EAGLES, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Strange movie, mixing slapstick and tragedy. John Wayne plays flyer-writer Frank Wead, fighting Navy brass, paralysis and finally Japs. Maureen O'Hara's his wife; Dana Dailey, a noncom pal. (F) March

✓✓✓✓ WRITTEN ON THE WIND—U-I, Technicolor: Flamboyant close-up of a wealthy Texas family. Bob Stack's excellent as the irresponsible heir, who marries Lauren Bacall. Rock Hudson plays the steady friend; Dorothy Malone, Bob's reckless sister. (A) February

✓✓✓✓ YOUNG STRANGER, THE—U-I: Teen-aged James MacArthur scores in a thoughtful study of family relationships. Kim Hunter's his mother, James Daly, his movie-producer dad, who fails the boy in a crisis. (F) March

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Casts of Current Pictures

DESIGNING WOMAN—M-G-M. Directed by Vincente Minnelli: *Mike Hagen*, Gregory Peck; *Marilla Brown*, Lauren Bacall; *Lori Shannon*, Dolores Gray; *Randy Owen*, Jack Cole; *Zachary Wilde*, Tom Helmore; *Maxie Stulz*, Mike Shaughnessy; *Ned Hammerstein*, Sam Levene; *Johnny O*, Chuck Connors.

DEVIL'S GENERAL, THE—Stebbins. Directed by Helmut Kautner: *General Harras*, Curt Jurgens; *Diddo Geiss*, Marianne Cook; *Schmidt-Laustitz*, Victor De Kowa; *Colonel Oderbruch*, Karl John; *Putzchen*, Eva Ingeborg-Scholtz; *Olivia Geiss*, Camilla Spira; *Anne Eilers*, Erica Balque; *Friedrich Eilers*, Albert Lieven; *Hugo Mohrunge*, Carl-Ludwig Diehl; *Korrianke*, Paul Westermeier; *Lieutenant Hartmann*, Harry Meyen.

FEAR STRIKES OUT—Paramount. Directed by Robert Mulligan: *Jim Piersall*, Anthony Perkins; *John Piersall* (Jim's father), Karl Malden; *Mary Teeven*, Norma Moore; *Dr. Brown*, Adam Williams; *Mrs. John Piersall*, Perry Wilson; *Jim* (as a child), Peter J. Votrian; *Joe Cronin*, Bart Burns.

FUNNY FACE—Paramount. Directed by Stanley Donen: *Jo*, Audrey Hepburn; *Dick Avery*, Fred Astaire; *Maggie Prescott*, Kay Thompson; *Professor Emile Flostre*, Michel Auclair; *Paul Duval*, Robert Flemying; *Marion*, Dovima; *Babs*, Virginia Gibson; *Specialty Dancer* (Pink Number) *Suzy Parker*; *Laura*, Sue England; *Specialty Dancer* (Pink Number), Sunny Harnett; *Lettie*, Ruta Lee; *Hair Dresser*, Jean Del Val; *Dovitch*, Alex Gerry; *Armande*, Iphigenie Castiglioni.

GUNS OF FORT PETTICOAT, THE—Columbia. Directed by George Marshall: *Lt. Frank Hewitt*, Audie Murphy; *Ann Martin*, Kathryn Grant; *Hannah Lacey*, Hope Emerson; *Mary Wheeler*, Jeff Donnell; *Lucy Conover*, Peggy Maley; *Mrs. Ogden*, Isobel Elsom; *Stella Leatham*, Patricia Livingston; *Bax*, Kim Charney; *Kettle*, Sean McClory; *Salt Pork*, Ray Teal; *Tortilla*, Nestor Paiva; *Kipper*, James Griffith; *Indian Chief*, Charles Horvath; *Colonel Chivington*, Ainslie Pryor; *Jane Gibbond*, Dorothy Crider; *Hazel McCasslin*, Madge Meredith; *Betty*, Ernestine Wade.

INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, THE—U-I. Directed by Jack Arnold: *Scott Carey*, Grant Williams; *Louise Carey*, Randy Stuart; *Clarice*, April Kent; *Charlie Carey*, Paul Langton; *Dr. Thomas Silver*, Raymond Bailey; *Dr. Arthur Bramson*, William Schallert; *Barker*, Frank Scannell; *Nurse*, Helene Marshall; *Nurse*, Diana Darrin; *Midget*, Billy Curtis.

KELLY AND ME—U-I. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard: *Len Carmody*, Van Johnson; *Mina Van Runkel*, Piper Laurie; *Lucy Castle*, Martha Hyer; *Walter Van Runkel*, Onslow Stevens; *Ben Collins*, Herbert Anderson; *Milo*, Gregory Gay; *Stu Baker*, Dan Riss; *Mr. Johnson*, Maurice Manson; *Dave Gans*, Douglas Fowley; *George Halderman*, Frank Wilcox; *Miss Boyle*, Yvonne Peattie; *Miss Wilk*, Elizabeth Flournoy; *Joe Webb*, Lyle Latell.

LIZZIE—M-G-M. Directed by Hugo Haas: *Elizabeth Richmond*, Eleanor Parker; *Dr. Neal Wright*, Richard Boone; *Aunt Morgan*, Joan Blondell; *Walter Brenner*, Hugo Haas; *Johnny Valenzo*, Ric Roman; *Elizabeth's Mother*, Dorothy Arnold; *Robin*, John Reach; *Ruth Seaton*, Marion Ross; *Nightclub Singer*, Johnny Mathis; *Helen Jameson*, Jan Englund; *Elizabeth* (13 years old), Carol Wells; *Elizabeth* (9 years old), Karen Green; *Guard*, Gene Walker; *Man in Bar*, Pat Golden; *Waiter*, Dick Paxton; *Bartender*, Michael Marks.

OH, MEN! OH, WOMEN!—20th. Directed by Nunnally Johnson: *Arthur Turner*, Dan Dailey; *Mildred*

Turner, Ginger Rogers; *Dr. Alan Coles*, David Niven; *Myra Hagerman*, Barbara Rush; *Cobbler*, Tony Randall; *Mrs. Day*, Natalie Schafer; *Miss Tacher*, Rach Stephens; *Dr. Krauss*, John Wengraf; *Melba*, Chery Clarke; *Steward*, Charles Davis.

PARIS DOES STRANGE THINGS—Warners. I rected by Jean Renoir: *Elena*, Ingrid Bergman; *Henri*, Mel Ferrer; *General Rolan*, Jean Marai; *Miarka*, Juliette Greco; *Street Singer*, Marjan Fleury; *George Higgins*, Hector, J. Richard.

ROYAL AFFAIRS IN VERSAILLES—Times. I rected by Sacha Guitry: *Louis XIV*, Sacha Guitry; *Franklin*, Orson Welles; *Cardinal de Rohan*, Jean Pierre Aumont; *A Woman of the People*, Edith Piaf; *D'Artagnan*, Gerard Philipe; *Mme. du Pompadour*, Micheline Presle; *Louis XV*, Jean Marais; *Jean Coignet*, Daniel Gelin; *Louison Chabray*, Daniel Delorme; *Louis XIV* (Young), George Marcha; *Comtesse de la Motte*, Gaby Morlay; *Louis XV*, Gilbert Boka; *Marie Antoinette*, Lana Marcon; *Moliere*, Fernand Gravey.

SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS, THE—Warners. Direct by Billy Wilder: *Charles A. Lindbergh*, James Stewart; *Bud Gurney*, Murray Hamilton; *Mirror Girl*, Patricia Smith; *B. F. Mahoney*, Bartlett Robinson; *Father Hussman*, Marc Connelly; *Donald H. Arthur Space*; *O. W. Schultz*, Charles Watts.

STRANGE ONE, THE—Columbia. Directed by Jack Garfein: *Jocko DeParis*, Ben Gazzara; *Haro Koble*, Pat Hingle; *Robert Marquales*, George Peppard; *Maynard Simmons*, Arthur Storch; *Rog Gatt*, James Olson; *George Avery, Jr.*, Geoffrey Horne; *Major Avery*, Larry Gates; *Colonel Rame Clifton James*; *Rosebud*, Julie Wilson; *Cadet Colonel Corger*, Mark Richman.

TATTERED DRESS, THE—U-I. Directed by Jack Arnold: *James Gordon Blane*, Jeff Chandler; *Dia Blane*, Jeanne Crain; *Nick Hoak*, Jack Carson; *Car Morrow*, Gail Russell; *Charleen Reston*, Elai Stewart; *Billy Giles*, George Tobias; *Lester Rawling*, Edward Andrews; *Michael Reston*, Philip Reed; *Ralph Adams*, Edward Platt.

TEN THOUSAND BEDROOMS—M-G-M. Directed by Richard Thorpe: *Ray Hunter*, Dean Martin; *Ni Martelli*, Anna Maria Alberghetti; *Maria Martel*, Eva Bartok; *Mike Clark*, Dewey Martin; *Vittor Martelli*, Walter Slezak; *Anton*, Paul Henreid; *Arthur*, Jules Munshin; *Vittorio Gisini*, Marcel Dali; *Countess Alzani*, Evelyn Varden; *Diana Martel*, Lisa Montell; *Anna Martelli*, Lisa Gaye; *Bob Dudley*, John Archer; *Tom Crandall*, Steve Dunne; *Dan*, De Jones; *Girl on Main Title*, Monique Van Vooren.

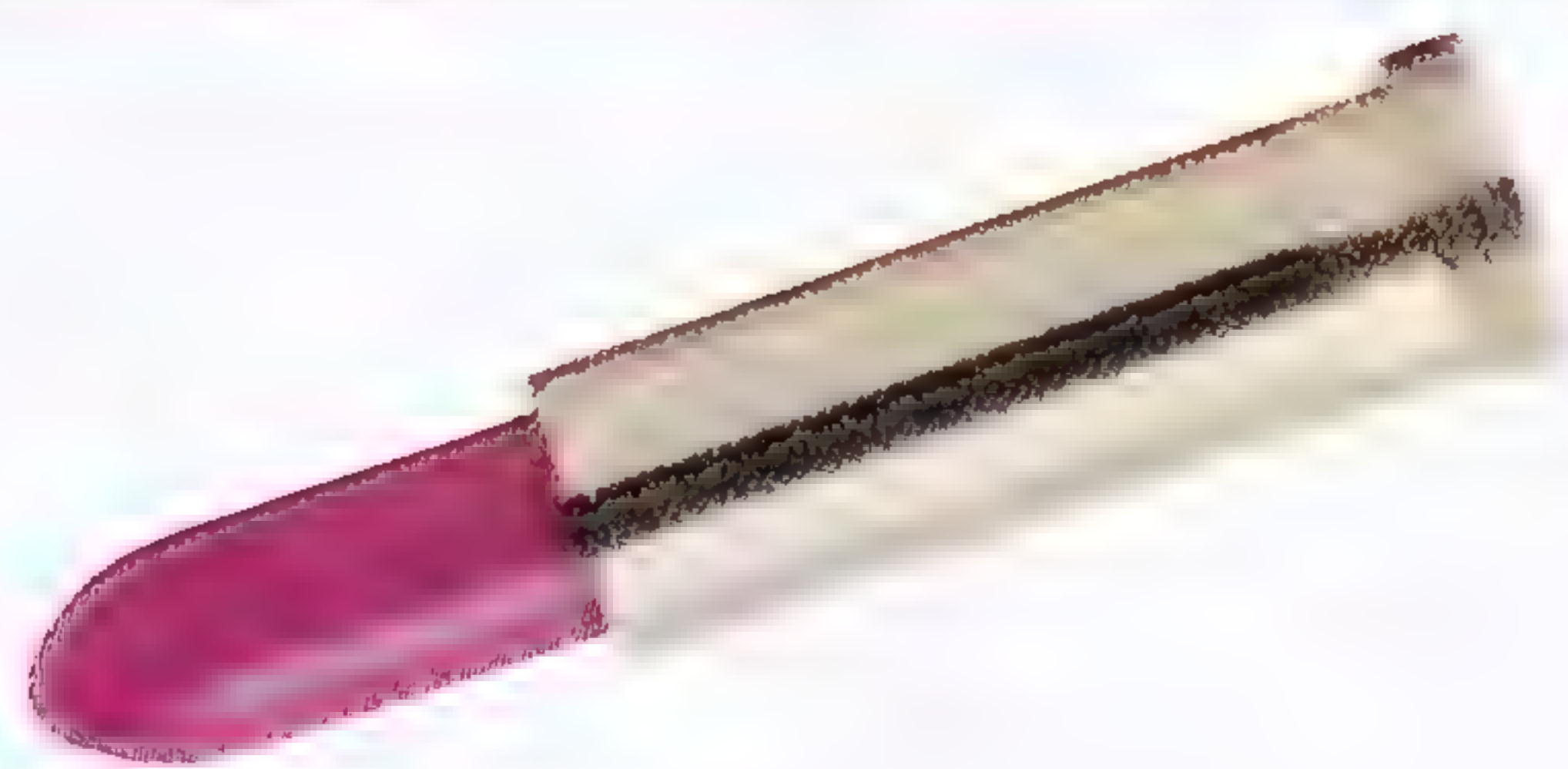
TRUE STORY OF JESSE JAMES, THE—20th. I rected by Nicholas Ray: *Jesse James*, Robert Wagner; *Frank James*, Jeffrey Hunter; *Zee*, Hope Lange; *Ma Samuel*, Agnes Moorehead; *Cole Younger*, Alan Hal Remington; *Alan Baxter*, Rev. Jethro Bailey; *John Carradine*; *Anne*, Rachel Stephens; *Dr. Samuel*, Barney Phillips; *Jim Younger*, Biff Elliot; *Maj Cobb*, Frank Overton; *Attorney Walker*, Barry A water; *Rowena Cobb*, Marian Seldes; *Askew*, Chub Johnson; *Charley*, Frank Gorshin; *Robby*, Ca Thayer; *Hillstrom*, John Doucette; *Sheriff Trum*, Robert Adler; *Sheriff Yee*, Clancy Cooper; *Bill Stile*, Sumner Williams; *Deputy Leo*, Tom Greenwa; *Deputy Ed*, Mike Steen; *Peter*, Jason Wingree; *Wiley*, Aaron Saxon; *Bob Younger*, Anthony Ra; *Tucker Bassham*, Clegg Hoyt; *Houghie*, Tom Pi man; *Clell Miller*, Louis Zito; *Sam Wells*, Ma Hickman; *Dick Liddell*, Adam Marshal; *Bill Rya*, Joseph Di Reda; *Jorgenson*, J. Frederik Albe; *Archie*, age 4, Kellogg Junge, Jr.



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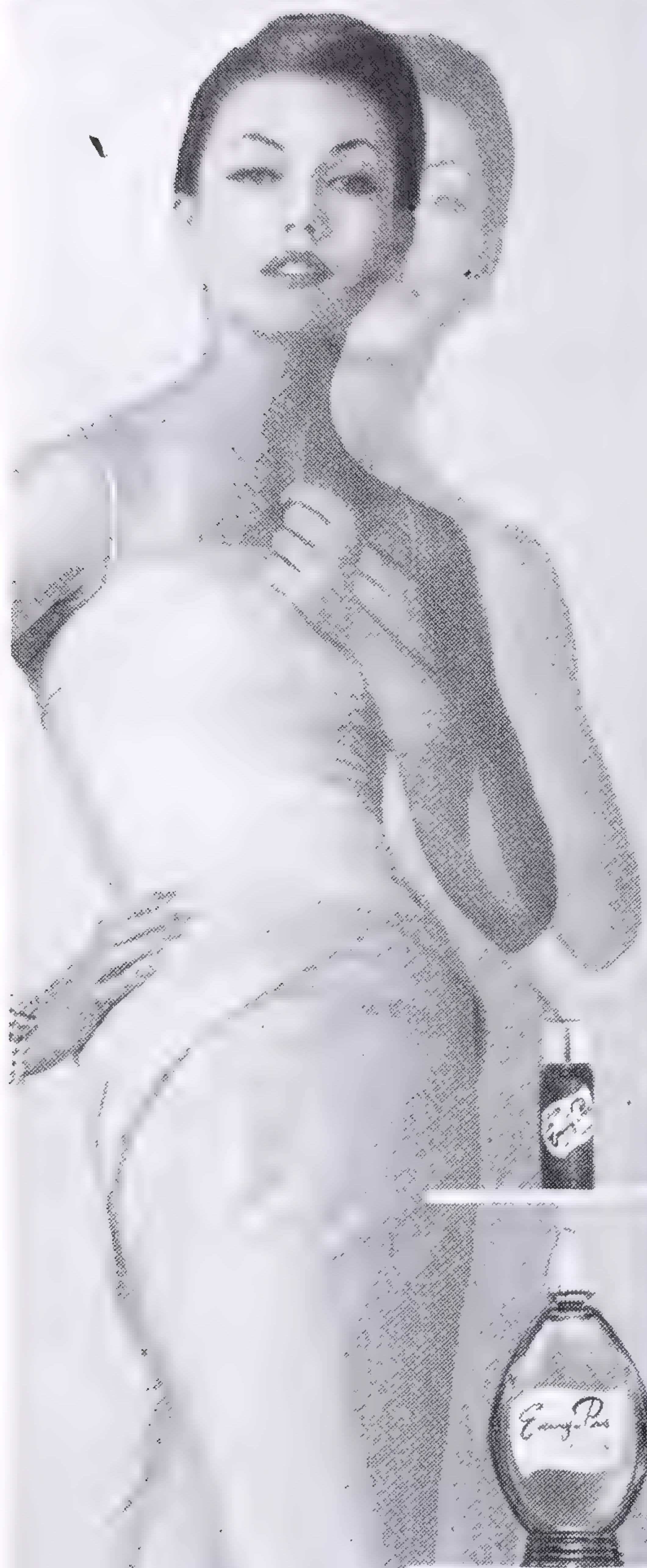


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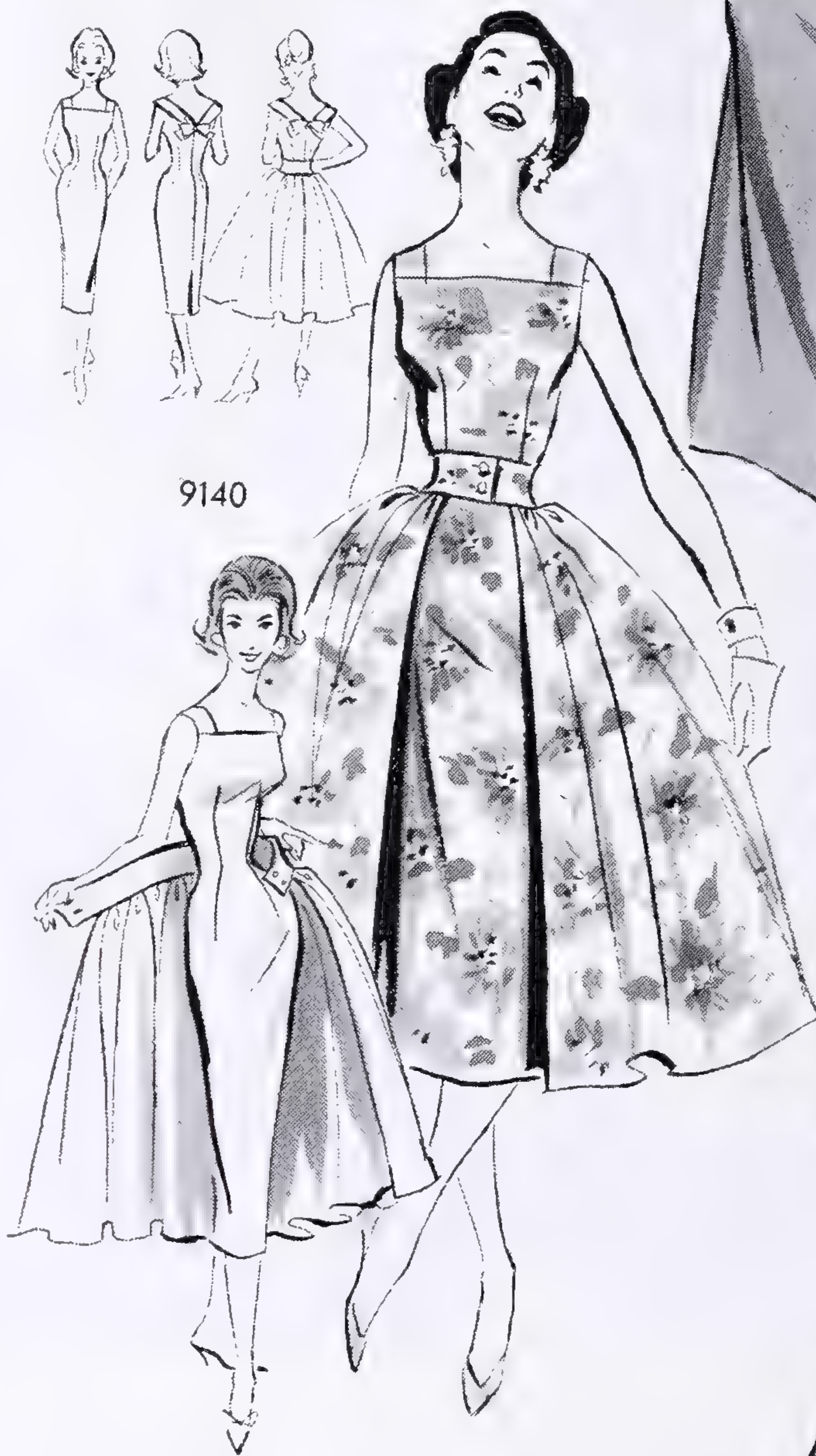
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4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS**

Lana and Lex made friends sad in the new wave of breakups, but there's hope



Gene Kelly and Betsy Blair, once so happy together, have now made it final



Lots of people said they knew it was happening to June and Dick Powell

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Love and Marriage: Hollywood was rampant with rumors the week both Lana Turner and June Allyson separated from their respective husbands. The Dick Powells' splituation, it seems, came as no surprise. Those who have been expecting it now come right out and predict there will be further news concerning June Allyson and Jack Lemmon when both are legally free. Lana Turner and Lex Barker, however, caught the town off guard. A few days before their breakup, they discussed enthusiastic plans for building that home on the property they own in Acapulco. Lana hasn't worked in a long time. Lex has gone from picture to picture, which left his wife with too much time to brood over the loss of their

expected baby. Despite the announced separation, Lex kept on striving for a reconciliation, and insiders say there's every chance he will succeed in rebuilding the marriage. Gene Kelly and Betsy Blair, on the other hand, have made their divorce final, with everyone sorry for two nice people.

Mr. Lucky: Recently Tab Hunter, whose first royalty check for "Young Love" was for a neat \$21,000, told us the real secret of his singing success. "I visualize a beautiful girl," he said. "Then I pretend there's no one else in the world and just sing into her ear." It's true that Tab made more from one record than he earns at Warners in a year. But the

Continued

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INSIDE STUFF

Continued

studio loves him. He was all set to see Europe again when they made him a cozy proposition. In return for postponing his date of departure and hitting the road to plug "The Spirit of St. Louis," Warners agreed to pick up Tab's tab for the entire European trip.

Home Life: Despite his great success, Rock Hudson is far from being a wealthy man. In fact, until "Giant" he earned little more than a featured player. So Rock and Phyllis toyed with the idea of renting their house while they're in Italy making "A Farewell to Arms." Word leaked out, their phone rang day and night and people who wanted to sleep in Rock Hudson's bed stampeded the place. He quickly decided *not* to become a landlord. . . . Miss Carrie Frances Fisher will probably be supporting the "old folks" if her luck holds out. Debbie and Eddie's daughter now owns an oil well, sent to her by a Texan who greatly admires her famous parents! . . . Lita Baron Calhoun, who had her baby girl and named her Cindy Frances, had a time keeping up with her dress sizes. It's all to no avail now, of course, but just before the baby came she had to keep her shower guests waiting for an hour while she frantically altered her skirt, to make it larger.

Girl and Woman: Did a director-friend of Natalie Wood suggest she consult a psychiatrist to determine why she's so restless and impulsive? To us, she's just young, high-spirited and filled with the joy of living. There's nothing wrong with her that a few years of maturing won't cure. . . . Everyone knows Clark Gable prefers to keep his private life private, but he didn't object when his beautiful bride (the King calls her Kathleen) told all for national publication. Kay got paid for the article and turned the check over to charity. You know that wherever she goes she always carries those tiny nitroglycerine pills prescribed for her particular type of heart ailment. She jokes about it, too,

Continued



Lita Baron Calhoun's new baby brought Lita a welcome visitor—her mother

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Deborah Kerr and Robert Mitchum

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faith...glowing heart...
surging power...
and divine
inspiration comes a
motion picture in the
magnificent tradition
of "The Robe", "The
Song of Bernadette,"
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"Come to the Stable"!

"Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison"

Sister Angela and marine corporal Allison...alone on a Pacific island...trapped behind enemy lines!

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CANDIDS

- | | | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Lana Turner | 109. Dean Martin | 205. Ann Sothorn | 237. Dana Wynter |
| 2. Betty Grable | 110. Jerry Lewis | 207. Eddie Fisher | 238. Diana Dors |
| 3. Ava Gardner | 112. Susan Hayward | 209. Liberace | 239. Judy Busch |
| 5. Alan Ladd | 117. Terry Moore | 211. Bob Francis | 240. Patti Page |
| 6. Tyrone Power | 121. Tony Curtis | 212. Grace Kelly | 241. Lawrence Welk |
| 7. Gregory Peck | 124. Gail Davis | 213. James Dean | 242. Alice Lon |
| 9. Esther Williams | 127. Piper Laurie | 214. Sheree North | 243. Larry Dean |
| 11. Elizabeth Taylor | 128. Debbie Reynolds | 215. Kim Novak | 244. Buddy Merrill |
| 14. Cornel Wilde | 135. Jeff Chandler | 216. Richard Davalos | 245. Hugh O'Brian |
| 15. Frank Sinatra | 136. Rock Hudson | 218. Eva Marie Saint | 246. Jim Arness |
| 18. Rory Calhoun | 137. Stewart Granger | 219. Natalie Wood | 247. Sanford Clark |
| 19. Peter Lawford | 139. Debra Paget | 220. Dewey Martin | 248. Vera Miles |
| 21. Bob Mitchum | 140. Dale Robertson | 221. Joan Collins | 249. John Saxon |
| 22. Burt Lancaster | 141. Marilyn Monroe | 222. Jayne Mansfield | 250. Dean Stockwell |
| 23. Bing Crosby | 142. Leslie Caron | 223. Sal Mineo | 251. Diane Jergens |
| 25. Dale Evans | 143. Pier Angeli | 224. Shirley Jones | 252. Warren Berlinger |
| 27. June Allyson | 144. Mitzi Gaynor | 225. Elvis Presley | 253. James MacArthur |
| 33. Gene Autry | 145. Marlon Brando | 226. Victoria Shaw | 254. Nick Adams |
| 34. Roy Rogers | 146. Aldo Ray | 227. Tony Perkins | 255. John Kerr |
| 35. Sunset Carson | 147. Tab Hunter | 228. Clint Walker | 256. Harry Belafonte |
| 50. Diana Lynn | 148. Robert Wagner | 229. Pat Boone | 257. Jim Lowe |
| 51. Doris Day | 149. Russ Tamblyn | 230. Paul Newman | 258. Luana Patten |
| 52. Montgomery Clift | 150. Jeff Hunter | 231. Don Murray | 259. Dennis Hopper |
| 53. Richard Widmark | 152. Marge and Gower Champion | 232. Don Cherry | 260. Tom Tryon |
| 56. Perry Como | 174. Rita Gam | 233. Pat Wayne | 261. Tommy Sands |
| 57. Bill Holden | 175. Charlton Heston | 234. Carroll Baker | 262. Will Hutchins |
| 66. Gordon MacRae | 176. Steve Cochran | 235. Anita Ekberg | |
| 67. Ann Blyth | 177. Richard Burton | 236. Corey Allen | |
| 68. Jeanne Crain | 179. Julius La Rosa | | |
| 69. Jane Russell | 180. Lucille Ball | | |
| 74. John Wayne | 182. Jack Webb | | |
| 78. Audie Murphy | 185. Richard Egan | | |
| 84. Janet Leigh | 187. Jeff Richards | | |
| 86. Farley Granger | 190. Pat Crowley | | |
| 91. John Derek | 191. Robert Taylor | | |
| 92. Guy Madison | 192. Jean Simmons | | |
| 94. Mario Lanza | 194. Audrey Hepburn | | |
| 103. Scott Brady | 198. Gale Storm | | |
| 105. Vic Damone | 202. George Nader | | |
| 106. Shelley Winters | | | |
| 107. Richard Todd | | | |

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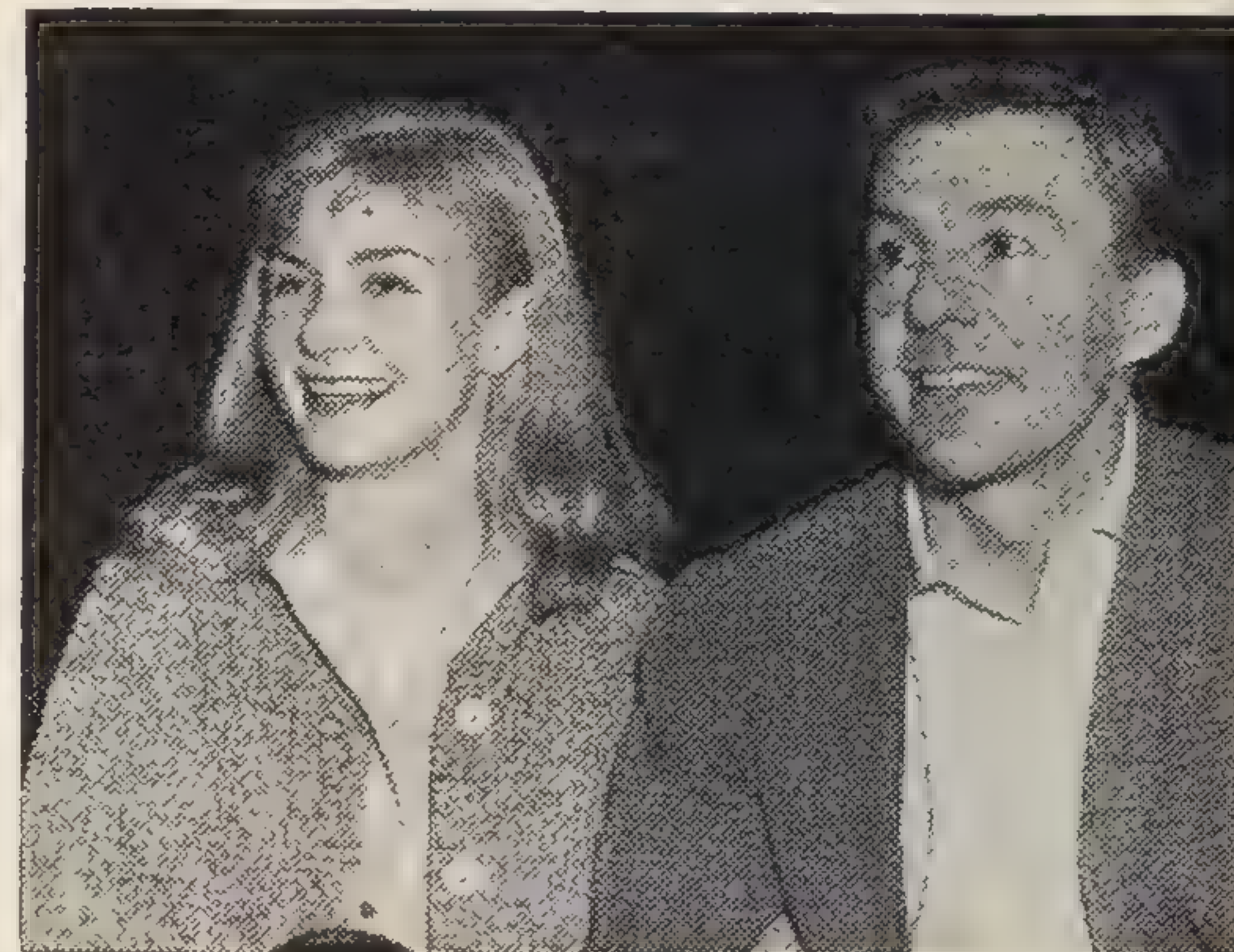
INSIDE STUFF

Continued

which is so typical of Kay's gay, indomitable affinity with life.

Blues in the Night: Things can't get worse for Russ Tamblyn. He's subject to the draft and until he started "Don't Go Near the Water," he hadn't worked in a year. Valentine's Day was the first anniversary of his marriage to Venetia Stevenson and they celebrated it by signing divorce papers. When Russ moved out he took a small house on the sands of Malibu. His good friend, Larry "Bud" Pennell, is sharing it, and here's a bit of irony. Talented Russ composes songs and music publishers are flipping over his latest. The title? "When Love Is Young"!

Romance Lane: Marlon Brando making "Sayonara" in Japan kept in constant touch with Anna Kashfi. No one knew



Happy in a big role with David Wayne, Joanne Woodward's mum about love

about it because the Indian beauty asked her studio to soft-pedal the publicity. . . . Jane Wyman denied her next husband will be a handsome TV executive. Susan Hayward denied she was going to marry Eaton Chalkley too—until she married him! . . . Beautiful Pat Hardy knows exactly what Richard Egan likes to eat, because she goes marketing with his mother. Pat didn't say it, but the fact still remains: The way to a man's heart is you know what.

Win or Lose: It doesn't happen often, so you know Paul Newman was deserving. The town was indignant when he lost an Oscar nomination for that brilliant performance in "Somebody Up There Likes Me." Despite Paul's aversion to living in the spotlight, word leaked out that Joanne Woodward will be the next Mrs. Newman. She's the talented young actress 20th Century-Fox picked for the tough title role of "Three Faces of Eve," who was psychoanalyzed "to help me understand the people I play." Their studios say it's friendship

Continued

"...takes to water like a duck"



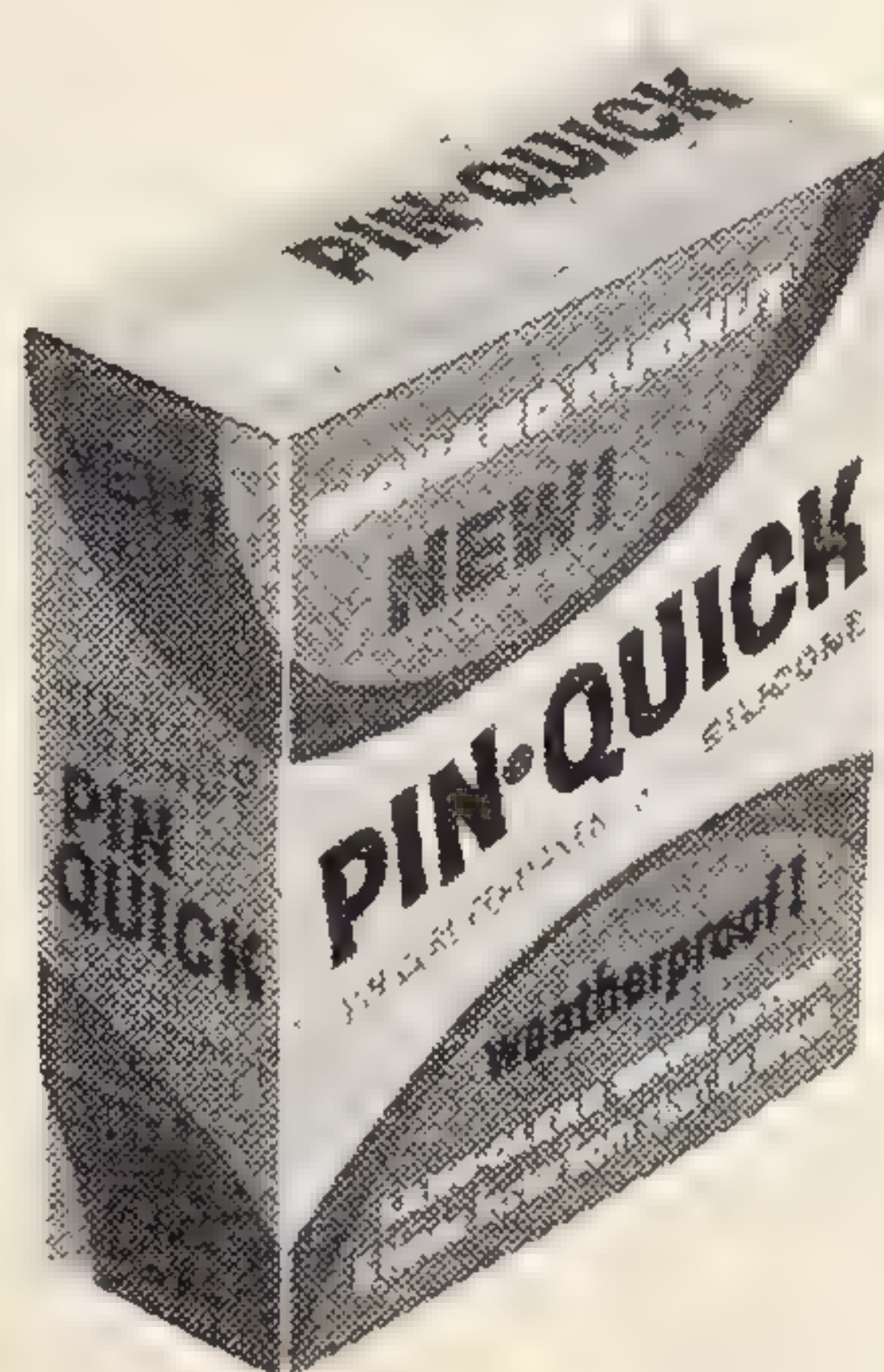
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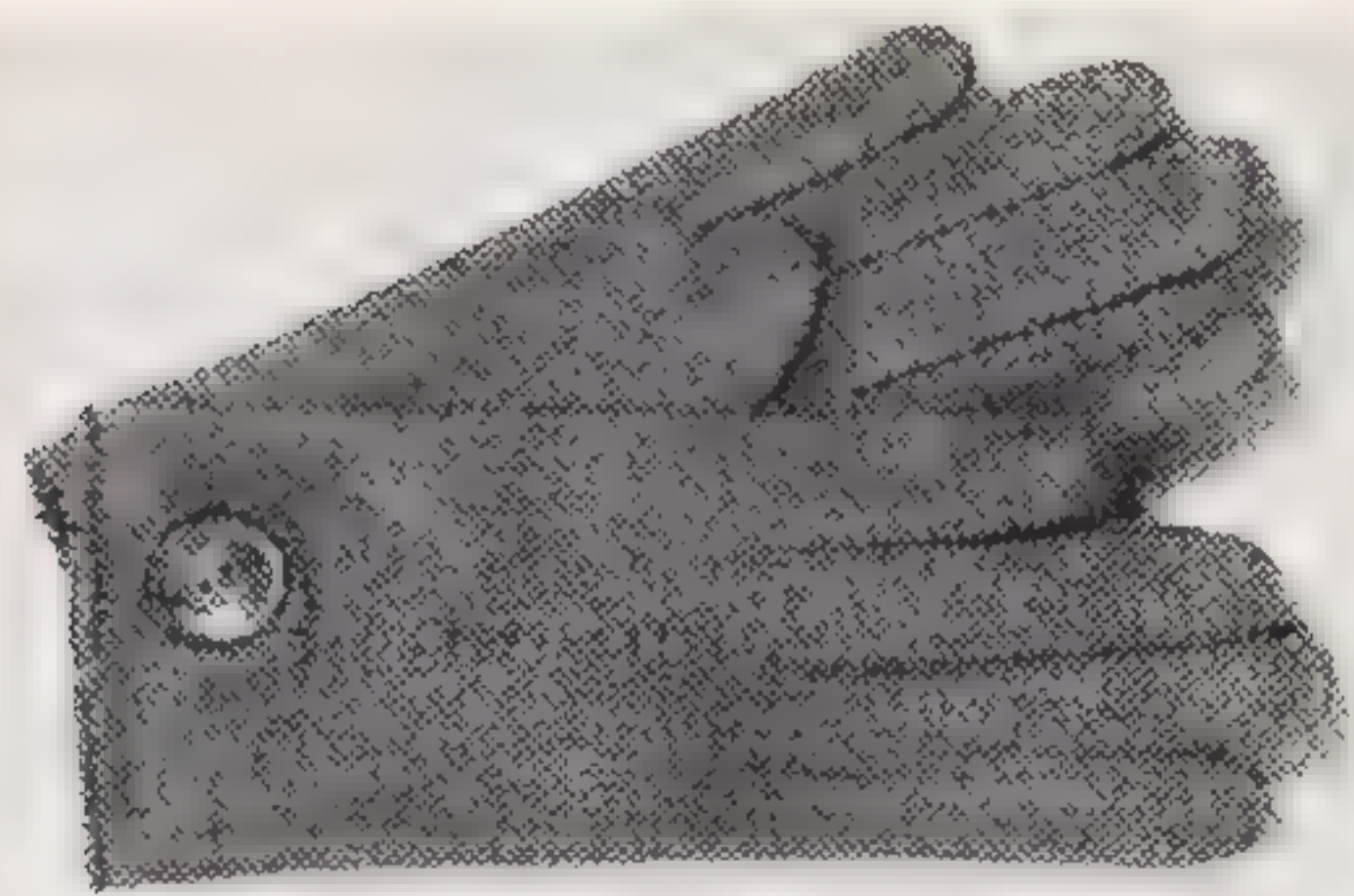
PIN-QUICK

by

Richard Hudnut

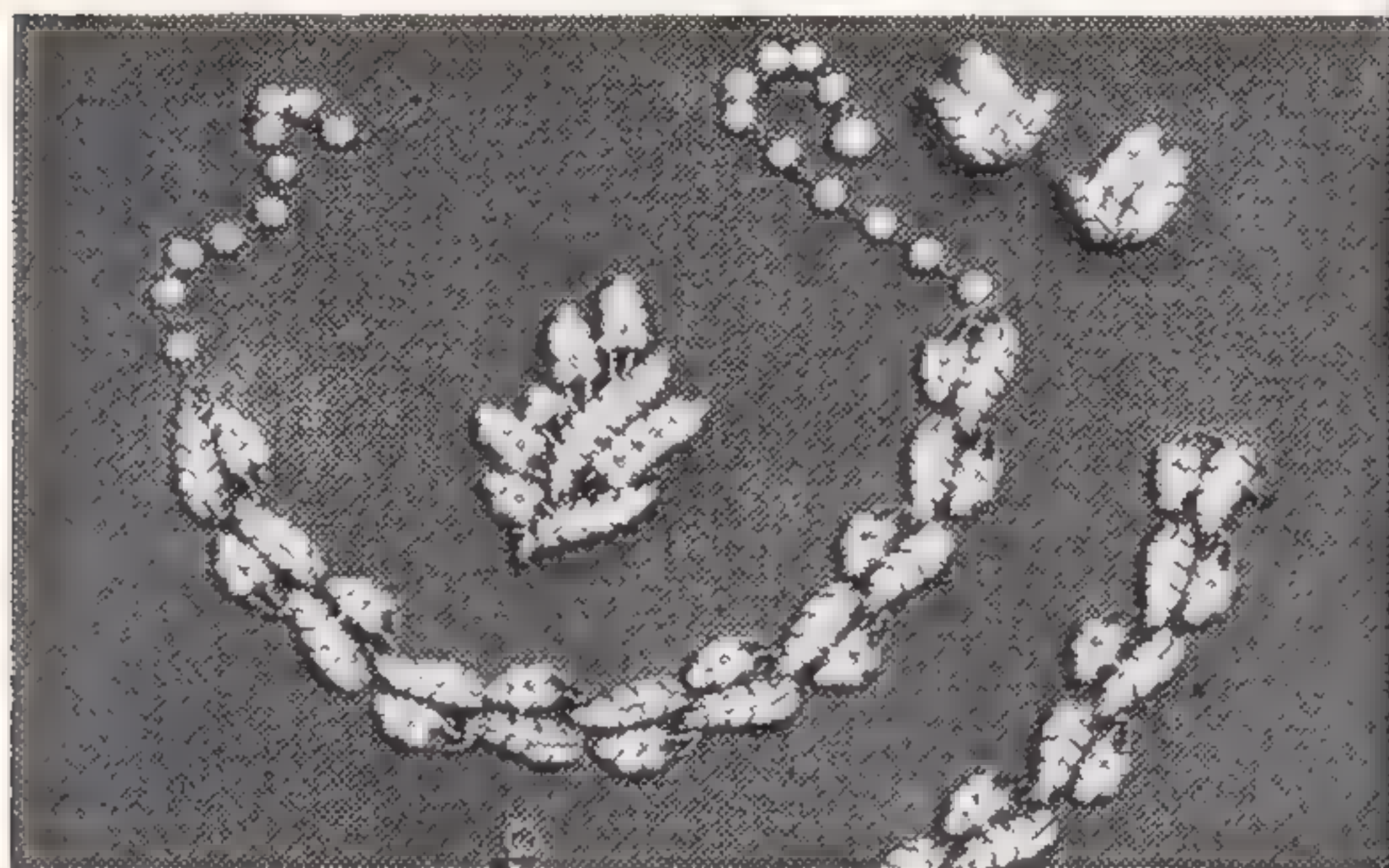
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Hand-stitched cotton shorty with a
← tab 'n' button trim. Black, red,
white, beige, gray. Dawnelle. \$3.50

Flat, smooth satchel of burnished
leather, designed to serve as a van-→
ity. Theodor of California. About \$8*



Summer spark: white enameled ferns,
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let, earrings, pin, each \$2*. Coro

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tropic tan. By Trim Tred. About \$10



Travel deluxe with a small, soft
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← side pockets for a traveler's ease.
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Flash a sparkling foot in black and
← white plaid straw, a neat pump with
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Accessories at leading stores cross-
country, or see buying guide, page 118

INSIDE STUFF

Continued



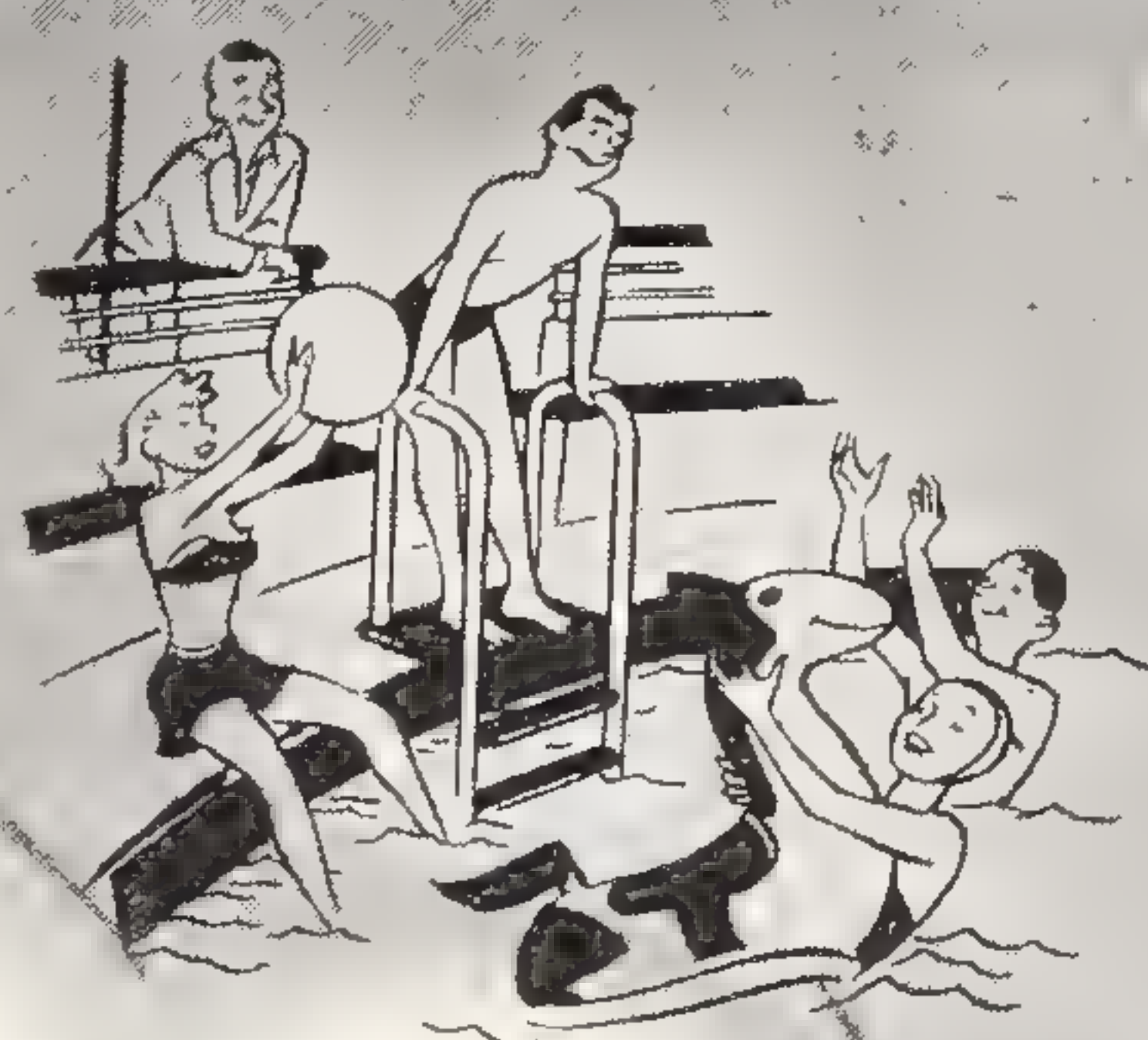
Ava, with Walter Chiari here, had her-
self some typical Gardner adventures

but friends says it's love. . . . This came straight to us from an eye witness. The evening was late, most of the guests had departed, but amongst those remaining were the Dan Daileys. It isn't news that they quarrel publicly. This time, one word led to another until Gwen tossed a drink in Dan's face. He just sat there and said nothing. According to our informant, Gwen said, in effect, that she envied one person, Gloria Noble. As you know, Gloria is the second Mrs. Donald O'Connor. When Gwen was married to Donald, she was so unhappy she divorced him. Eventually she married one of the nicest guys in Hollywood, Dan Dailey. Where do we go from here?

Ava, Dear Ava: This could be one of those stories that doesn't have to be believed, but it is said that Ava Gardner, driving recently from Madrid to Rome, stopped off in Nice and phoned the palace at Monte Carlo to ask after little Caroline, only to find she couldn't get Caroline's mother, Princess Grace, on the phone. Perhaps the palace servants didn't really believe it was she, but whatever the reason, Ava undoubtedly was very upset. Incidentally, Ava quite unknowingly started a small scandal in France during this drive, which she made with her sister Bea in her new white Cadillac. Foreign tourists are allowed all the gas they need in France, in spite of the shortage, but they have to get it legally—that is, by applying for coupons at the local police headquarters or automobile club. Ignorant of this, Ava blithely crossed the border from Spain with a powerful car and not much gas in the tank. In her own way she managed to get enough of the stuff to get her to Nice, where the local authorities gallantly promised to reimburse the stations at which she had stopped with the coupons they needed. But it was strictly against the rules, aside from the fact that Ava is not very likely to have a careful account of just where she got gas, and how much.



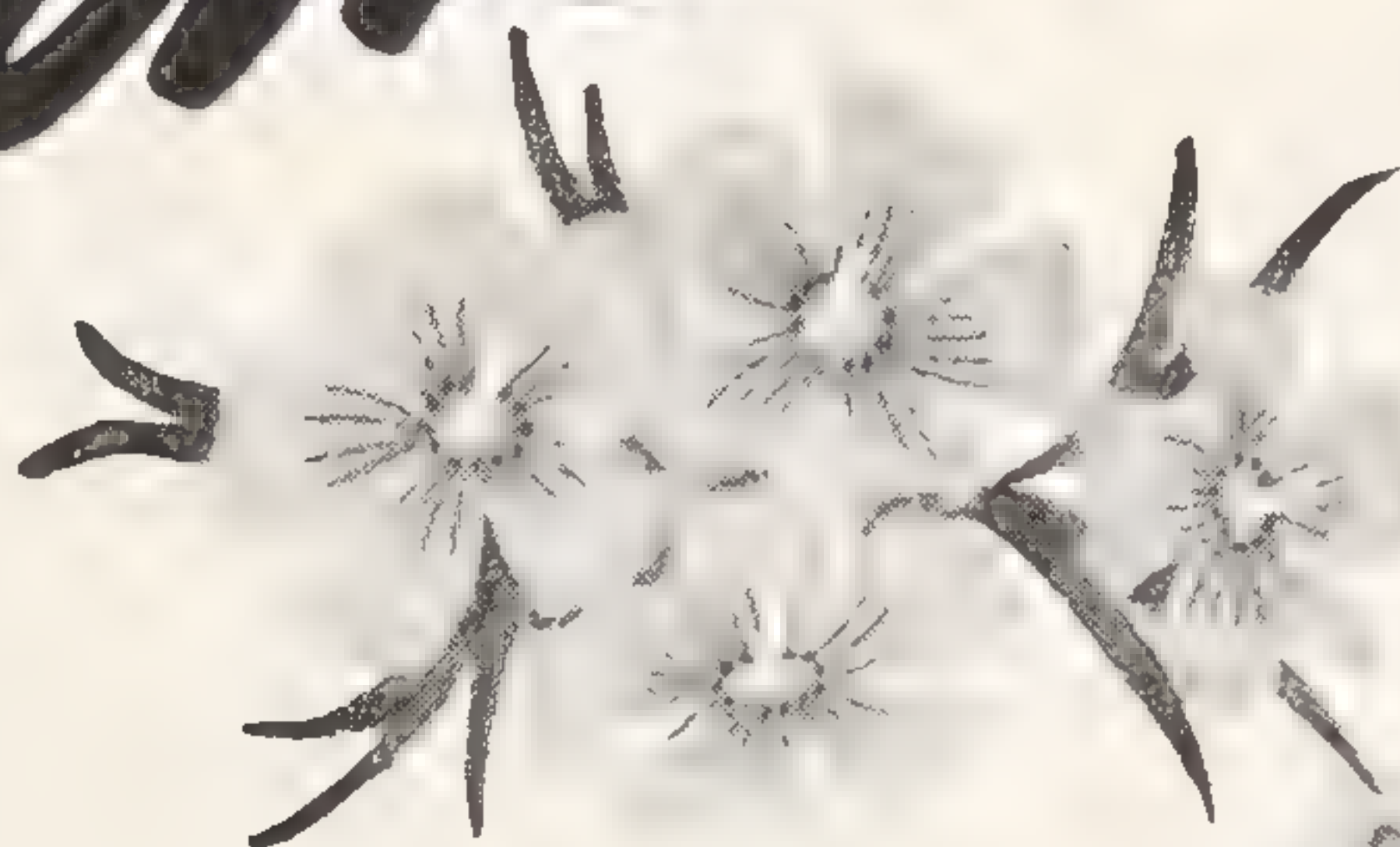
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OCEAN MONARCH

QUEEN OF BERMUDA



Sidney says there are folks waiting to mimic Susan Strasberg, too

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Janet Leigh has a yen for a real well-filled wardrobe



Sidney has a suggestion for Yul Brynner, wife Virginia Gilmore

I don't think June Allyson should have left Dick Powell; or Lana Turner, Lex Barker. June and Lana will discover that a good man is hard to find for keeps. . . . Kim Novak seldom middle-roads anything. The Lavender Lady either likes you all the way or it's absolutely nothing. . . . I couldn't name you the ten best movies I ever saw without wanting to change the list ten minutes later. . . . With the pace the studios are setting and the speed Natalie Wood maintains, I wouldn't be surprised if Warners announced they're filming "The Natalie Wood Story." . . . Wonder how Joe Pasternak feels about having used Carroll Baker in a picture a few years ago as a big favor for a friend and then let the "Baby Doll" go? . . . Shelley Winters is still inventing herself and is still a great talent scout for herself. Shelley picked Tony Franciosa when the only camera he had ever faced was a Brownie. . . . The Changing Times: Of all the actors who behave and look like Marlon Brando, you can quickly distinguish the genuine thing because Marlon's jacket matches his trousers. . . . I've yet to see a guy carrying the torch done right in a movie. . . . Joan Blackman trying to describe the performance of an actress she didn't like: "She's a girl who makes sex dull." . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor's advice, addressing a Women's Club: "Whatever you do, don't marry a man younger

than yourself—unless he has inherited millions."

Do me a favor and see "The Bachelor Party." Don Murray and Patricia Smith will make you feel proud of the human race, which can use a bit of it these days. . . . Shirley MacLaine doesn't drink. She's that funny naturally, which makes it fun to be with Shirley. . . . I wonder how Susan Hayward would look without freckles. . . . In "Morning Glory," Katharine Hepburn played *Eva Lovelace*, giving the mimics a great hunk of material; and in "Stage Struck," Susan Strasberg plays *Eva Lovelace*, and the mimics are waiting for the new edition to be released. . . . Mitzi Gaynor: "It's a secret. Kay (Kendall) told me not to tell anyone, and everyone I tell has already heard it. Fine secret!"

I wouldn't believe Elvis Presley listened to Lawrence Welk records even if I saw it. . . . I don't know an actor who's working harder to be an actor than Tony Curtis. . . . Mamie Van Doren sometimes wonders how come she never posed in the nude for a calendar or statue. . . . Because of those old movies on television, I've fallen in love with Priscilla Lane again. . . . Charlton Heston has the kind of face that looks as if he's already been waited on. . . . After the movies "The Great Man" and "A Face in the Crowd" and the TV show "The Comedian," I'm

suspicious of every comic on television, especially if he has humility. . . . The Changing Times: A few years ago when a man was known to be an independent producer, the standard remark was: "What's he got to be independent about?" Now when a major studio is mentioned, someone is certain to ask: "What have they got to be independent about?" . . . Janet Leigh can't resist luxurious cashmere sweaters. They fill her with joy and she returns the compliment. . . . Our good friend Mike Curtiz talent scouting: "I'm looking for a seventeen-year-old boy with twenty years acting experience."

Burt Lancaster feels all dressed up only when he wears a white shirt. . . . Joan Crawford has a television set and a robe at the foot of her bed. . . . Now what made me wonder what Linda Christian is doing? . . . Abe Burrows' definition of glamour: That certain indefinable something about an actress who has a large bosom.

I'm ready for another type performance from Yul Brynner. . . . I don't care what Emily Post says, I believe it's proper to whistle at Ava Gardner. . . . Rock Hudson and wife Phyllis often dine by candlelight, if you please. . . . In the movie colony you often forget who is related to whom. Mickey Rooney is Lana Turner's ex-husband's ex-wife's ex-husband. That's Hollywood for you!

all-day color
that won't go flat
new **INNER GLOW** lipstick

gives you a glow that lasts!

New INNER GLOW! It's the lipstick that stays fresh and glowing . . . with color that never gets that dead, flat look! Even when it's been on all day!

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RHYTHM-IN-RED—blue-red

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LOOK-OUT RED—true-red

PINK-A-BOO—rosy pink

TROPIC SUN—golden red

PEACH-OF-A-PINK—rosy coral

CORAL—bright coral

CASHMERE BOUQUET COSMETICS... *For all your beauty needs*

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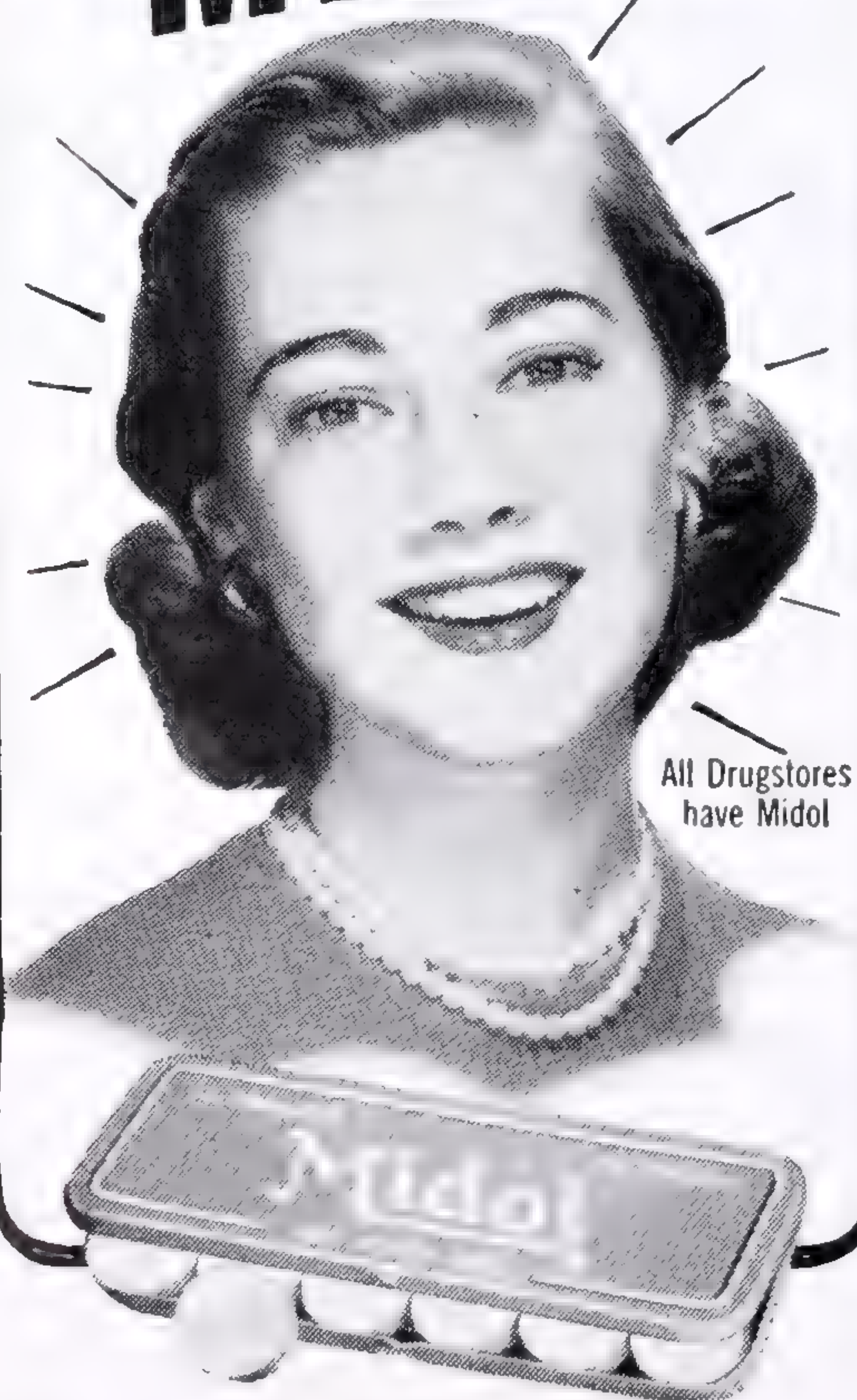


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NEEDLE NEWS



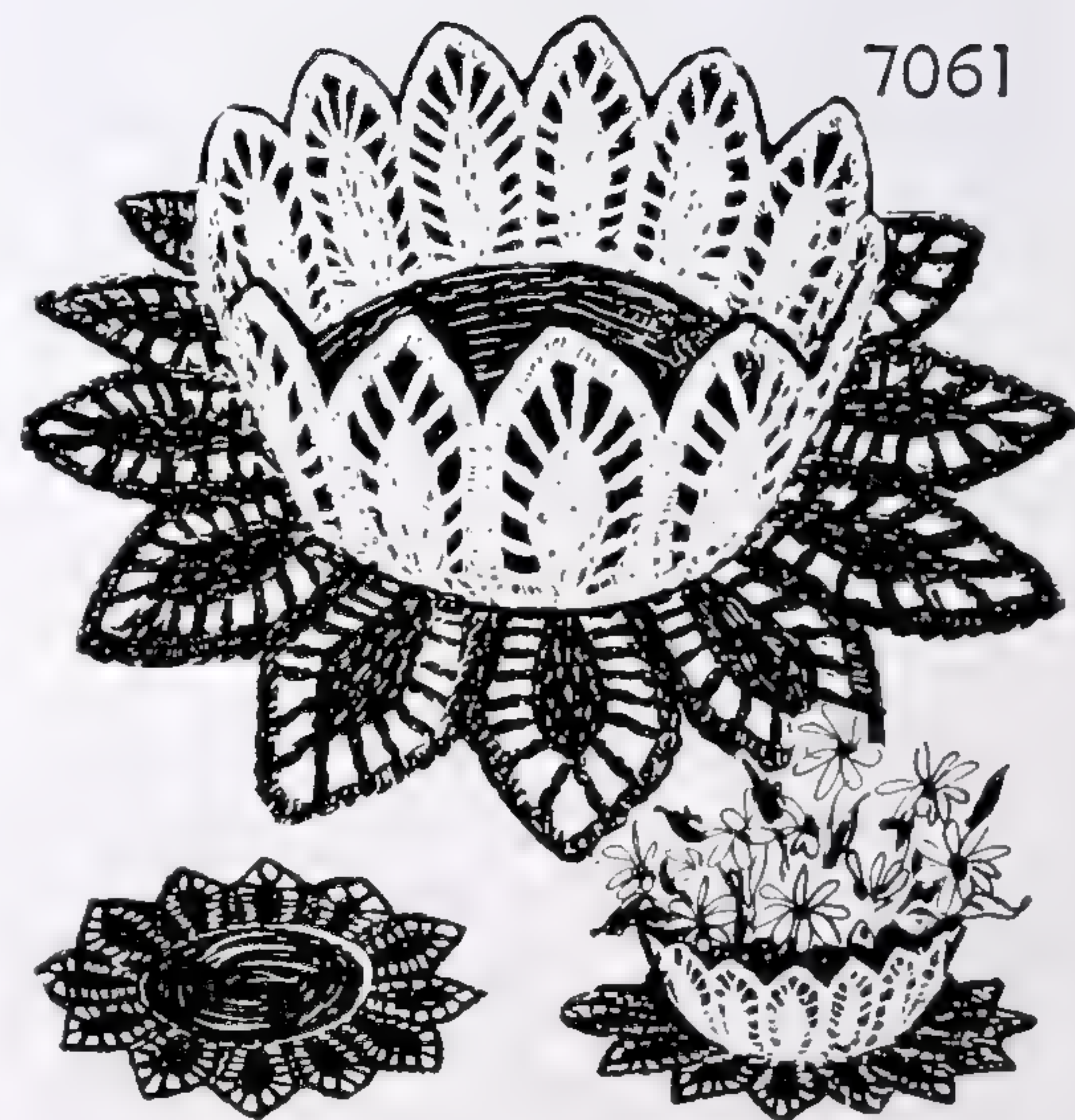
723—This becoming maternity top is a wonderfully cool style for summer. Trim neckline, pockets with gay embroidery! Maternity misses' sizes 10-12; 14-16 included. Has pattern, transfer, directions

662—Little girls will love this full-skirted dress with pretty daisy bodice trim! Make a perky "flower" pocket, too. Child's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Includes both tissue pattern and embroidery transfers. STATE SIZE

7233—Prettiest shapes of fashion—these three darling little hats to enhance your summer ensembles. True flatterers! Includes embroidery transfer and directions for three hats—easy to fit any head size

7212—Baby snuggles quickly to sleep 'neath this protective cover—with adorable little animals for dreamland company! Embroidery transfers, diagrams, and directions for quilt measuring 36 x 42 inches

7061—Lovely centerpiece for your table. This graceful bowl and doily ensemble includes the combination or 17-inch doily alone. A cinch to crochet in heavy jiffy cotton. Starch petaled bowl for stiffness



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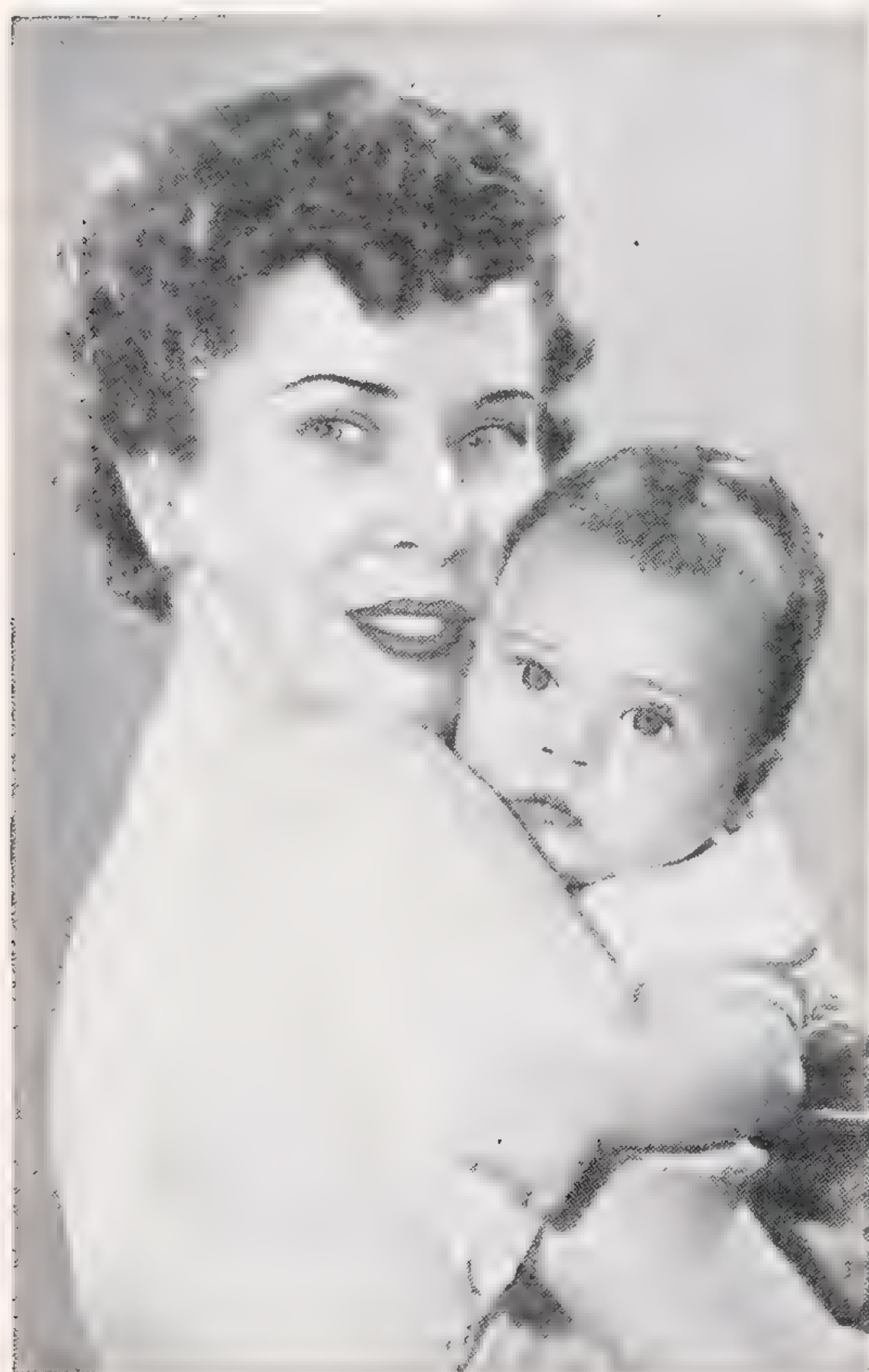
Tweed Soft Fragrance Shampoo by Lenthéric—69¢ and \$1.



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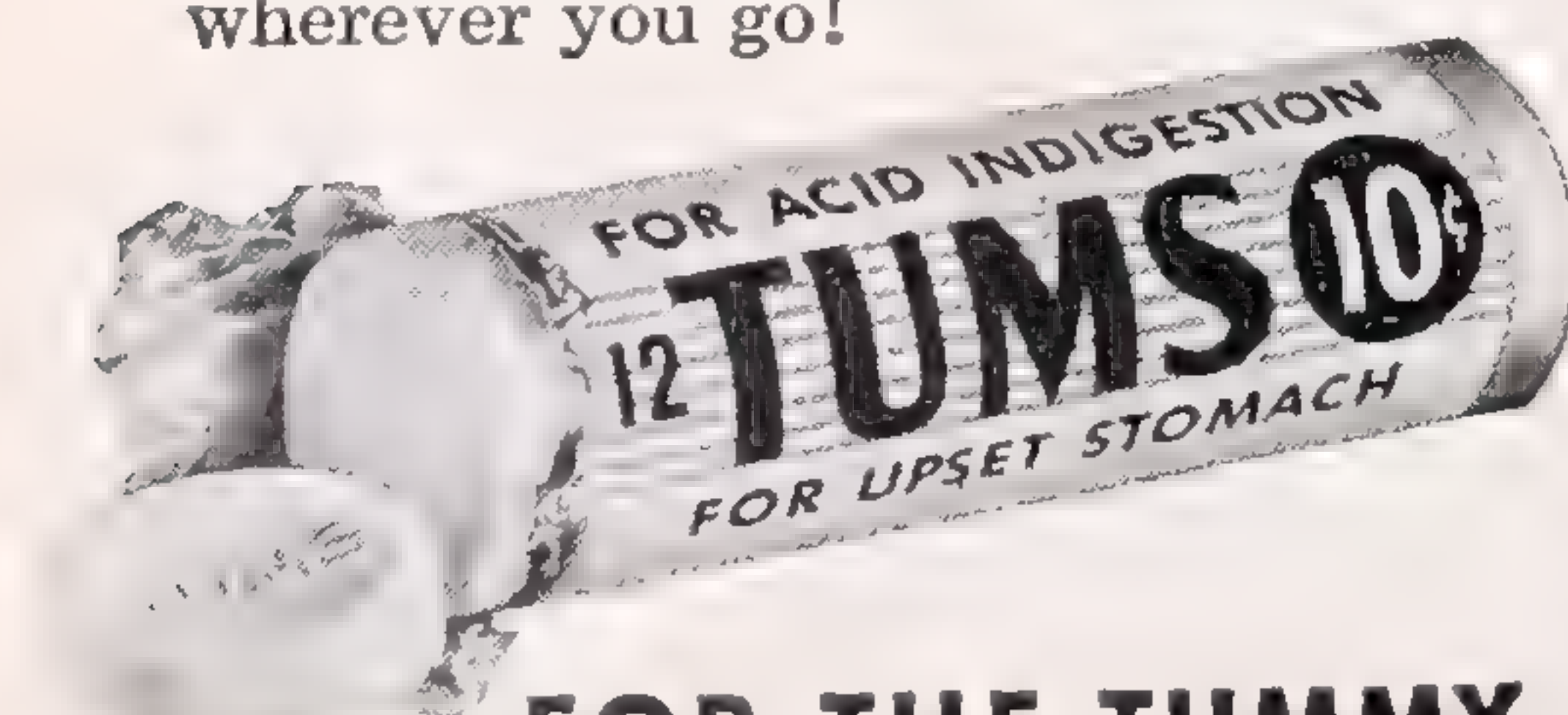
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YOUNG IDEAS:

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Across

1. "Fear Strikes Out" star
7. Wife of 14 Across
13. "Untamed Youth" star
14. He found out that "The Great Man" wasn't
16. Object of search in "Treasure of Sierra Madre"
17. Sign of cattle ownership in any horse opera
19. "Boy on a Dolphin" star
21. "Love — Strange" (song)
22. Brando's title in "Desirée"
23. "The Lady — a Tramp" (song)
24. Wayne's outfit in "The Wings of Eagles" (init.)
26. A highbrow critic often — a popular movie
27. "I've Got the — in the Morning" (song)
28. "— You Havin' Any Fun?" (song)
29. "High Society" star (init.)
31. Distraught lover in "Oh, Men, Oh, Women!" (init.)
32. "Men in War" star (init.)
33. Greg — out toward the end of "Designing Woman"
37. Villain in "Quo Vadis"
39. Not too virtuous lady in "The Tattered Dress" (init.)
40. What Yvonne and C. B. have in common
44. Great and lonely film beauty, long retired
45. Embittered brother in "Three Violent People" (init.)
46. Jimmy and his plane in "The Spirit of St. Louis"
47. "— Long — I'm Dreaming" (song)
48. "I'm — Old Cowhand" (song)

49. Scarlett O'Hara's home

50. "You — My Lucky Star" (song)

51. "Four Girls — Town"

52. Drunkard in "Written on the Wind" (init.)

54. "I'll Be — When You're Dead, You Rascal You" (song)

55. "Tribute to a — —"

60. TV quiz m.c.

61. "— for a Coward"

62. Audrey becomes — — in "Funny Face"

65. "The Ten Commandments" is an —

67. Dana Andrews is Steve Forrest's — —

70. "Rock, Pretty Baby" star

72. PHOTOPLAY's reviewer — movies with checks

73. Rock's pal in "Battle Hymn"

75. Many stars have to — to keep their figures

76. Dean, Wood and Mineo in their film together

77. "Kelly — Me"

Down

1. Aggressive girl in "Ten Thousand Bedrooms"
2. Hero's wife in "Fear Strikes Out"
3. What Debbie did to Frankie in their co-star film
4. Opera star Jerome
5. Wave in "Three Brave Men" (init.)
6. "The Best — of Our Lives"
7. "The Tattered Dress" star
8. Part of movie camera
9. "Love Me — Leave Me"
10. "We're — Angels"
11. Maureen O'Hara's birth-

place

12. "— Sir, That's My Baby" (song)

15. Suzan Ball's widower (init.)

18. "Bundle of Joy" star (init.)

20. "The Rainmaker" star

25. *Paris* in "Helen of Troy"

29. Ex Mrs. Taylor

30. What Bing did to earn his first fame

34. Recent Errol Flynn movie

35. Producer-narrator of "The Saga of Satchmo"

36. "I'll — You in My Dreams"

38. *Little Caesar* (init.)

44. Veteran cowboy star (init.)

50. Mitchum's current role

53. "Funny Face" features many — clothes

54. "Ruggles of Red —"

56. Wilding played *Major* — in "The Scarlet Coat"

57. "Forever —"

58. 71 Down has the same name as a famous — explorer

59. Top actress last seen in "Storm Center"

60. "From — to Eternity"

61. "Silver Threads Among the —" (song)

63. "Why — I Love You?" (song)

64. Amateur hypnotist in "The Search for Bridey Murphy" (init.)

66. At a sneak preview, each fan fills out a —

68. In "Designing Woman," Lauren's yearning to — is a sign of love

69. O'Brien, Purdom, Murrow

71. Husband in "Tea and Sympathy" (init.)

74. "Funny Face" star (init.)

Answers to Crossword Puzzle on page 88

your vote will **HELP CHOOSE**

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Mary Lou Spitsnaugle, Delta Gamma, U. OF CAL. — SANTA BARBARA, says "I love the way SOLITAIR stays fresh-looking all day long."

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It's all over but the kiss



The host supplies the toast

It takes two to cut a cake



LIZ and MIKE'S Madcap Marriage

BY MAXINE SMITH



Initialed hearts in the sky



Two aboard a Mexican Hayride



Is Liz another Mike Todd production or will the brash, dynamic showman help her achieve her greatest ambition?

● "I think Mike Todd is the only man Liz has never had a 'crush' on. This is no school-girl affair. I think she is deeply in love for the first time." This was an old friend talking, a woman who had known Liz since her first "crushes" when she was barely into her teens. She was one of a handful of guests who had been invited to Mike and Liz's wedding in Acapulco. And she added, "I think it's the only time I have ever seen Liz look really grown-up." (Continued on page 113)

Will the dance go on forever?



*Joan's a girl who knows where she's going.
But there's been a change—in her direction*

BY CARL CLEMENT

● Joan Collins, confiding to a friend, said recently, "I used to do everything anybody told me was wrong." And Joan, who is one of the frankest girls in Hollywood, added, "And I knew I was wrong, too."

This confession of past sins is a key to the Collins character that has alternately bewildered and charmed, shocked and delighted the people who knew and worked with her in the past. Her independent spirit, her unwillingness to conform, led to a series of misadventures that Joan now looks back on with amusement mixed with a little sorrow. When she was twelve she was dismissed from a very fashionable boarding school in England for an infraction of the rules, at eighteen she entered into an unhappy marriage with a man twelve years her senior ("Max Reed was the first grown-up I ever met and I wanted to be grown-up too") and three years ago she arrived in Hollywood looking and acting like a juvenile delinquent—a part she had played in eight grade-B British shockers. A columnist reported at the time, "She bounced into town wearing makeup an inch thick and daggered platinum fingernails, then confused her American hosts by mixing bop talk with a clipped British accent." Her description of Hollywood as "cool and crazy" made good copy for the papers and she made a point of seeing to it that the description fitted her.

Joan was hailed as a real bundle from Blighty, Britain's answer to Ava (*Continued on page 110*)

She Learned To Say No!

With Richard Burton, Joan plays nun in "Seawife"





Charlton Heston sounds off

ON MEN AND MATRIMONY



Sure I look at a pretty girl



Do I believe in discreet flirtation?



I happen to like my marriage

BY PATTY DE ROULF

● "I suppose there are some people who think Lydia and I are old-fashioned," Chuck Heston said quietly, "naive, perhaps, because we believe in the sanctity of marriage, and that there can be no double standard for two people who really love each other." Heston paused as if he were considering his next remarks carefully. "Perhaps I'm puritanical, but I can't agree with the conduct of European husbands who boast that a flirtation—even an affair—with another woman is all right as long as their wives don't know about it, and it is done discreetly. I'm glad that American women won't stand for that, glad that most American husbands have a deeper respect for their wives."

The next question was impertinent, but it seemed the place to ask it. Why had he been faithful to Lydia?

Chuck's answer was straightforward and honest.

"It's very simple," he said, undisturbed by the question. "I've been in love with Lydia since I was seventeen. And the reason I've never cheated and never wanted to is that I happen to like my marriage. Nothing would be worth jeopardizing it. I know, too, that if I were unfaithful it would destroy everything I believe in. And, besides, (*Continued on page 103*)



under the proper circumstances **LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL**



*Instead of collecting memories
of exotic places and people,
Yvonne De Carlo stores images of a baby's
laughter, a husband's tenderness and
the day in, day out joys of living*

BY HOWARD EISENBERG



*World-wandering Yvonne has seen exotic palms
and distant jungles, but likes her home plants best*

*Young Bruce, born last July, himself constitutes
a whole new world for filmdom's dancing-girl star*





Stuntman Robert Morgan met Yvonne on the "Ten Commandments" set, married her November 1955

● Not too long ago, a director, summing up the talent situation over a late afternoon cocktail, dismissed Yvonne De Carlo with a quip: "Yvonne, in most of her films, she never had to learn new lines, just a few new hip movements."

No one stopped to argue the point and the statement stood as true. It was—to an extent. To Hollywood, the smoky-eyed beauty could be counted on for some spectacular shipboard cheesecake and a competent Western picture, but no one took her seriously as an actress. Most people, if quizzed, probably couldn't remember the name of the last picture they'd seen her in: "Casbah" or "Buccaneer's Girl," "River Lady" or "Frontier Gal." The directors and co-stars varied; occasionally the scripts, but Yvonne, whether a dance-hall siren or a Midwest harem beauty, came out as always: sultry and sexy. In fact, it is (*Continued on page 111*)



Two Morgans, going away! Bruce and playmate have an urge to wander no longer shared by Mom



REBEL

IN A BUTTON- DOWN COLLAR?

● The other day, Tony Curtis walked into a restaurant in Beverly Hills to keep an appointment for an interview. He was wearing a pin-stripe gray suit, a white shirt with the collar buttoned down in the best Madison Avenue style and a most sincere tie. He looked like an aspiring young bank executive. And it wasn't hard to visualize in the background the Mercedes-Benz he drives and the three-wheeled Messerschmidt he'd brought back from Paris along with a graceful smattering of French phrases.

Lucky guy, he has a beautiful wife, a movie star in her own right named Janet Leigh, and a year-old daughter, Kelly Lee. When he entertains, he does it graciously in a home made comfortable with original French abstract paintings. He has a spacious swimming pool and a telescope with a six-inch reflector—Tony's pride. And recently, he announced the beginnings of his his own production and management corporation called Curtleigh.

Yet, it took no strain—it seemed like only yesterday—to remember when Tony Curtis first landed in Hollywood—some nine years ago. There were no photographers or reporters waiting to greet him then. In fact, the first anyone heard of Tony was a few buried items in the local columns. Who knows whether they were true? One lady columnist insisted (Continued on page 92)



An elegant Tony shows off his new Continental manners to dazzled fans

This well-turned-out fellow, Tony Curtis, gives us a few thoughts on a certain impetuous young actor • BY SAUL JESSUP



IT'S NEWS ... IN HOLLYWOOD



Tab Hunter (left) started a trend with a sensational "Young Love" disc. When it hit the select "gold record" class with sales of a million-plus, platter-makers began to round up other golden (they hope) Hollywood voices. Natalie Wood was signed fast; so were Sal Mineo, Bob Wagner, Bob Mitchum (who's done some balladeering in movies). Dee-jays will also spin discs by the Champions, Debra Paget, Rita Moreno, Rory Calhoun.

Join the movies and see the world. Hollywoodites have now turned into cosmopolites, comparing notes on long-range location trips. The West Indies welcomed the "Island in the Sun" troupe (Mason, Belafonte, Collins), "Fire Down Below" (Hayworth, Mitchum, Lemmon). Ladd went to Greece for "Boy on a Dolphin"; "The Pride and the Passion" took Sinatra and Grant to Spain; Hudson made "Something of Value" deep in Africa.

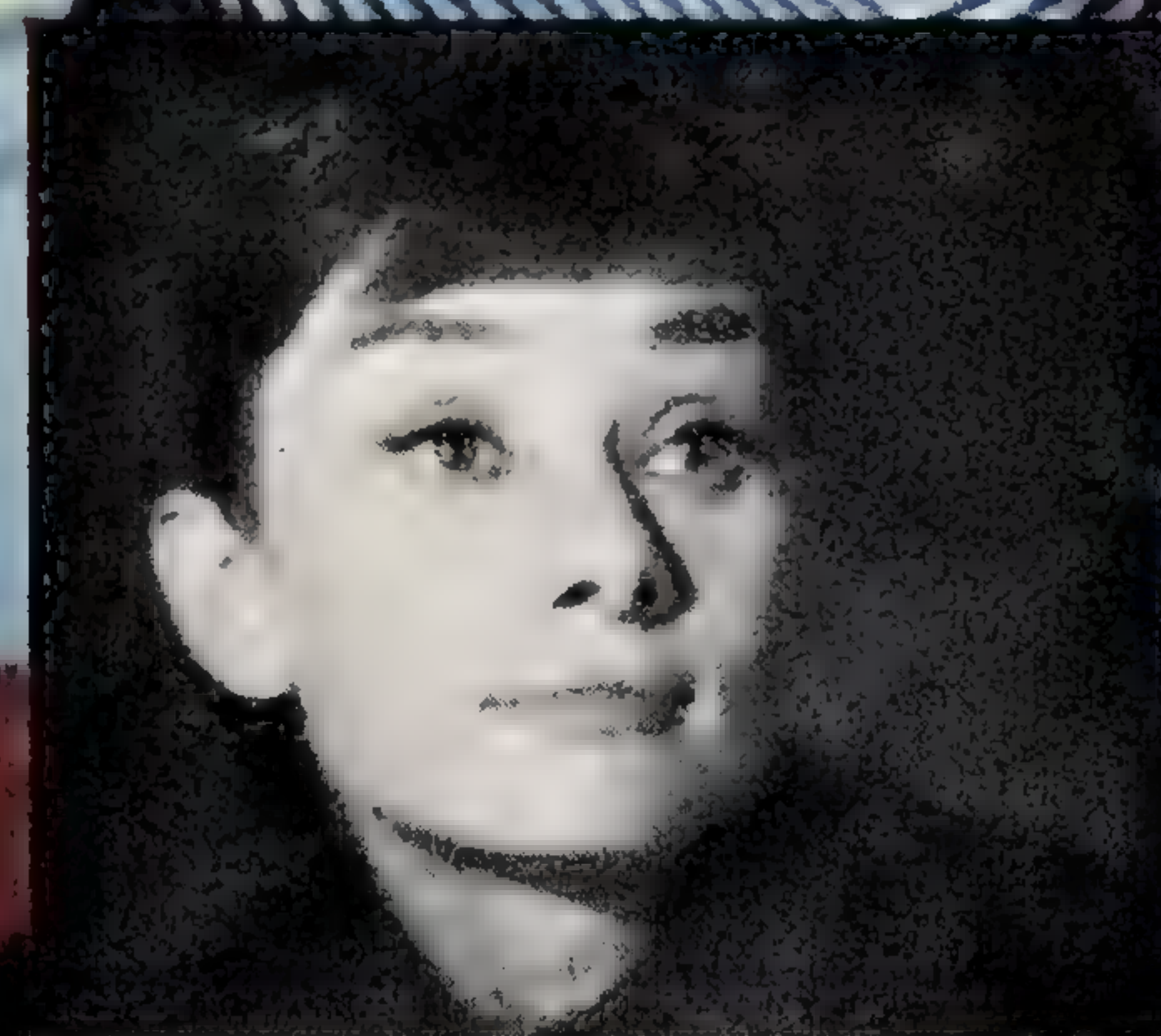


Tony Perkins, with his first leading role, sounds an alert even for more experienced actors. Veterans admit they'd have been proud of his powerful work in "Fear Strikes Out" (left, with Norma Moore). More proof that a more-than-pretty new generation is coming up: homespun Andy Griffith, chancing an unlikable role in "A Face in the Crowd"; rugged young Ben Gazzara, challenging older tough guys with "The Strange One."

To tint or not to tint? While TV is campaigning for color, putting more and more of its top shows into that gay medium, Hollywood can take it or leave it. The Perkins, Griffith and Gazzara pictures are all done in good old-fashioned black and white, because color isn't needed in such realistic, character-centered films. For precedent, movie-makers point to untinted classics: "From Here to Eternity," "Marty," "The Rose Tattoo."



Audrey Hepburn sets the town a-buzz by swinging joyously into the new guise of song-and-dance gal. Hers is the "Funny Face" of the movie's title, and fun it is. Those gamin Hepburn features turn to the spirit of humor as exuberantly as her slim body does, with this crazy bit of sexy stepping in a smoke-dimmed dive. Color? Love in Paris cries out for color; it's used, with a daring that makes "Funny Face" a talk-topic.





DORIS DAY'S
COMPLETE LIFE STORY
PART II

A yen for show business was



ESCAPE TO HAPPINESS

BY GEORGE SCULLIN

Stardust in her eyes, wisecracks and jive talk, success by its tail and then, for Doris, grim reality

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: In Part I of Doris Day's complete personal story, the writer talks with Doris and together they begin to retrace the steps of the past.

● Doris Day was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. From her mother Alma, she got the lighthearted, gregarious buoyancy that is her hallmark today and the yen and flair for show business that has led to stardom. Friends of the family recall that even before Doris was born, her mother was hoping for a girl, and that the girl would become an actress. She had her (Continued on page 105)



In a rare photograph, Doris and her father, William Kappelhoff, visit during her recent trip to Cincinnati. From him came her love for music

always there, says Doris, looking back over her childhood and early teens



Snapshots from the past: a happy one-year-old at left; at three, she poses seriously with brother Paul; later with her own son, Terry, and bandleader Barney Rapp



Full Treatment: *"When they got through I was immune to smallpox, typhus, cholera and tetanus but I had a heck of a cold"*



Tony Takes a Giant Step

**To make a new picture
he stuffed bare feet
into *Seven League boots***

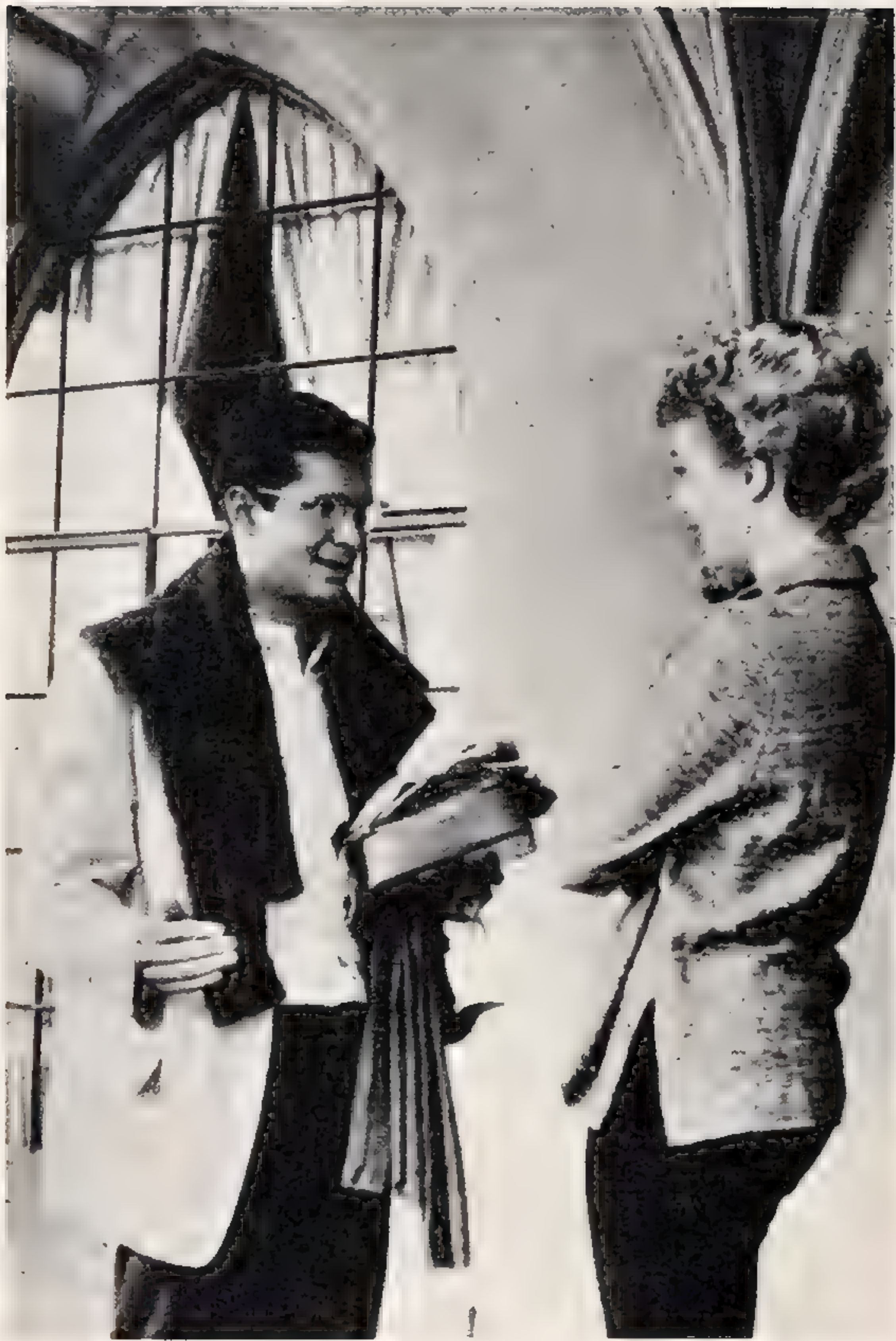
● Tony Perkins, whose long legs have carried him from obscurity to fame in two short years, recently took the biggest step of his life—his first trip abroad to Bangkok, Thailand, to begin Columbia's "The Sea Wall."

Tony's last days were full and frenzied. Right after he finished Paramount's "The Tin Star" he hopped a plane to

Continued



Parting Shots: *"The doctor said it wouldn't hurt. After the ninth needle I didn't care any more"*



Shirley Sally: *"Shirley Jones asked if I was packing shoes. How do you like that?"*



Last Call: *"Soon as I got upstairs the phone started ringing. It will be plenty quiet in Bangkok!"*



Message Center: *"At the Chateau Marmont there were no calls for Tony Perkins. But oh, that staggering stack of mail!"*

New York to bid goodbye to his friends and his mother and to recover in his tiny Manhattan apartment from a heavy schedule of "shots" to help ward off Bangkok's "evil spirits." Between sessions with the needle, he visited shows and shopped. (At Tiffany's, he purchased a pair of gold drop earrings, but for whom he wouldn't say.)

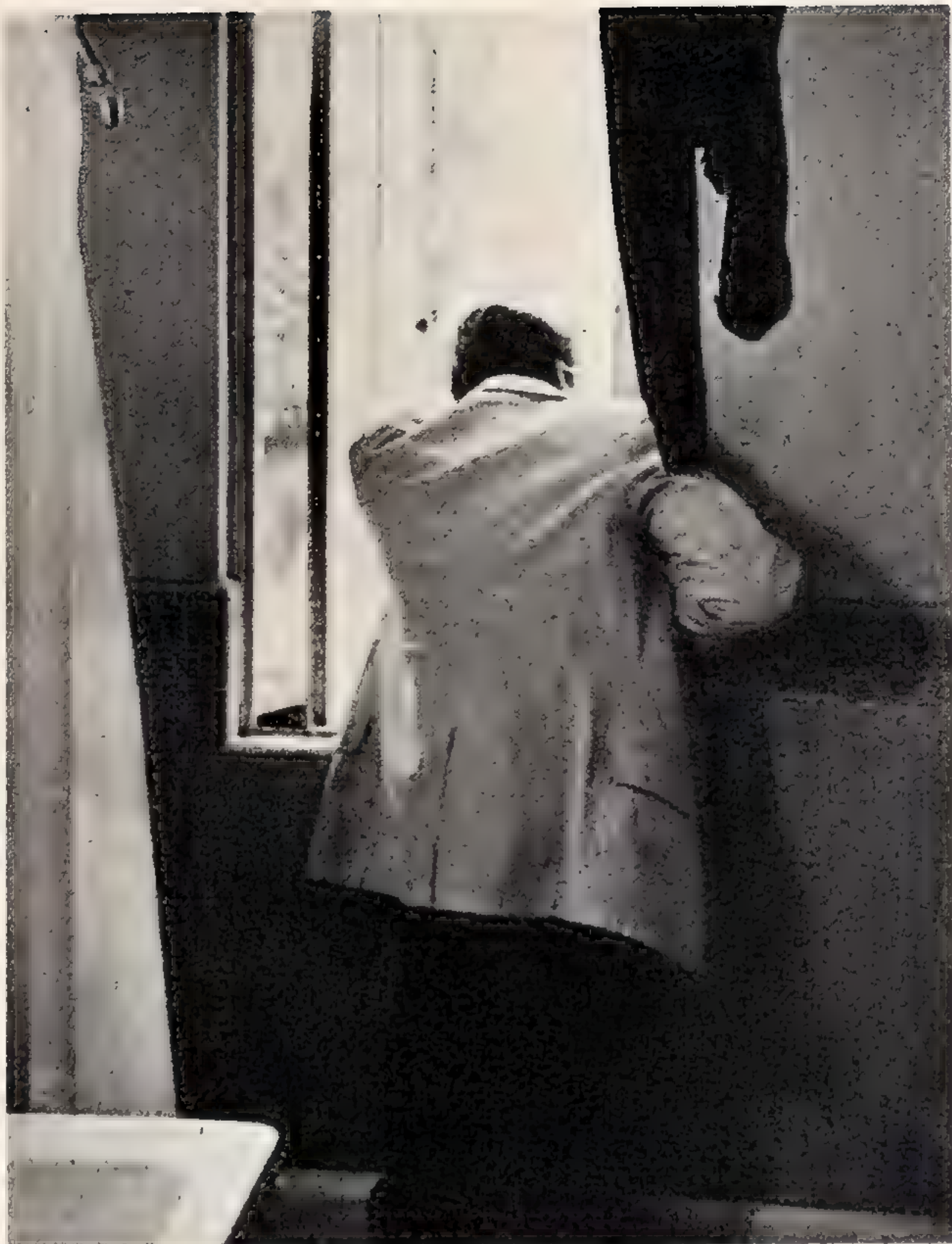
Back on the Coast, before flying westward, Tony house hunted, was interviewed, and sat for stills at Paramount. (He arrived barefoot at the studio "in training for shoeless Bangkok.") The photographer claims that Tony was so excited about going that he downed not one, but four bottles of pop to settle his nerves.

While all of this was going on, Tony was trying to track down an elusive passport that trailed him back and forth across the country.

The day before leaving, Tony picked up his mail, packed his bags—two suits, a sport coat and several pairs of dungarees—and kissed the girls goodbye.

A half hour late at the airport the next day, Tony had to sprint to catch his plane, already on the runway. Reluctantly, it taxied back to pick him up. A friend, watching him clamber up the steps, remarked, "Tony can certainly move when he wants to. Those legs of his are going to take him a long, long way."

THE END



Tony Takes a Giant Step

Time's Up: *"Who haven't I called? What have I forgotten? . . . a toot on the horn outside and it's Joanne Woodward to say goodbye. What a nice way to go when you've got to go"*

Photographed by Dick Miller, Globe

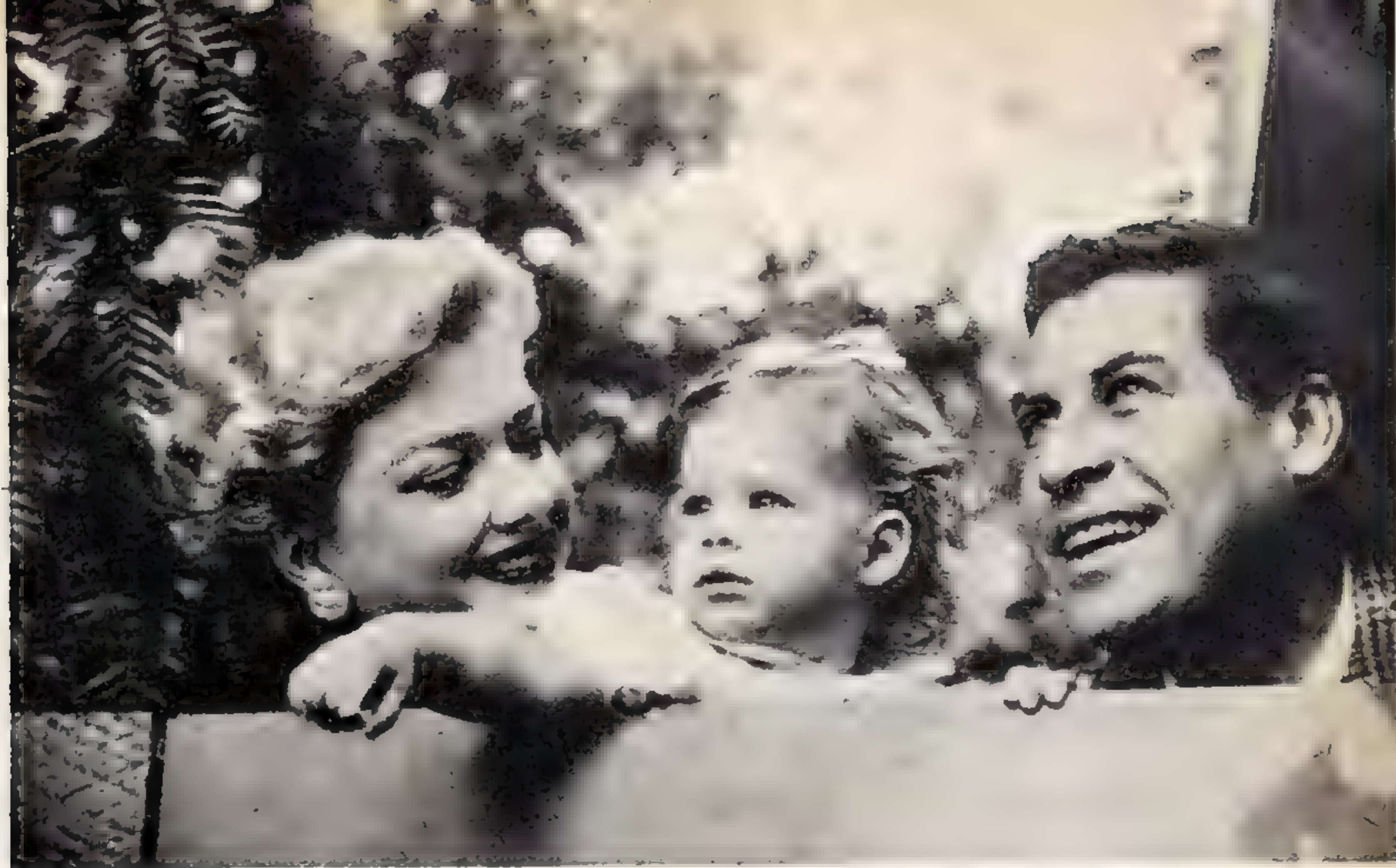


Between Heaven

All that Heaven allows for Anne Baxter today is caught in the smile of five-year-old Katrina



and...



PART II

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: Anne Baxter, child of fortune, could have accepted a life of ease. Instead, at fifteen she had won her way to Hollywood; at nineteen was a star. Sensitive and intelligent amid Hollywood's glitter, she struggled to find herself as a woman and to make her way as an actress.

● The first time Anne Baxter saw John Hodiak, the man she was eventually going to marry, was at the Bel Air home of director Alfred Hitchcock.

She recognized Hodiak immediately. His face was on tens of thousands of posters and nationwide advertisements as one of the stars of Hitchcock's "Lifeboat." At the time he was creating the same sort of public impression that Marlon Brando was to make some ten years later. As for Anne, at nineteen she had already been in the film colony four years and had been featured or starred in a dozen top pictures.

But since they had never been introduced, that morning Anne Baxter and John Hodiak only nodded to each other. They might never have met if Hitchcock hadn't entered the room at that moment and introduced them. Anne, already interested at first sight by Hodiak, could hardly restrain the excitement that was bubbling up inside her.

"Even so," she remembers, "our conversation amounted to practically nothing. We talked, but it was just a polite exchange of the usual clichés—a sort of fence of words behind which we took occasional peeks and studied each other. As I found out later, if John didn't know you well enough to trust you, it was like trying to touch someone shielded behind a pane of glass. There is no actual contact. And I was afraid to talk to him because I felt I was falling in love. A word or a gesture might make the wrong (Continued on page 115)



Five years ago (top) Anne and the late John Hodiak had the world in their grasp. Disillusionment, as she now explains for the first time, led to the famous cigar-smoking episode. Below, a current date, Hugh O'Brian



Can Anne Baxter find, in recent tragedy, the answer to her future?

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

Glad news and sad news—Debbie Reynolds as a wife, Tab Hunter as a



Radie and friend Rex Harrison

Exclusively Yours



Maybe Debbie and Eddie's "once and for always" feeling will rub off on their pals Mike Todd and Elizabeth Taylor

No More Brides? Helen Rose is running out of brides on the Metro lot. When Helen created Liz Taylor's first bridal gown for her elaborate church wedding to Nicky Hilton, the famous designer never dreamed she'd wind up sending Liz a second one to London for her Claxton Hall ceremony with Mike Wilding and that five short years later Miss Taylor would SOS her again to ship a hydrangea blue chiffon down to Mexico for her vows of love with Mike

Todd. Jane Powell is another M-G-M youngster whom Helen twice dressed as a bride—for her marriages to Geary Steffen and to Pat Nerney. Then came the beautiful Fisher body—Debbie Reynolds—whose motto is "Once a bride, always a bride, to the same groom." And finally Her Grace, the Princess of Monaco. Since Grace's gown was televised and photographed for the entire world, I don't have to tell you that Helen really outdid herself with this exquisite creation, and it cost \$4,000. It was a wedding gift to the bride from the studio she had left behind. Now Helen suddenly finds herself bereft of bridal prospects. "I thought I had found one in Barbara Lang, a lovely newcomer with an exquisite figure, whom Metro recently put under contract," Helen told me. "And then I discovered she is already married."

Sad News: The saddest news that has come out of Hollywood since the untimely death of Humphrey Bogart is the tragic bulletin that Georgia and Red Skelton's first-born and only son, nine-year-old Richard, is fatally ill of an incurable blood disease known as leukemia. It's tragic enough that his mother and father have to live with this inconsolable truth, but why did Dickie have to be told, too? There is no time limit to leukemia. While there is life, there is hope, and always the prayer

that the never-ending research of scientists will one day effect a cure. For Dickie, with all the exuberant spirits of a growing boy, his hospital check-up held no fears. Had he been the son of an ordinary citizen, he would have left the hospital to resume his normal routine, never knowing that his life is to be cut down before it has really begun. But because his father is a famous star, the medical report of his illness was



Having won millions of hearts with his laughter, Red Skelton and his Georgia now find the hearts warm in sympathy

flashed to the press—and to Dickie. He was watching TV along with ninety other young hospital patients when, with no warning, he heard the grim announcement. Ironically enough, most of the follow-up bulletins said that Dickie himself was completely unaware of the seriousness of his illness. How much

kinder it would have been for all concerned if this medical report had been kept confidential as it should have been.

I know whereof I speak. I lost my twin brother to the same dread disease. On the day he died, he said to me, "I was pretty sick, wasn't I?" The fact that he never knew what lay ahead helped to make the fearful secret we kept from him bearable to the end. And yet the fact that Dickie Skelton *does* know should not make him or Red and Georgia despair. That miracle cure may be just around the corner.

Bergman Ballyhoo: It was an English statesman who said, "There is nothing that succeeds so well as success." And certainly nowhere in the world is success so worshipped as here in America. I couldn't help but reflect about this when Ingrid Bergman returned to the United States for the first time since her self-imposed exile seven and a half years ago. She came back on a veritable tidal wave of success. The New



Jane Powell, looking grown-up and glamorous, partying with her husband Pat Nerney, seems to have the secret



One of Ingrid's happiest moments in New York was with friend Anatole Litvak. Others were in shopping for toys

York Film Critics had voted her "the best actress of the year" for her performance in "Anastasia." Hollywood echoed this opinion by giving her an Academy Award sweepstakes ticket. Her Paris stage debut in "Tea and Sympathy" has added further laurels to her career. Her marriage to Roberto Rossellini, which had defied all the conventions, had also defied the prediction that it would never last. Fooling the skeptics, she is a radiantly happy wife and mother of three cherubic youngsters, for whom she took back a new jungle gym and many other American toys, though she didn't have time to do any shopping for herself. Her ex-husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, now remarried, and her first daughter, Pia, now named Jennie Ann, whom she had de-

serted for her own personal happiness, seem to have readjusted their lives. As Ingrid stepped off the plane that brought her to New York for a brief thirty-six hours, no prodigal daughter ever had a more triumphant homecoming. But suppose the "happy ending" had been different? Suppose Ingrid's marriage had failed, and her career, which some say was ebbing abroad, hadn't been resuscitated by the lucky offer from an American film company, 20th Century-Fox, of the role in "Anastasia." Suppose she had come back to the States with defeat, not victory, as her traveling companion. What, I wonder, would her reception have been?

Serious Youngsters: Whether it is the Actors Studio that is responsible for the new behavior pattern of young talent today I wouldn't be sure, but the

Tab Hunter is not talking about girls these days, but about French actress Etchika Choureau he has things to say



In filmland's current big marital mix-up, Carlos Thompson and Lilli Palmer are trying to find some happy endings

fact remains that most of the crop of new personalities I meet now have a serious approach to their work that is a far cry from the days when an actor was content to collect a salary check every week, coast on his popularity and let the future take care of itself.

Take Tab Hunter and Don Murray for example—and that's good work if you can get it! (Continued on page 88)



Happy as a kitten as Gold Medal queen, Kim Novak has producer Buddy Adler laughing too

Hollywood Goes to a Ball

**THE
GOLD MEDAL
DINNER**

*The town turned out in breathless excitement
for its greatest night of the season when
the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medals were handed out*



Tony is wide-eyed, Janet gasping as they point out some splendors to splendidly ruffled Bob Wagner



Dancing versus chatting—and the womanly chat wins out for Ruth Manheimer and Jayne Mansfield



Kirk Douglas has his Anne to back him up as he holds tablemates in thrall by a story, with gestures



Tears of joy, flowers for remembrance mark Barbara Stanwyck's evening, escorted by Cesar Romero



Jack Lemmon and everyone else had their eyes on lovely Felicia Farr and her pearl-strand hairdo



Finding herself pearl-stranded in same way as Felicia, Debbie quietly skipped comment, as did Eddie



Phyllis and Rock Hudson find PHOTOPLAY's publisher Irving Manheimer waiting to greet them



Natalie Wood, with grown-up type streak in her hair, gives escort Bob Wagner grown-up type smile



Sal Mineo and Susan Kohner, here with George Nader, became a gossip item by dating at dinner

BY KENDIS ROCHLEN

● There's one thing about Hollywood parties—the more successful they are, the more to talk about afterward. By such standards, PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Awards dinner in the Crystal Room of the luxurious Beverly Hills Hotel can be tagged as one of the greatest.

It was an evening that had everything. There was laughter—over Gold Medal winner Rock Hudson's breaking into a beet-red blush. There were tears—joyous ones shed by Barbara Stanwyck when hundreds of stars stood up to applaud her. (Continued on page 90)



Give

● Rock Hudson pushed back his chair and lit a cigarette, sending smoke curling into the air. He had been asked if he considered himself mature, grown up. The question had been tossed at Rock as a kind of teaser to get him to talk. But he was treating it seriously, as if it was something that he was anxious to chat about, to get off his chest. His face grew thoughtful and he seemed to be carefully weighing his answer.

"If you mean in the sense that I've stopped growing," he replied, "or have achieved a state of perfection, I guess I'm not mature. But to me maturity also means getting into a well-worn groove. And I've always tried hard to avoid that."

Rock leaned casually across the lunch table. "I refuse to follow any pattern, or do certain things because other people do them. You know," he added, half laughing, "I wouldn't buy a Cadillac even if I could afford one. It's a great car but there are just too

a Man Room to Grow

Within, each of us struggles for something.

Today, Rock Hudson asks himself a question which perhaps you are better qualified to answer than he is • BY HYATT DOWNING

many of them around here. I know that sounds like a kind of inverted snobbishness but the truth is, I just hate to get into line. So I prefer to drive something else."

Could this account for his not having been married until he was thirty?

He laughed, his head thrown back. "Maybe it was reluctance. But that's not exactly fair to Phyllis. The truth of the matter is it just took me a long time to find the right girl."

Rock won't discuss his marriage. He feels it's too precious to talk about casually. But about himself Rock is glad to discuss anything. His own maturity, or lack of it—he'd be glad to talk about that.

"I find that I'm learning to mature by solving my own inadequacies. I guess a lot of people don't believe it but I fight anxiety all the time."

How could a man who was as successful as he have anxieties?

His personal life, his career, he had them licked.

"That may seem so, but I have to tell you that when the studio, for instance, asks me to go out on a personal-appearance tour, I go into a tailspin. I try to recall all the things I have been taught about speech and diction. Then when I go out on the stage and look into the blurred faces of all those people out front, everything I've learned deserts me. I'm literally scared right down to the soles of my feet. I really suffer for the first five minutes. Then I remember to talk simply and directly, kind of visit with my audience, instead of talking at them. Then I'm all right."

Recently Rock was a guest of Marietta, Ohio, the home of Dean Hess, the flying chaplain, whom he played in "Battle Hymn." Not only was it a great day for Hess, who was being honored by his fellow citizens, but also for Hudson who received a degree of Doctor of Humanities from Marietta

College. It was a memorable moment in Rock's life. He wore his cap and gown proudly, and he was deeply grateful for the honor that was bestowed upon him. No other personal appearance had made him feel so happy and humble at the same time.

A waitress came over and put some rolls on the table. Rock picked one up and he absently munched on it. He was sort of wound up and he went on as if he wanted to talk it out. "And, you know, it's the same way when I begin on a new picture. I'm swamped with the same old anxieties, not being good enough, not up to the role I've got to play. You should have seen me before I started making 'Giant'—fingernails chewed to the quick, mouth as dry as a chip. In the first few scenes I worked like a slave with a bullwhip being cracked over him. I was that way until George Stevens, the director, told me to calm down a bit and take it easy. After that (Continued on page 109)



WIN...

A TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD

*Fly to California in Luxury via American Airlines
and Live Like a Movie Star for Five Days*

Your dream *can* come true! Here's your chance to travel to Hollywood in style, to live like a movie star for five days, with all expenses paid. What's more, you have *four* chances to win. Four winners will be chosen—and here are some of the exciting Hollywood activities you will enjoy:

- Stay at Hollywood-Roosevelt Hotel
- Be served breakfast in bed
- Have an M-G-M limousine at your command for a day
- Tour the M-G-M studio
- Lunch in the M-G-M studio commissary
- Visit the makeup salon of beauty expert William Tuttle
- Visit Helen Rose in her costume designing studio
- Lunch at the Brown Derby
- Have dinner at the Moulin Rouge
- Dine and dance at the famous Cocoanut Grove
- Visit the Max Factor Salon for a complete makeup treatment
- Receive twenty-five dollars as "pin money" for your stay and enjoy many more thrilling events and sightseeing trips.

For runners-up: handsome luggage ensemble by Samsonite Ultralite

Four More Chances to Win

Aside from the four winners, four runners-up will also be chosen. They'll each receive a real travel-luxury gift—a set of beautiful Samsonite Ultralite luggage, pictured here and on page 79.

Reach for That Dream—Now!

Study the contest rules printed here. They're simple. Write a last line to the jingle. (As a sample, it could be: "They might inspire a wedding cake!") Name the glamorous fashions worn by Lauren Bacall and Dolores Gray as created by Helen Rose for M-G-M's "Designing Woman." (For instance, you might wish to call Fashion 2 "Stripes of Fancy," or Fashion 4 "A Trail of Roses.") Let your fancy have free rein! And do remember that, since you must name all four costumes, with a winner to be chosen in each category, you'll have four chances to win the big prize, and four more to be a lucky runner-up. If you have the imagination to dream of a trip to Movietown, you surely have what's needed to win a vacation there this easy, exciting way! Good luck!

Contest Rules

1. Fill in the last line of the jingle printed here. Also, suggest an appropriate name for *each* of the four fashions pictured. All entries must be complete, with last line of jingle plus four names. Entries must be submitted on the blank printed opposite.
2. Give your complete name and address and mail your entry to: Win a Trip to Hollywood Contest, Box 1358, Grand Central Station, New York 17. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, May 15.
3. To be eligible to enter you must be over 21 (winners will be asked to submit proof of age). Anyone living in the continental United States or Canada is eligible, except employees of Macfadden Publications and their advertising agencies.
4. Winners must be prepared to make the trip to Hollywood during the month of August 1957. Winners will be notified by July 1, and the results of the contest announced in the September, 1957, issue of PHOTOPLAY (on sale August). This contest is subject to all federal and state regulations.
5. The editors of PHOTOPLAY magazine will be the sole judges of the contest and each entrant agrees to accept their decisions as final. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, to be used as they see fit. No entries will be returned. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
6. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in his or her name. Joint entries will not be accepted.



NAME EACH OF THESE COSTUMES

*Designed by Helen Rose
for Lauren Bacall and Dolores Gray in
M-G-M's "Designing Woman"*



1 Afternoon costume in soft beige
wool with a tiny standaway bolero

2 Elegant at-home gown of lilac
striped taffeta and white organdy

3 Flowing white chiffon in a short
formal with interesting hemline

4 Glamour gown in soft pink and
gleaming American Beauty satin

ENTRY BLANK . . . WIN A TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD CONTEST

Write a last line for this jingle:

*"Designing Woman" meets the test
Of how a star can look her best.
While clothes may not a woman make*

Fill in names for each fashion pictured:

Fashion 1:
Fashion 2:
Fashion 3:
Fashion 4:

*Fill in and mail this entry
blank in to PHOTOPLAY's
Win a Trip to Hollywood
Contest, Box 1358, Grand
Central Station, New
York 17, New York.*

YOUR NAME STREET CITY STATE

GO...

TO HOLLYWOOD

Metro
Goldwyn
Mayer

Cirol's
PARKING
ENTER HERE

Bit of Sweden
COCKTAILS

Hie to Chinatown, and find Kathy Grant and James Darren hieing too

These striped 'n' solid vacationers, by Jantzen. Each, \$5



*Got designs on the future?
Then keep this article. It's meant for you—
a Designing Woman* with travel on her mind*

BY FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

FOR HOLIDAY FUN



*Snack in Hamburger Hamlet, maybe
along with Kipp Hamilton, Barry Coe*



*Shop in fabulous Olvera Street, and
Felicia Farr might have suggestions*



*Go spooning at Wil Wright's with
Lee Ann Meriwether and Nick Adams*

You dreamed of it. You, in Hollywood, tracking down stars along Wilshire Boulevard, having fun finding Farmer's Market. Well, here's one dream you can put into action. Yes, on your budget, too! Just read on and you'll discover where to stay and the best places to play; where to dine and what to wear. You'll find a list of travel fares and restaurant charges along with rates for hotel accommodations and sightseeing sprees. It's all here, to make your Hollywood vacation planning perfect.

To begin with, you may be en route with only a single day to spare. Instead of overwhelming you with the many excitements of a month in Hollywood, we'll start with a day's visit. Then, slowly around this schedule, we'll build a longer calendar of events.

If you're in Hollywood for only a day, chances are you'll arrive at International Airport. What to do? Well, first check your luggage. Then go over to the Los Angeles Airways counter and make arrangements for a helicopter ride to Disneyland. The flight is twenty delightful minutes long, each way, and the cost is fourteen dollars round trip, including transportation tax. Take your camera for the opportunities of getting exciting pictures from this low-flying whirlybird are really fabulous.

Continued



**See more travel tips in M-G-M's
glamour film, "Designing Woman"*



Magic Disneyland! Jack Lemmon, son Chris are thrilled as you'll be

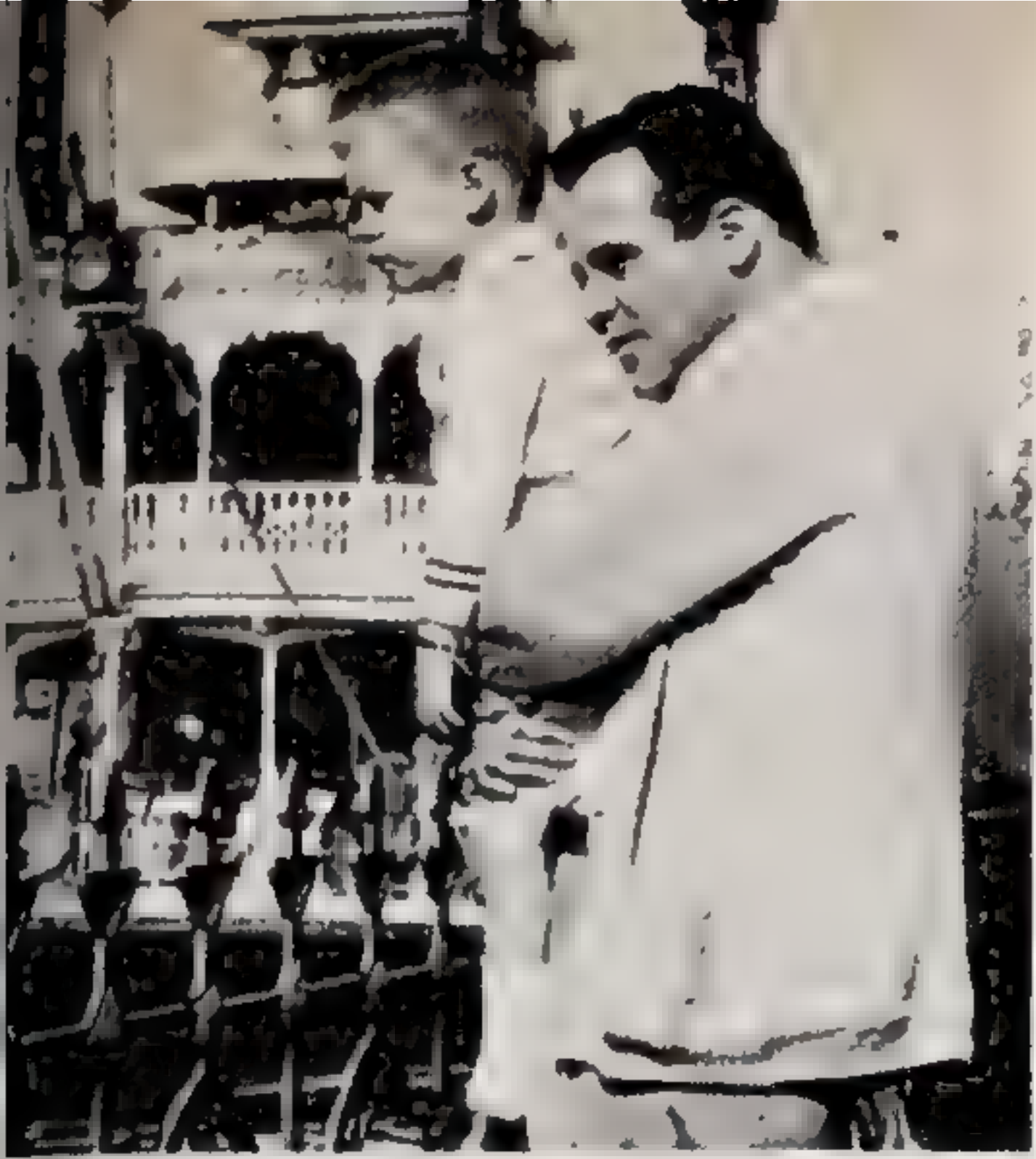
If you are driving, simply follow the Santa Ana Freeway to Harbor Boulevard just beyond Buena Park. There are Disneyland direction signs along the way, so you can't miss it.

Statistics: Disneyland contains 160 acres of pure magic. It is open from 10 A.M. until 9 P.M. daily. Admission, adults, \$1; children, 50¢. As you enter, the first thing you see is the train (a great picture). The ride is 50¢ and should be your introduction to Disneyland because it circles the park and provides eagle's-eye views of all the things you want to see close-up.

Stroll through the Gay Nineties streets after your train ride and photograph the old firehouse, the candy store, the music shop, the pharmacy (with its embossed tin ceiling), all the wonders of the towns of long ago. Snap the horse-drawn streetcar and the policemen in their bowler hats.

Go through Adventureland and photograph the hippo who is certain to menace your boat on the Rivers of the World. Ride the stagecoach that takes off from Frontierland and is likely to be menaced by Indians—another fast-shutter action shot. Ride the stern-wheeler in the Old South and photograph the sights along the river and the banjo players on the boat. Take an angle shot of the towering (Continued on page 94)

Wonders for young or old, though Chris disagrees on this item!



A Mississippi riverboat of Mark Twain's era holds Jack and Chris



Like the Lemmons, you'll pause for refreshment beside the pool



Tie an errant lace by a pirate ship—and have lunch aboard it!



Ride your own boat

GO ... TO DISNEYLAND

Continued



Man or boy, girl or grandma, you will love every sight, every bite



The Dumbo Elephant Ride gives Jack and Chris a view of the park



So many thrills! You'd wonder, too, what event to take in next

ANY MAN
WILL COME
TO LIFE



Virna Lisi — Italian actress

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GO...



TRAVEL IN FASHION

*Head for heavenly California with
a wardrobe inspired by the fashions
in M-G-M's "Designing Woman"*

To buy travel fashions, see store guide on page 118

*En route in sky blue linen-look rayon,
the slim sheath bowed with print, topped
by a matching capelet. Also lilac or
beige; 5-15. Jonathan Logan. About \$18
For accessory information, see page 106*



B



A

D



A Yellow roses on charcoal shaping a full swirling skirt, the pretty piped bodice with a ruffled modesty. Sheer cotton lawn. Also navy, brown, black; 10-18. By R. & K. Under \$20

B Double stripes encircle a sun-baring bouffant dress, with vertical tucks parading down the camisole bodice. Toast, shocking, peacock on white cotton; 10-18. Kay Windsor. Under \$11

C Black and white piqué with slim, striking lines. By night, a black halter sheath. By day, add the cover-up print bolero. Also red, brown; 8-18, 7-15. By MarTee. About \$9

D Easy checked shirtwaist in a nylon-cotton blend that travels with nonchalance. The huge skirt's buoyed by its own petticoat. Black, brown, navy; 8-16. By GiGi Young. About \$25

E Delicate blossoms on a full-blown dress, gently tucked above the molded midriff. Over it, a print-trimmed Orlon sweater. White drip-dry cotton with pastels; 8-16. Parade. About \$30

To buy travel fashions, see store guide on page 118

FASHIONS INSPIRED BY
"DESIGNING WOMAN"

TRAVEL IN FASHION

Continued

*California bound? Wherever you go,
be pretty en route in cottons
designed, too, for sunning
or moonlit vacation nights*



F



F Bold plaid dress, high at the neck, its dropped waistline accented by a giant streamer bow. In no-iron Dacron and cotton for band-box freshness; 5-15. Betty Barclay. Under \$15



E

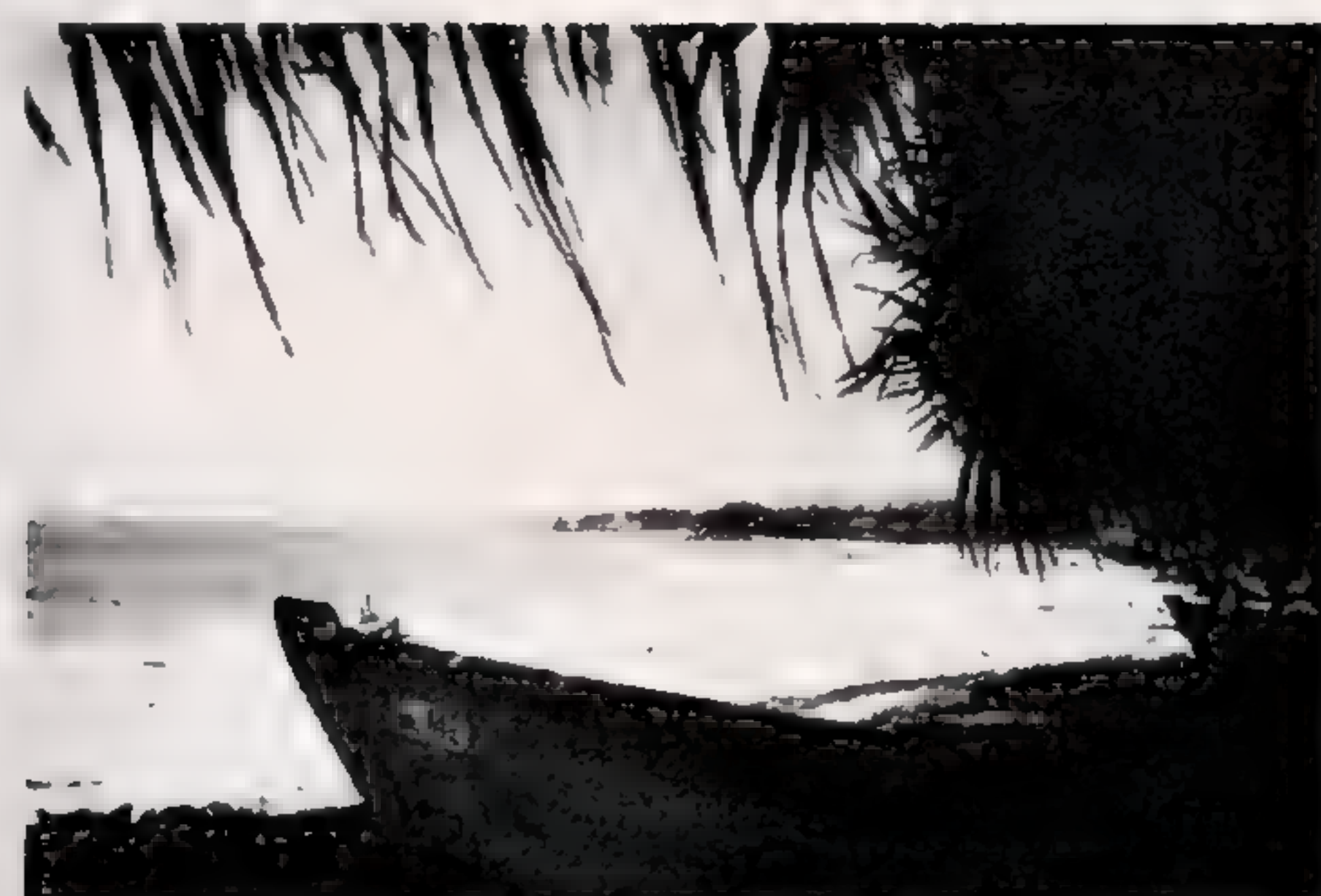


FASHIONS INSPIRED BY
"DESIGNING WOMAN"

TRAVEL IN FASHION

Continued

*Adaptable separates that
stretch your suitcase wardrobe,
brighten up the holiday scene*



Soft and pretty, pink posies on white cotton sateen. Tucked-front shirt, serves as topping for Jamaica shorts (each about \$4) or a change-over pleated skirt (about \$6); 10-18. By Miracle

Right: You'll play in a button-down shirt and plaid-sashed Jamaica shorts, each about \$5. After sunset, add the full pleated skirt, about \$8. Turquoise plaid cotton chiffon and white chino-type cotton. Sizes 7-15. By Juniorite



Left: Cool, feminine pink and white striped cotton making fashion news in a drawstring shirt, about \$8, roll-up patio pants, about \$6; 7-15. By Petti

Right: Spanking white drip-dry Sailtone boater shirt, about \$8, and long shorts, about \$6, both strategically trimmed with striped cotton knit; 10-16. By Phil Rose

To buy travel fashions, see store guide on page 118



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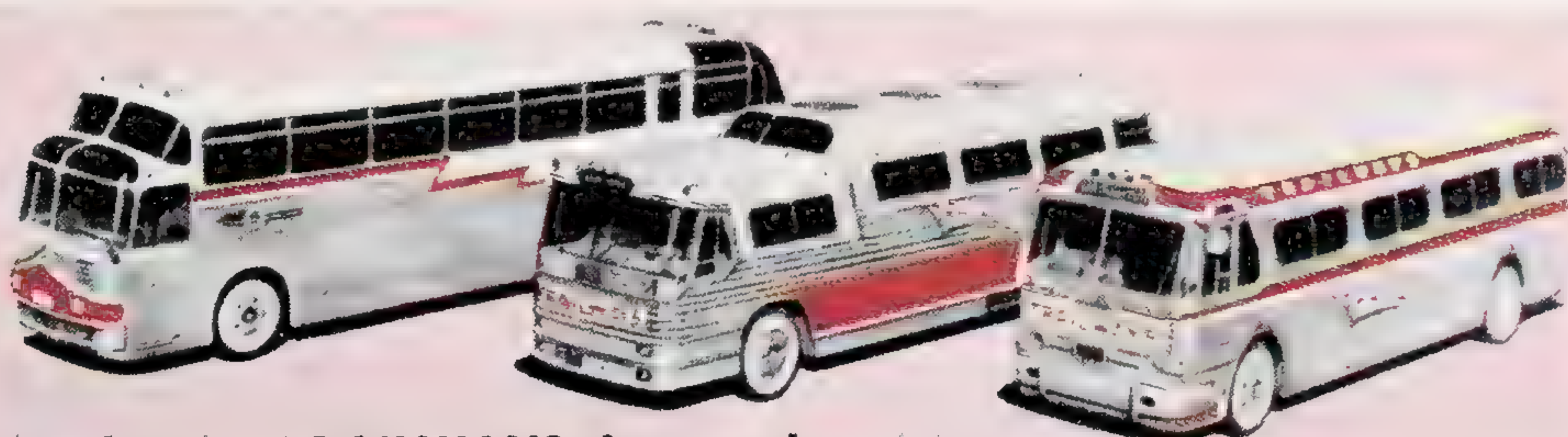
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FASHIONS INSPIRED BY
"DESIGNING WOMAN"

TRAVEL IN FASHION

Continued



Elegant new fashion note: a gardenful of brilliant flowers splashed on a gay flowing piqué skirt, \$12, and again on a lofty Orlon cardigan, \$18. Head-turning idea. By Alex Colman



Tailored separates with the glow of madras-type cotton in a brass-buttoned shirt (\$4) and Jamaicas (\$5), a plaid-piped cavalry twill blazer (about \$11); 7-15. By Bobbie Brooks



Sightseeing, a striped cotton knit shirt, \$4, and slim skirt in beige cotton twill, buckled in brass, \$6. Change-of-pace shorts in matching twill, \$5. Sizes 10-18. By Cambridge Casuals

To buy travel fashions, see store guide on page 118



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it's comfortable figuring first...with

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Here is the girdle that takes a long look at your figure... then proceeds to slim you gently from high waistband all the way to mid-thigh. All ease... no squeeze... for a naturally beautiful look that's a Skippies specialty. But see for yourself why Skippies is America's favorite shape-maker... be fitted at your favorite store.

Formfit



DRESS BY ELOISE CURTIS

You're naturally beautiful with Skippies Pantie No. 815. Nylon elastic net with front panel and 2½-in. waistband. (Also available as Girdle No. 915) S.M.L. \$5.00. Shown with "Romance" Bra No. 566 in White cotton. \$2.00

FASHIONS INSPIRED BY
"DESIGNING WOMAN"

TRAVEL



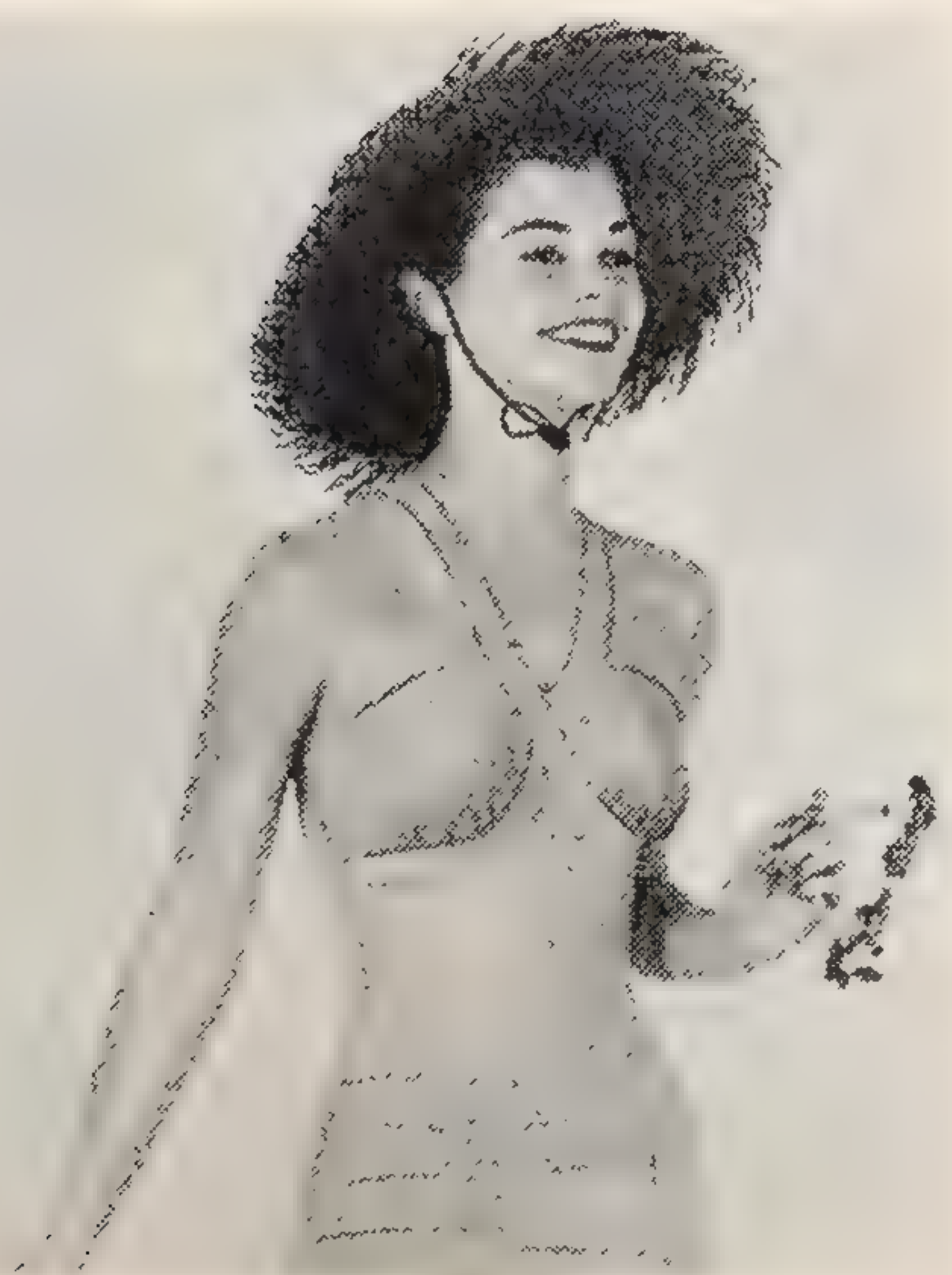
Above, sheath swimsuit shaping the figure with brilliant stripes, squared neckline accented with bold-buttoned tuck-away straps. Cotton knit with Lastex. Sizes 32-38. By Catalina. Under \$16

Above right, textured-cotton-knit-maillot etched in black and white, the bodice cuff and buttoned tab in black faille Lastex. Also red, peacock with white. Sizes 32-38. By Sea B's. About \$15

Below right, designed to slim, a draped front sheath with skillfully shaped top forming a halter. Inner boned bra. Bengaline woven with Lastex. Black, aqua, sand; 10-18. Rose Marie Reid. About \$20

IN FASHION *Continued*

*Swimsuits to take along,
making fashion news
anywhere under the sun*



Very 1957: the playsuit-swimsuit is scooped, brief-sleeved, V'd at the back. Strategic seams carve a pretty figure. Separate bra. In Helanca nylon. Red, royal, black; 10-16. Jantzen. Under \$30

To buy travel fashions, see store guide page 118

(Continued from page 67)

Tab is currently the hottest male property on the Warner lot, but in talking to him as I did over a recent luncheon you find he's actually just beginning to hit his stride. He doesn't want to be a glamour boy who gets into columns because his name is linked with Natalie Wood or some other doll. He wants to *earn* his publicity as an actor and be respected by the press, the public and his fellow players. And he isn't just talking about it to hear himself talk. He's working toward his goal, studying with the studio coach as well as privately in a group with five other students. He wants to play *all* kinds of roles, not fall into the easy rut of type-casting. When "The Spirit of St. Louis" was being cast, Tab hoped to be recognized as the ideal Charles Lindbergh. But producer Leland Hayward was afraid to entrust this important role to a newcomer, so veteran Jimmy Stewart got it. Before Tab recorded "Young Love" for Dot Records, he begged the studio bosses to let him do a musical in which he could not only sing, but ice skate—another talent in which he excels. No dice. Now he is begging to be allowed to do more TV shows like the "Jim Pearsall Story" or to be loaned to 20th for the young German soldier in "The Young Lions." "It's an unsympathetic part, sure," Tab said. "But I'd rather play an interesting villain than a dull hero any time!" When I asked Tab where romance entered his scheme of things, he answered, "Of course I want to marry eventually, but I don't want a career girl who fences me in—if you know what I mean." I gathered from the way his face lit up when he talked about the French doll, Etchika Choureau, who plays opposite him in "Lafayette Escadrille," that she is not the career girl type, but is the type he likes, *mais oui!* However, she's back in Paris now, so here's your chance, American gals. Line forms on the right, and don't shove!

Don Murray didn't even wait for a "Bus Stop" to marry the love of his life, Hope Lange. They were married in the midst of his first film production and they're expecting their first baby any moment. Don is another young man in a hurry, professionally speaking. He has had more stage

experience than Tab, with several Broadway plays and some stock under his belt, but he, too, is continuing to study. Before playing the demanding role of the dope-ridden husband in "A Hatful of Rain," he prepared for the part by talking to many youngsters who had been cured of the habit and others still addicted to it. As a result, his performance is so realistic that even watching him on the set you forget his real identity and feel that he has just been given the needle. In between his picture assignments, Don has had time to write his own television script, which he is now adapting into a full-length picture, and in his other leisure (?) moments he's reading scripts like mad, hoping to find a play to "bring him back to Broadway."

His Fair Ladies: The sad news that Lilli Palmer and Rex Harrison had finally ended their fourteen-year-old marriage was especially upsetting to me. I have known Lilli and Rex ever since they first arrived in Hollywood twelve years ago. Our friendship has continued uninterrupted through the years, and I hope it will continue always, now that Rex is marrying his long-stemmed English beauty, Kay Kendall, and Lilli is altar-bound again with Carlos Thompson.

It was three summers ago that Rex, already unhappy in his marriage, made a film in London for the late Alexander Korda, called, of all things, "The Constant Husband." The fair lady chosen to play opposite him in it met with his interest from the start. Her name was Kay Kendall. It was not, however, a case of love at first sight for Kay. She was carrying a torch for Sydney Chaplin at the time. But when Rex turns on his charm, there is no woman who can resist him—and it wasn't too long before Kay and Rex, a married man, found themselves involved in a very unhappy triangle situation. Fortunately, at this psychological time Fate in the person of tall, dark and handsome Carlos Thompson entered Lilli's life. It was Lilli who gracefully stepped aside and obtained a legal separation from Rex. During this separation of almost a year, Lilli and Rex remained very good friends. No one was prouder of his fabulous success in "My

Fair Lady" than she. Their twelve-year-old son Cary was a strong bond. Sadly enough, it was Rex's decision that it was time for him and Lilli to move back to England so that their son could go to the same exclusive boys' school Rex had attended, where Cary had been enrolled since his birth, that precipitated the recent events leading to the Mexican divorce—which cost him custody of his son.

Nice People: Nancy Kelly, whose rich portrayal of an anguished mother in "The Bad Seed" won her the top theatrical awards of the 1955-56 season and this year nominated her for an Oscar has been playing the same heartbreaking role in a real-life drama. Her first child, a baby daughter, offspring of her marriage to Warren Caro, Theatre Guild executive, was born three months prematurely and, although she's a perfectly formed baby, she weighed only 950 grams. Doctors warned Nancy and Warren that their youngster had only a fifty per cent chance to survive. But little Kelly, having inherited her mother's fighting Irish spirit, was apparently determined to stay with the parents who wanted her so much, for stay she has. I shared with Nancy, one of my closest friends, those anxious days and nights when Kelly's tiny life hung by a thread, and I know that Nancy was given the strength to face this crisis not only by her own wonderful courage and her husband's, but because of the letters that poured in from complete strangers all over the world, telling her that they, too, were the mothers of premature infants who were now healthy and exceptionally bright children.

While we're on the subject of mail, I'd like to thank you PHOTOPLAY readers for your gratifying letters of comment about "Exclusively Yours." I was especially pleased, too, by a long-distance call I received from a movie fan in Nashville, Tennessee. He is a minister and had read that 20th is filming Jim Bishop's story, "The Day That Christ Died." He felt that there was a role in it for him and wanted to know how to go about getting it. I gave him the name of 20th's talent scout and now I'm waiting to hear whether his pulpit has temporarily lost him to Hollywood!

Love Before Fame: Although Kay Kendall has made several popular films in England, including "Genevieve" and "Doc in the House," both seen here, she will be "discovered" by Hollywood with the American release of "Les Girls." Like those other "bundles from Britain," Audrey Hepburn, Jean Simmons and Deborah Kerr, she will then be able to write her own ticket at any studio. But since Rex Harrison will be returning to London next April to play "My Fair Lady" at the Drury Lane, I'll wager you my new Easter bonnet that Kay will never put an ocean between Rex and herself, no matter how tempting the offer. And how smart she is to consider her personal happiness more important than a career. As somebody said, "Your name is in electric lights, the fuse blows out and where are you?" Even Joan Crawford, once the most relentlessly ambitious career girl in all of Hollywood, has announced that she won't make another film for at least a year so that she can devote herself exclusively to her husband, Alfred Steele. And Liz Taylor seems ready to burn all her Hollywood bridges behind her to live in New York as Mrs. Michael Todd, housewife—or to work for Mike only. Let's hope this new trend of actresses who want to be wives is an omen of more happy marriages and fewer divorces in filmland. THE END

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 44

Across

1. Anthony (Perkins)
7. Clooney (Rosemary)
13. Lori (Nelson)
14. Ferrer (José)
16. ore
17. brand
19. Alan (Ladd)
21. Is
22. Emperor
23. Is
24. U S N (United States Navy)
26. raps
27. Sun
28. Are
29. B C (Bing Crosby)
31. T R (Tony Randall)
32. A R (Aldo Ray)
33. hides
37. Nero
39. E S (Elaine Stewart)
40. De (Carlo, Mille)
44. Garbo (Greta)
45. T T (Tom Tryon)
46. we
47. As
48. an
49. Tara
50. Are

Down

51. in
52. R S (Robert Stack)
54. Glad
55. Bad Man
60. Hal (March)
61. Gun
62. a model
65. epic
67. older brother
70. Sal (Mineo)
72. rates
73. DeFore (Don)
75. diet
76. rebels ("Without a Cause")
77. and
11. Erin
12. Yes
15. R L (Richard Long)
18. D R (Debbie Reynolds)
20. Burt (Lancaster)
25. Sernas (Jack)
29. Barbara (Stanwyck)
30. crooned
34. "Istanbul"
35. Edward (R. Murrow)
36. See
38. E R (Edward [G] Robinson)
44. G A (Gene Autry)
50. Allison ("Heaven Knows, Mr. —")
53. smart
54. Gap
56. André
57. Amber
58. Norse
59. Bette (Davis)
60. Here
61. Gold
63. Do
64. L H (Louis Hayward)
66. card
68. eat
69. Eds
71. L E (Lief Erickson)
74. F A (Fred Astaire)



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Hollywood Goes to a Ball

(Continued from page 69)

There was glamour—running the gamut from lovely Deborah Kerr to oomphy Jayne Mansfield. There were gorgeous gowns and glittering jewels—enough to turn even Dior and Gabor green with envy. There was even a bit of Shakespeare—recited by that one-time butcherboy, Ernest Borgnine, who did a great job as master of ceremonies.

And there was Kim Novak, the other Gold Medal winner, who simply floated in on a purple cloud. She was gowned in yards and yards of sheer chiffon, styled and draped by Marlene Dietrich's favorite designer, Jean Louis.

Just to prove that she really likes the shade, Kim also wore little purple chiffon gloves, purple hose, purple satin pumps with rhinestone buckles and a silver-blue mink stole lined with—you guessed it—purple satin.

"Jean Louis created the gown for tonight," she explained. The bateau neckline was cut rather high in the front and the sleeves extended right down to her wrist. "Did you notice the back?" Kim asked. There wasn't a man or woman in the room who didn't. The reason was, the dress didn't have any—it was bare down to the waist, where two jeweled pins appeared to be holding it together.

It was a big night for Miss Novak and an almost bigger one for her proud father who was visiting from Chicago. It was Joseph Novak's first Hollywood party.

While Kim was posing for the newsreel cameras, Mr. Novak was asked if he'd like to take a seat. "Oh, no," he replied, just barely audible, "Barbara Stanwyck is over there getting her picture taken and that's who I really want to see." His daughter almost forgotten, Mr. Novak grinned happily as he acknowledged introductions to Vera Miles and her husband Gordon Scott, little Natalie Wood and her escort Bob Wagner, and finally Miss Barbara Stanwyck. Touching was Kim's acknowledgement of her father's presence when, in accepting her Gold Medal, she asked that the spotlight be focused on "the man who made all this possible, my best beau for the evening—my father."

(Incidentally, soon after Kim got her PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal she was voted top female star of the year by movie-goers in forty-eight countries, winning the Golden Globe of the Hollywood Foreign Press Association. Not only was Kim chosen for the honor, but all six newcomers picked by the Foreign Press were among our new star winners).

Rock Hudson drew a big hand just by blushing. Director George Sidney thanked PHOTOPLAY for his certificate. Then he quipped, "I also want to thank the editors for seating Mrs. Sidney where she can gaze at Rock Hudson."

Everyone laughed. Rock, who was seated on the dais in full view of the 500 guests, turned pink. At this, the friendly laughter and the applause increased. So did Rock's blush. Producer Charles Schnee followed Sidney to the microphone. He thanked PHOTOPLAY for seating Mrs. Schnee "where she could not gaze at the handsome Mr. Hudson."

Again the laughter and again the blush. But Rock proved pretty fast with a quip himself when he was presented with his Gold Medal later in the program. After his brief but sincere little thank-you speech, he said, "And I also wish to thank Mrs. George Sidney."

One guest pointed out, "It's nice to know there are stars who can still blush."

Barbara Stanwyck and Deborah Kerr received tremendous applause. Deborah

was gracious and charming in a softly draped floor-length chiffon gown. The pale cinnamon shade blended nicely with her short red tresses. The spontaneous applause had Deborah in tears.

Barbara's cocktail-length pink dress was of French *peau de soir*. She'd had it designed especially to wear with three fabulous gardenia-shaped diamond pins. With these she wore matching diamond earclips and a beautiful diamond ring, slightly smaller than a breadbox.

Barbara was deeply touched by the standing ovation accorded her as she was presented the PHOTOPLAY Achievement Award. She recognized it as a great tribute from her friends and co-stars.

As she was about to take her seat, Barbara was faced with what appeared to be a walking flower shop. She was first handed a huge bouquet of red roses, next came a bower of yellow ones, then an armful of pink ones, followed by another armful of gardenias and, finally, a mixed bouquet. Miss Stanwyck was not only touched, she was practically smothered.

One of the bouquets signed "Golden Boy" came from Bill Holden, who wasn't able to be present but had cabled a florist from Ceylon. Another was from Bob Wagner, also a staunch Stanwyck fan. One card was simply signed "Bob." There was some speculation as to whether this was a sentimental gesture from Robert Taylor. Needless to add, nobody asked Barbara.

Debbie and Eddie arrived hand in hand like a couple of sweethearts instead of an old married couple. Eddie who favors elaborate evening shirts—he has twenty-two, some with ruffles and embroidered eyelets—was very conservatively dressed for the party. His shirt had a plain white front, though star sapphire studs helped relieve the austerity.

Debbie also pulled a sort of fashion switch. Instead of the darling fluffy-type gown she usually chooses, she wore a sleek, almost sophisticated black number with latticework top. The only touch of color was a huge pink rose, perched bustle fashion just below the waistband.

Debbie's hairdo was youthful and perky, thanks to the help of her favorite M-G-M hairdresser who made a mad dash to the Fisher home an hour before the party. In front he created fluffy bangs and at the back a couple of strands of pearls through heavy braids piled high on the head to keep the hair in place. How she felt when Felicia Farr, on the arm of Jack Lemmon, turned up wearing the same hairdo, Debbie was too polite to say. For teenagers who like to be in on a fad, this shows how Hollywood likes to go along with one, too.

Before the dinner, the guests gathered for cocktails in the hotel's Rodeo Room where Natalie Wood was kept busy showing friends her unique silver-blue mink stole. "It's called a 'one-arm bandit.' It has sort of a sleeve into which I slip one arm, then I wrap the rest of it around me. To tell you the truth, I've got to practice with it a little more at home so that I can slip into it gracefully in public."

Natalie's date, Bob Wagner, looked as confused as any male about such fashion problems. However, it was apparent that he approved of her stunning new Dior gown. So did a lot of women in the room.

Miss Wood's black velvet dress was floor length. Pleated ice-blue satin formed a sort of pouf at the strapless bustline, then continued in a stunning slash down the front of the gown. Natalie matched this with ice-blue satin slippers. The chic outfit gave the petite brunette the appearance of being taller than she is. "That's the idea," she admitted.

Incidentally, Natalie's streak of yellow through her coal-black hair lent a sophisticated touch that seemed unnecessary in such a youngster—and instead of the usual vivaciousness of young adulthood, Natalie wore an air of weary worldliness. Even escort Bob Wagner was having a tough time getting a smile out of her.

Honors for the most bouffant gown would have to go to Vera Miles. The lovely blonde looked like something off a Swedish wedding cake in yards and yards of white nylon tulle. Vera's hair, which has been lightened to a pale moonlight shade for her new Hitchcock picture with Jimmy Stewart, was swept back from her forehead into a chignon effect. She wore a simple little necklace, but no other jewelry.

"I feel very uncomfortable with a lot of trinkets hung on me," Vera said. "If I had my way, I'd never wear any other jewelry than my wedding ring and a plain pair of pearl earrings."

Vera explained that her beautiful gown was the creation of Paramount designer Edith Head. "But I don't think she counted on my tripping the light fantastic," the actress remarked as she eyed the crowded dance floor. "This skirt is just too full for me to navigate out there." Vera's husband, Gordon "Tarzan" Scott, agreed.

Those old married folks, Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, had a great time, in spite of the fact that Janet was still wearing a cast on her broken left arm. But it wasn't noticeable, thanks to a clever black velvet sleeve piece which matched her stunning velvet sheath. Leave it to Mrs. Curtis to turn a bandaged arm into an entrancing fashion touch.

Someone pointed out it was as interesting to watch Janet ankle away as it was to watch her approach. Her snug full-length gown was slit almost up to the knees in the back. A black velvet bow attached just above bobbed with every step. Janet's coiffure was intriguing, too. Her blonde tresses were swept across the back and secured on one side with three rhinestone pins.

Speaking of hairdos, Margaret O'Brien drew plenty of stares with the new one she was sporting. Maggie's growing up and she wants everyone to know it. She dumped her usual pony tail and soft ringlets for a simple pageboy effect, combed straight down. She added another glamour touch—a sprinkling of silver glitter stuff over her dark hair. It was also scattered on her bare shoulders.

Ginger Rogers was there in a shocking-pink satin gown which verified the fact that she still has one of the best figures in Hollywood.

Paul Newman arrived with young 20th Century-Fox actress Joanne Woodward. Paul's close pals predict a marriage for these two as soon as his divorce comes through. The Woodward-Newman romance had been rumored for some time, but the PHOTOPLAY dinner was their first public appearance together.

Joanne, who's starring in "The Three Faces of Eve," wore a low-cut black chiffon dress with "spaghetti" shoulder straps. Her blonde hair was swept into a smooth bun atop her head. But that short, straight fringe of bangs remained on her forehead. This style, which originated with the New York actresses, seems to be catching on in Hollywood.

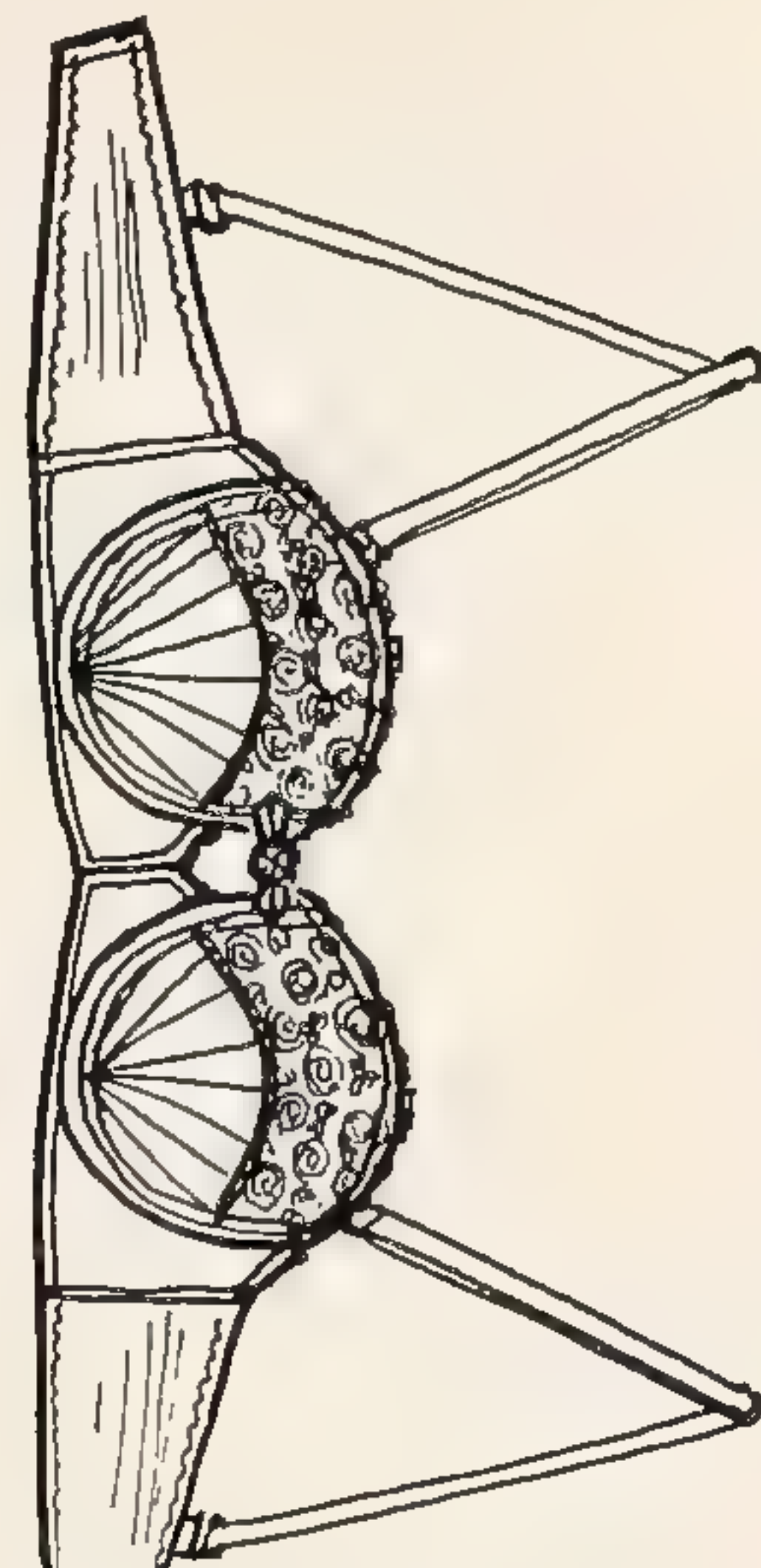
Nobody, but nobody, missed Jayne Mansfield's entrance. You don't need 20-20 vision to spot this girl. Jayne wore a skintight white gown. It was cut down to there in the back and down to here in the front. The dress was fashioned of fine white wool, embroidered all over with

UNDERCOVER TRAVEL FASHIONS

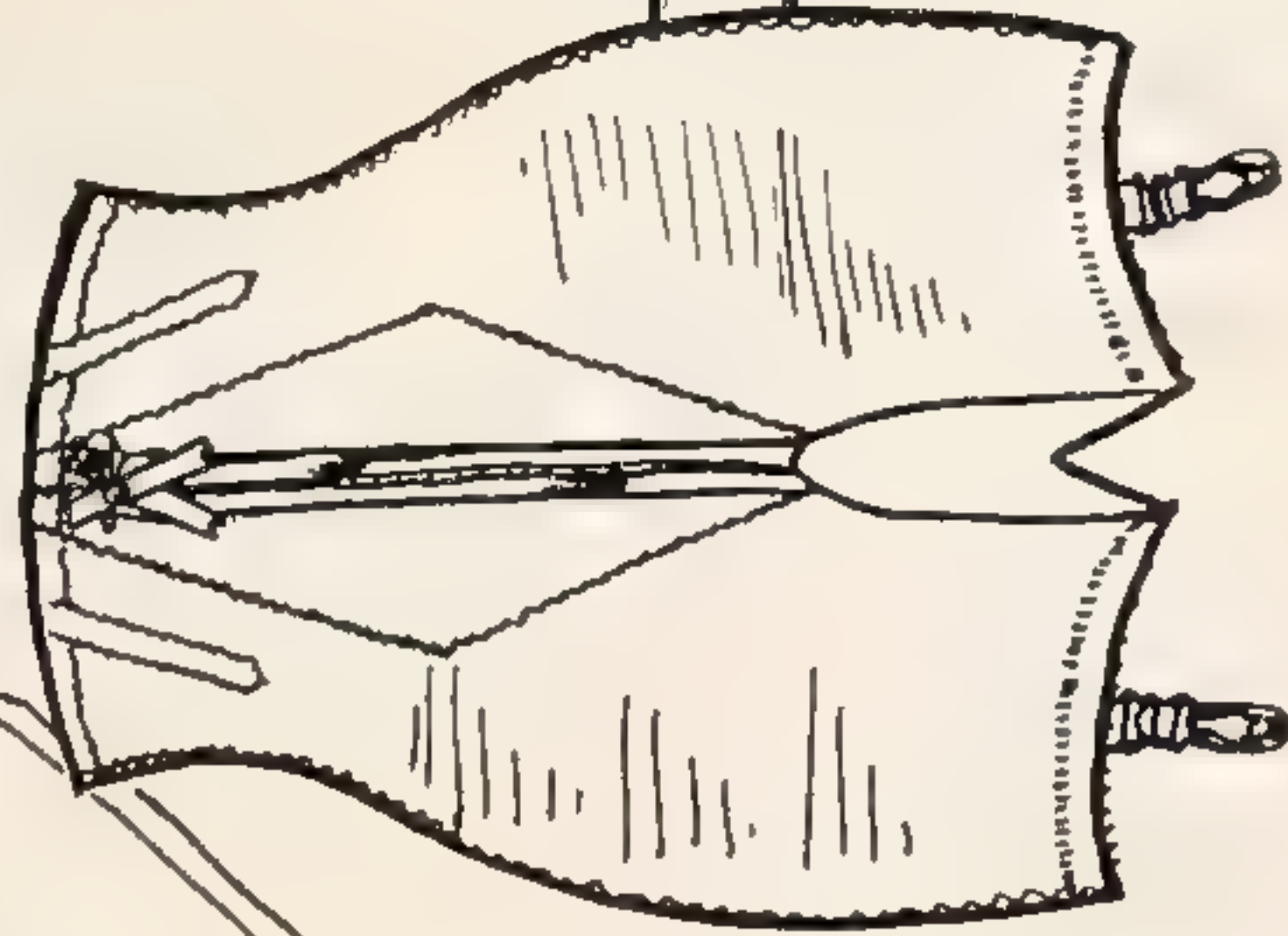
A



B

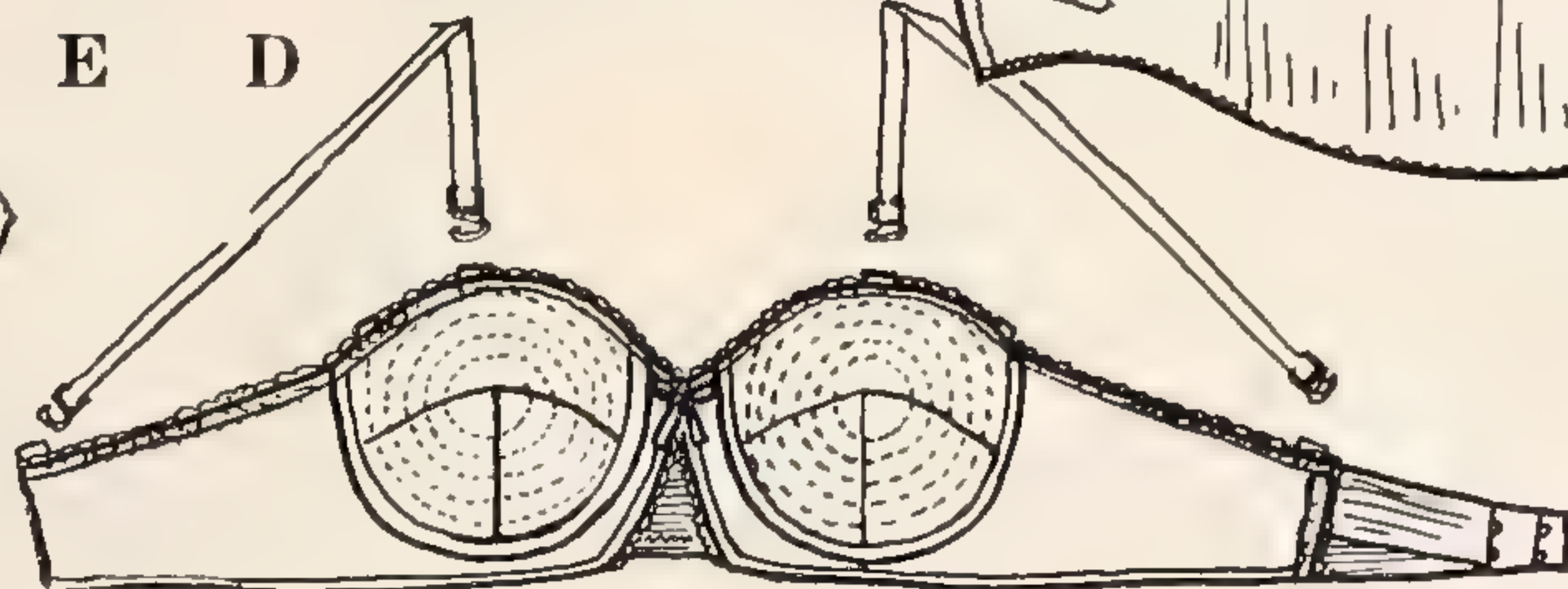
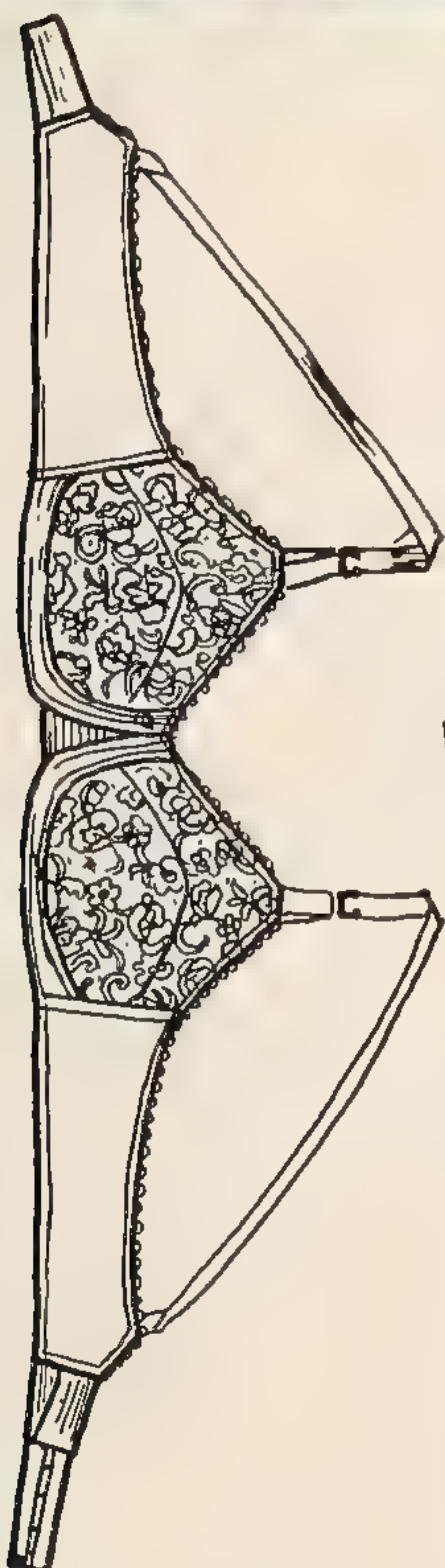


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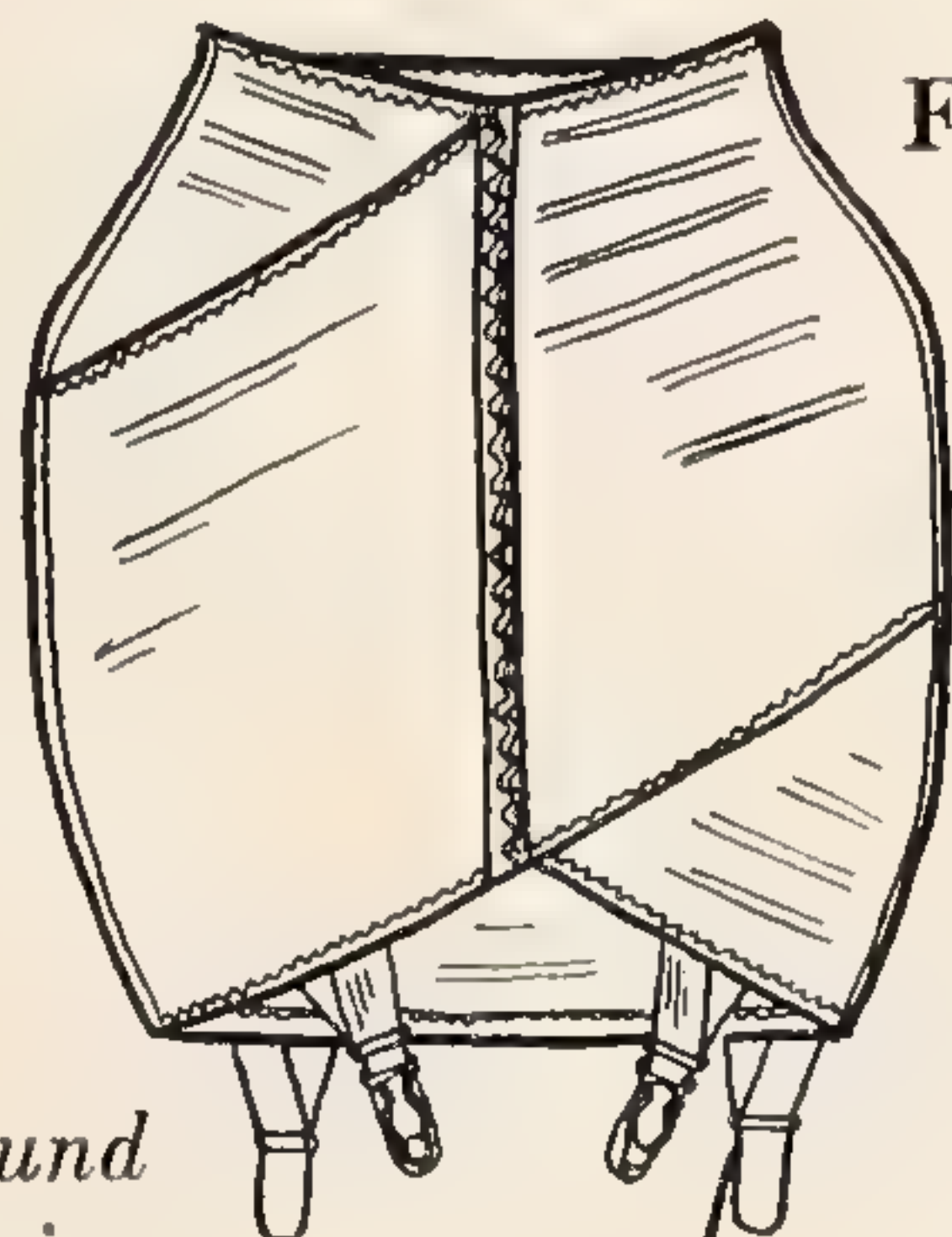
E

D



F

G



A Pretty figure on route: a high, round bosom, smooth midriff, minimal waist. The pretty traveler wears a dress of printed cotton lawn. R. & K. Under \$20

B Smooth cotton shapes a lightly padded bra, comfortably wired below, embroidered above. Six-way straps. White; 32-40 A, B, C. By Exquisite Form. \$4

C Panty girdle smoothing young curves with fore and aft panels, the beribboned front minus a pinching waistband. White rayon elastic net. S, M, L. Formfit. \$6.50

D Bra wardrobe-in-one: a foam-padded bandeau, cups underwired, the straps working magic six ways. White cotton. Sizes 32-40 A, B, C. By Lovable. \$2

E Prettiness plus: white nylon lace bra with satin contour band curving up for a high, smooth line. Also black, pink, blue; 32-40 A, B, C. By Maidenform. \$3

F Flyweight wisp of a girdle, the firm control is a criss-cross front trimmed with Lurex. Nylon power net. White, black, pastels. S, M, L. Peter Pan. \$6

G On the go, a breezy petticoat in easy Dacron, nylon and cotton. Shadow panel and hem dipped in Val lace, pretty appliqués. White. S, M, L. Movie Star. \$3

Drawings by Norma Erikson

At leading stores cross-country, or see buying guide on page 118

white silk braid and beads. Jayne's sparkling blue earrings were almost the size of the beautiful chandeliers which decorate the Crystal Room. She carried a fox stole dyed pale blue, which was often casually dragging on the floor.

The folks who raise their eyebrows at Jayne's respect for publicity should be half as cooperative and appreciative as this girl is. Many stars who like to see their photos in print still complain if they have to spend more than a couple of seconds posing for them. Jayne and Mickey Hargitay not only cheerfully pose for numerous shots at such functions, they always remember to thank the lensman.

Mickey, resplendent in a broad-shouldered tuxedo and a white brocade-type shirt, stayed right by Jayne's side.

Joan Collins, escorted by actor Bob Quarry, received plenty of admiring glances. Her dark hair was combined into a fluffy mass around her face. She wore a strapless pale blue satin dress with a tight bodice and full skirt. Huge rhinestone buckles decorated her matching satin pumps. But Joan's large dangling earrings weren't rhinestones. They were real diamonds—"a present from me to me," she quipped.

Shirley Jones, looking more sophisticated than usual in a dark dress, introduced husband Jack Cassidy to some of her Hollywood pals. Anne Francis, in black chiffon and pearls, came with actor Norman Dupont. Kathryn Grant, who's avoiding romance since her split-up with Bing Crosby, was escorted by Gil Banks, her eighteen-year-old friend from Texas. Kathryn begs everyone to forget she was once called "Kathy." "Gil's practically a kid brother to me," Kathryn explained. "He's the son of a close family friend—the woman I've always called 'Aunt Mary.' I thought he'd have fun seeing everyone."

Kathy—oops, Kathryn—who is so much thinner these days, wore a full-skirted pale pink satin gown, something she never would have worn with Bing. He preferred her in more tailored duds.

Katy Jurado turned plenty of heads when she arrived in a fabulous white Jacques Fath creation with matching full-length coat. Katy admitted she'd really splurged on the outfit. "The whole thing cost \$1,000," she said. "But it's so beautiful, I just couldn't resist it."

A tiny bright red heart decorated Katy's chest above the strapless bustline. "I painted it with nail polish to cover a little cigarette burn," she confided.

The youngest and cutest couple in the room were thirteen-year-old Mannie Manheimer and Alana Ladd. Mannie's the son of PHOTOPLAY publisher Irving Manheimer and Alana's father is a good-looking actor you may have heard of—Alan Ladd. Alan and Sue also were present.

Pat Boone helped end the party with a big bang. Pat was asked to sing at the end of the program. As he looked over the celebrity-packed audience, he said, "If you want to know the truth, I'm going to act as well as sing—I'm acting like I'm not scared." He grinned as he added, "Boy, am I shaking inside!"

Pat needn't have worried. His natural charm and talent immediately won over the audience. He was a big hit, and when he finished up with a hot rock 'n' roll number, everyone in the room clapped and stamped their feet. And Eddie Fisher rocked the most.

The crystal chandeliers were still swaying as everyone headed home. It was a marvelous evening, and many of the guests echoed Miss Novak's parting remark, "It was so nice, I can hardly wait until next year's dinner."

We wager that if the fans have anything to say she will be there. THE END

Rebel in a Button-Down Collar?

(Continued from page 55)

that Tony Curtis was "impetuous," others mentioned his friendship with a newcomer, Marlon Brando, who was then setting the gossip circuits ablaze. Then hot rumors began coming off the sets of "City Across the River" and "The Prince Who Was a Thief" and interviewers began scrambling to get this Curtis fellow on their pads. But the consensus was: Another rebel type, wait and see.

Tony was a rebel, in his own way. In those days, he'd arrive for an interview wearing a green plaid jacket (a little loud even for Hollywood), a navy blue sports shirt (no tie and no button-down collar either) but with his shoes highly polished. No one could doubt that he took time in dressing—in his own way. As he admitted, he doted on clothes, collected shoes as other men collected pipes and would consider himself a success when he could buy suits by the half-dozen. Not a torn-shirt rebel, by any means.

All the same, Tony Curtis, then as now, is his own kind of rebel. As Bernie Schwartz of the Bronx, he made no attempt to use his Hollywood monicker to hide his pride in the Schwartz family and tradition. And as a kid who barely skinned out of a boyhood of juvenile delinquency, who refused to forget in all its painful detail his New York street-gang education, he was bound, in ways, to rub some people. "You're a sissy if you let them push you around. You're a sucker if you don't fight." Until Tony found his ambition to be an actor, his fists were better developed than his character. Inevitably some of this stuck right up to and into his early Hollywood days.

But, says Tony today, "I wasn't a rebel then. I was scared." Hollywood was a big step from the Bronx, where only a few years before he'd been dragged off the streets by a truant officer and told to straighten out or else.

"People resented me even in films," Tony will remark thoughtfully. "I'd come on screen with a nice face, nice clothes, a nice car and a beautiful girl, and everyone hated me. It was the same thing in real life." Such was this fighting, sensitive boy's picture of himself in relation to his new world of those early days, and perhaps—but not likely—it was true; certainly his roles in such films as "Johnny Stool Pigeon" might have reinforced the impression. True or not, the feeling may even hang on today.

But such painful lapses in self-confidence are not the whole explanation. Tony Curtis of the Bronx hit Movietown as an exuberant, devilishly handsome beefcake hero with curly black hair. He was madly daredevil in his humor, forthrightly honest in his serious moments. This, too, kind of pinned him with the "rebel" tag. Hollywood doesn't always understand honesty.

When Tony came in from the East, fresh from a GI education at New York's Dramatic Workshop and a couple of seasons in the off-Broadway theatrical dungeons ("In those days 'off-Broadway' really meant 'off'—over in Newark, mostly!") his great idol among the movie heroes was Cary Grant. That he selected the suave personality, adroit comedy and fabulous charm of Mr. G. for his model sets him apart at once from the Brando-type rug chewers, that's for sure.

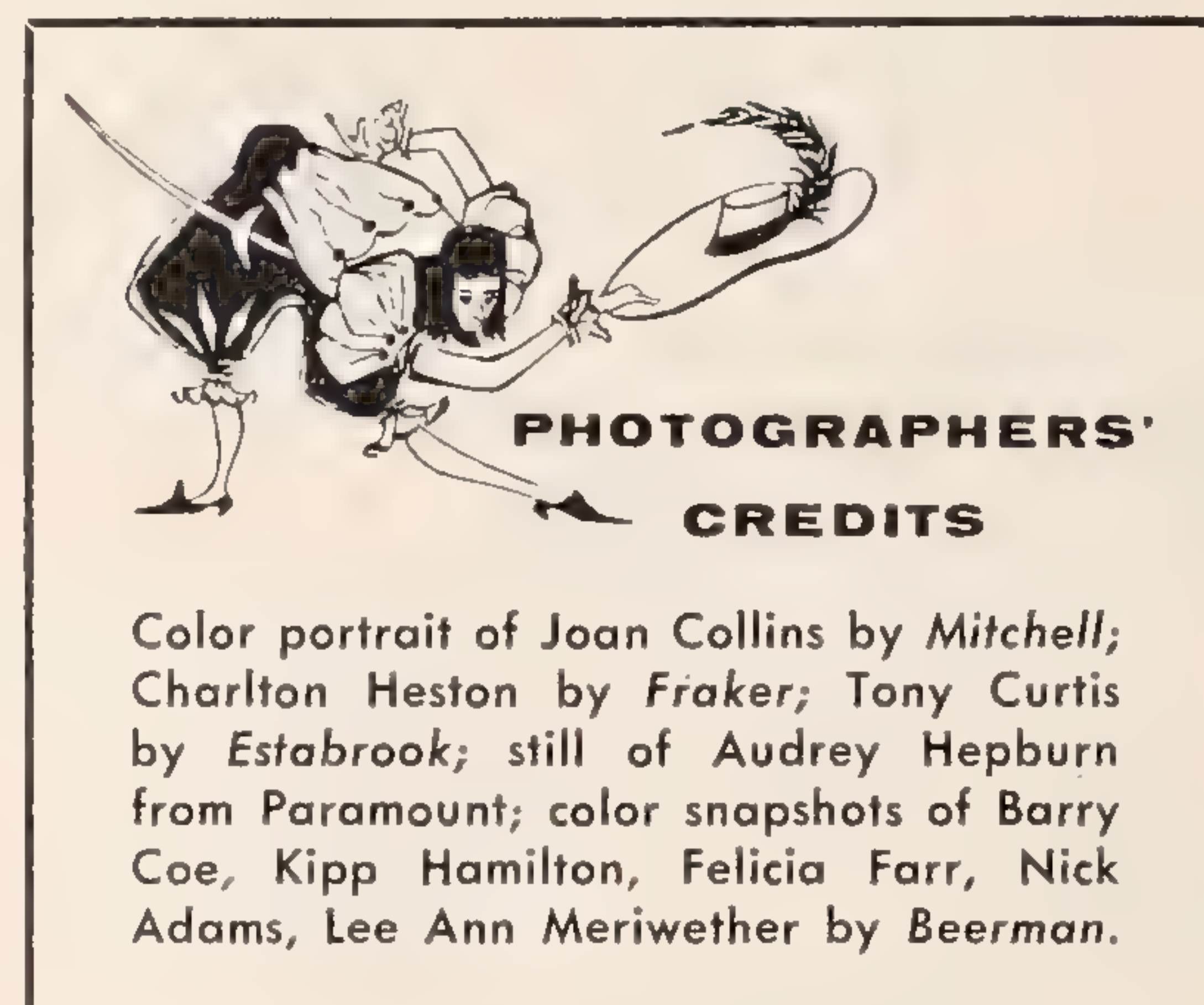
"He was the best actor I knew," says Tony. So great was his admiration for Cary that he used his idol to cover up a bit of shyness when he first began courting Janet Leigh. Such secret diffidence on the part of this tall and handsome youth who had already dated Hollywood's prettiest was

unperceived by the ordinary observer at the time, but it was there. When Tony first called Janet at home, he announced in his best nasal drawl to her mother, who answered the phone, that it was the famed Mr. G. who wished to speak to the daughter of the house. (Janet's never admitted she was fooled, incidentally.)

"I was afraid Janet wouldn't talk to me," Tony says. He admits that he used to save Cary Grant's pictures, at a time in his life when other boys were collecting ball-players.

But perhaps Cary would not have said, as Tony did in a typical Curtis sound-off recently, "I don't see why we have to go in for that phony stuff. It says in the official story of my life that my father is 'a well-known Hungarian actor.' Well, Hungarian he was. Actor he was, in Budapest, but not a very successful one. Right now he's a tailor, as he's been ever since he landed in this country."

Hardly a belligerent statement, merely the truth, yet a lot of people hearing such remarks didn't look under the surface to see that "rebellion" was coupled with the



warm and winning Curtis charm. This too is evidence that Tony's state of rebellion, if there ever was one, is an out-of-the-ordinary sort of thing.

Today it is this odd combination of rebellion and charm, of mischievous humor and serious aspiration, that is the secret of Tony's heartwarming effect on people—that made him a hit in Paris, for instance, when he went there to make "Trapeze." "Those French taxi drivers are rare, really rare," says Tony, smiling in remembrance. "Driving at night, they always sing—and loud.

"They've got a real great attitude, the French," he goes on. "They really believe in 'live and let live,' and the right of the individual to be an individual—to be and do whatever he wants. If I felt tired and my feet hurt after standing around the set all day, I could sit right down on the Champs Élysées and take off my shoes—nobody gave me a second look."

One evening after a hard day on the "Trapeze" set, Tony related, he didn't feel like changing for dinner. In striped jersey and old slacks—the work clothes for his strenuous Hecht-Hill-Lancaster role which he did before "Sweet Smell of Success," the one he is doing for the same outfit currently—he just walked around the streets of Paris until he found "this little Italian place where you buy food to take out. I got a pizza and some fresh fruit," he relates, "and ate them on the way back to the Georges V hotel. Nobody even gave me a second glance—except some Americans I ran into on the steps of the hotel. They gaped indignantly, obviously wondering how I got past the doorman."

Ask Tony whether this exuberant urge to independence, which luckily he shares with his lively and uninhibited young wife, ever gets turned around backward into family squabbles—and you've got yourself a threatening storm. "Sure we squabble—or used to," he mutters over a jutting chin. "And don't make me say, 'What married couple doesn't?' What gets me, and has for years, is the way these things get built up. You know, for a long time Janet and I have been treated like spoiled kids, not allowed to grow up. Maybe a few years ago we were just kids, but now we're growing up fast. We plan our careers and our futures—and Kelly Lee's—like adults. That's why we've formed this family corporation."

Talking about Tony's exuberant honesty, which is sometimes misunderstood, and referring once more to the difference between the Bernie Schwartz type of rebel as opposed to the Marlon Brando-torn-shirt school, it seems that there was a recent hassle in the press about something Tony had blurted out in this connection.

"Crazy," says Tony.

According to the reports, Mr. Curtis had visited New York City and observed some of the students of the famed New York Actors Studio in action, and had sounded off with no holds barred on what he thought of them and their "method"—which includes elaborate mental and emotional exercises such as pretending to be an inanimate object like a tree or a pincushion.

"I was in New York shooting for 'Sweet Smell of Success,'" says Tony. "All I did was point out that this so-called 'method' had been practiced for at least thirty-five years before they came along. That's all."

But what about the early career of Tony Curtis in Hollywood, when he was all but tagged a rebel in a plaid jacket, a friend of Marlon Brando, and all that?

"Marlon Brando has his own special quality," says Tony. "He didn't learn it from that group in New York. Actually, all their mumbo-jumbo amounts to is what they've copied from him."

Yes, the newspaper reports of the discussion included the word "copycats" as part of the Curtis critique on the acting art as practiced in certain quarters. Also, "They belittle everything that goes on in Hollywood." And "They think in order to be a success like Marlon you've got to be rude, slovenly and walk around in dirty clothes." Strong language!

"Did I say those things?" Tony grins. "All I know is what I read in the newspapers!"

There you are. Sit back and look at this boy who speaks his mind when he has the urge, who insists on his right to eat pizza on the boulevards of Paris, who swings back lustily when he thinks the press is unfair to his marriage and his wife, who is as proud of the fact that his father is a tailor as he is of the one that Bernie Schwartz was born in Manhattan's Hell's Kitchen—a boy who wears his pinstriped suit and button-down collar with authentic flair, who can kiss a girl's hand as they do it in Paris, and half-jokingly in his case, yet naturally, too. And you've got a picture of a rebel of a special sort. Even if he doesn't like the word.

"If you mean I'm a rebel because I like Hollywood, don't have a yen to ride down Sunset Boulevard on a motorcycle and didn't learn acting by pretending to be a pincushion," says Tony Curtis, "you've got something."

THE END

WATCH FOR: Tony Curtis in United Artists' "Sweet Smell of Success" and U-I's "Mr. Cory."



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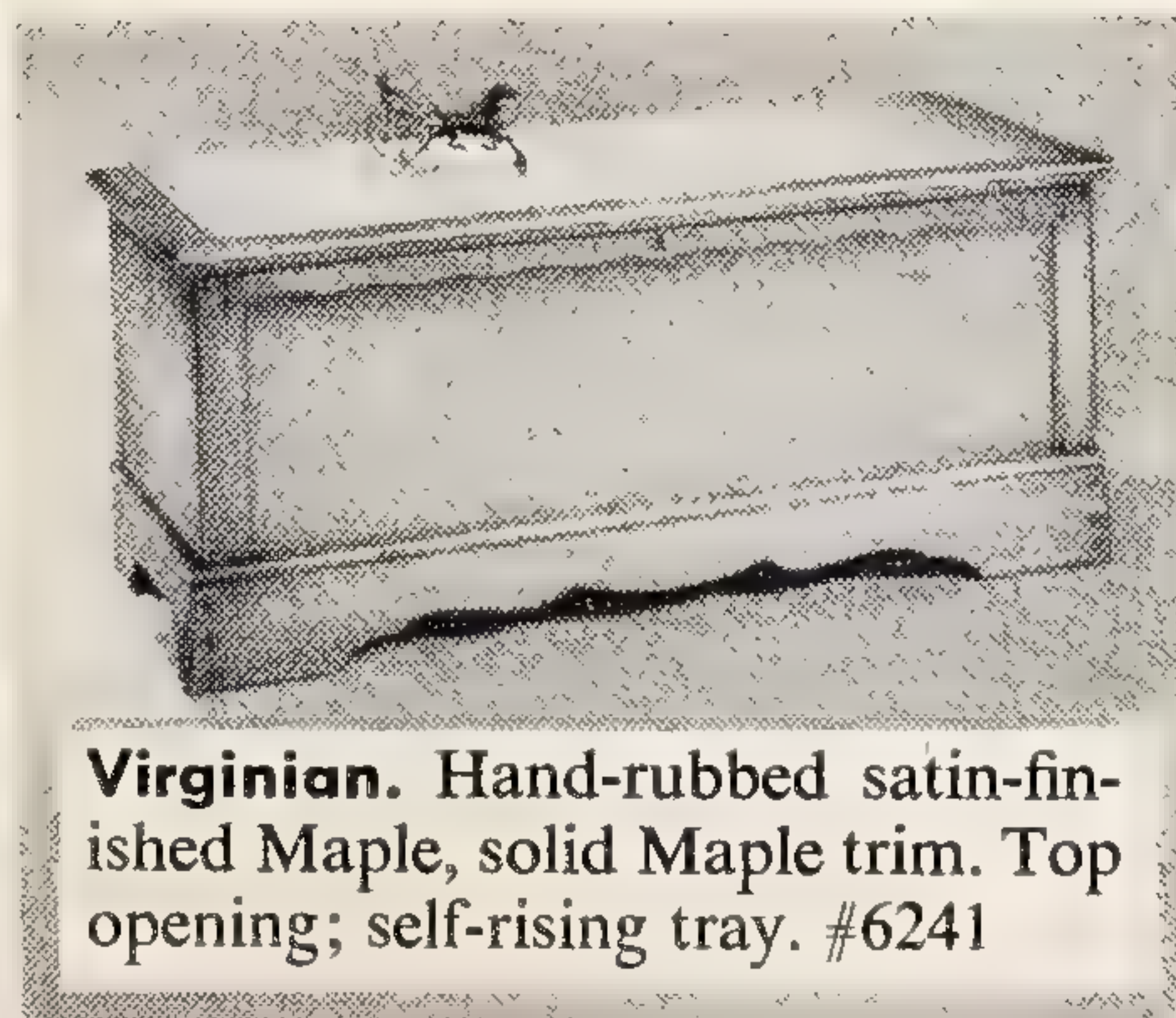
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Go to Hollywood for Holiday Fun

(Continued from page 76)

castle with its drawbridge entrance to Fantasyland, and lose your mind over the Dumbo flying circus. Take a trip to the moon in Tomorrowland, and don't miss the pirate ship manned by the lustiest set of gentle brigands on earth.

It turns out to be so wonderful that you can't drag the youngsters away? They want to come back for another day? Take the bus over to the Disneyland Hotel, which is everything that a Disneyland Hotel should be: imaginative, handsome, new, glistening and fun. You can buy a toothbrush and pajamas in the shop areas, film, flash bulbs, a larger purse for your loot and the dress you've been wanting as a California souvenir. Rates start at \$15 for two.

If you have two days in California (and you can tear yourself and the rest of your party away from Disneyland), use your second day to advantage by dividing it into five sections: In the morning, at 9 A.M. take Tanner Gray Line Tour No. 2 (bus collects passengers at most downtown and Hollywood hotels) and during a 3-hour drive visit Grauman's Chinese Theatre, where you will be able to take some spectacular pictures of the vivid architecture and the footsteps of the mighty, the University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA). Will Rogers Memorial Ranch in Santa Monica and the homes of the great stars of stage, screen, radio and TV. Fare \$3.35 and worth every penny because of the guide service and the freedom from traffic worries.

Ask your driver to let you off at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Have luncheon in their coffee shop, or at the Beverly Derby, or Frascati's, or Blum's or at any one of the small cup 'n' spoon spots along Beverly Drive. After luncheon stroll up one side of Beverly Drive from Wilshire Boulevard to Santa Monica Boulevard and down the other. Somewhere along the way you will find exactly the gift for someone back home, or precisely what you have been wanting to complete that new outfit.

Next, catch an eastbound Wilshire Boulevard bus and transfer to a northbound bus at Wilshire and Fairfax. Leave your transfer bus at Third and Fairfax and investigate—with avid eye and snapping camera—the wonders of Hollywood's world-famous Farmers' Market. Look, Ma, no flies! Food, food, food prepared and served in an air of diet-kitchen cleanliness and no flies. Not only can you buy papaya flown in from Hawaii, mangoes from the Philippines, lettuce from the Salinas Valley and Utah, cheese from Sweden. But in the Dell section (Farmer in the Dell, natch) you may buy your favorite recording, a tennis racket, artist's equipment, party jokes, dolls from many lands. Name it, it's there.

After that marathon, plan to return to your hotel to write cards, make dinner reservations for the night, and rest. Travel also broadens the feet.

Have dinner at one of the glamour spots listed under "Places to Eat," then plan to catch a performance at one of the theatres listed under that category on the following pages. You might enjoy legitimate theatre-in-the-round. And there is always "Around the World in 80 Days" at the Carthay Circle and "Cinerama Holiday" at Warner's Hollywood.

If you have three days in Hollywood, add a trip to Marineland to your agenda, and that night take Tanner Gray Line Tour No. 9. It leaves daily at 7 P.M. and takes you to see Olvera Street, Chinatown, Griffith Park Observatory (where much of "Rebel Without a Cause" was filmed) and Hollywood and Wilshire Boulevards. Time required, 3½ hours. Fare, \$3.20 per person.

If you have four days in Hollywood, add Tanner Gray Line Tour No. 5 to your activities. This trip will take you through Universal-International Studios and Disney's, as well as past Columbia Studio's ranch and along the streets where many star homes are located. The Columbia ranch with its towering false fronts and its quaint streets is a great shot from the street, even if cameras are not permitted on picture lots. Time required, 3 hours. Cost, \$4.30.

In the afternoon you should take Tour

have been more taken with Santa's workshop, his real live reindeer and his helpful elves than they were with Disneyland.

To Santa Barbara and return (around 200 miles) is a wonderful day's outing, particularly during February, March and April when the coastal hills are an emerald carpet, wild flowers add a festive note and a bright sun beats down. Another great time to be in Santa Barbara is during the week of the full moon in August when the Old Spanish Days Fiesta is held. Have dinner at Harbor House, at the end of the

TO HOLLYWOOD FROM:	BY BUS	BY RAIL FIRST CLASS PULLMAN	BY RAIL COACH	BY PLANE FIRST CLASS (MEALS)	BY PLANE COACH
Atlanta	\$ 92	\$220	\$125	\$265	\$209
Boston	125	350	174	350	233
Chicago	87	228	109	240	167
Dallas	62	179	88	162	125
Denver	49	137	73	127	95
Detroit	96	250	126	272	189
St. Paul	84	195	109	231	178
New York	119	325	161	332	218
St. Louis	81	196	104	217	161

TRAVEL NOTES: All fares include ten per cent federal transportation tax. First-class rail fares include roomette service; where that is unavailable, the prices above provide lower berth cost. Check your local rail agent for family plan fares, for great savings. Plane fares listed are for scheduled flights only. All prices are approximate.

No. 1 to the Huntington Library. This tour is made daily, except Mondays when the library is closed. It's also closed during the entire month of October. Children under 10 are not admitted to the library, but the gardens are interesting and the grass is a delight to play on. Tour takes 3½ hours and costs \$3.10.

If you have five days in Hollywood, spend the fifth on a trip to Knott's Berry Farm (more about it under "Things to See and Do"). The Tanner Gray Line—from June 15 to October 1—sends an all-day trip to the Farm on Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

If you have six days, spend number six in Catalina (more about it under "Things to See and Do").

In lieu of the Catalina trip, you might visit Forest Lawn Memorial Park in the morning, the Los Angeles County Museum in Exposition Park in the afternoon.

In case you have more time than a Swiss watchmaker, we have listed below a number of worthwhile day-long trips:

Rim-of-the-World Highway will provide a trip of around 180 miles, your shutter clicking with every turn of the wheels. Take the San Bernardino Freeway and turn north past Arrowhead Springs to the highway marker designated Santa Claus Village. Some people say their children

Santa Barbara Pier, and visit the Old Mission.

To Newport and Balboa and return will log around 100 miles and two rolls of film. Drive east on the Santa Ana Freeway, turning right past Disneyland and on to the Pacific Coast Highway. It is almost impossible for the casual visitor to separate Balboa from Newport or vice versa, but it doesn't really matter, because the entire area surrounds the great yacht harbor where the Chris-Crafts, the cabin cruisers and the entire fleet of the film colony are moored. If you sail, it is possible to rent various types of boats. Plan, if possible, to have dinner at the Doll House on Lida Isle in Balboa Bay, reached by a causeway.

Another wonderful salt-air day, if you love the sea, is the exploration of Los Angeles-Long Beach Harbors. Take the Harbor Freeway, Figueroa Street to Coast Highway, then to Terminal Island. Wind in and out of the Terminal Island streets until you see the small Buddhist Temple at which Japanese fishermen worship. Take the ferry to San Pedro and drive up on the hills above the city for some panorama shots of the harbor that you'll treasure forever. Tip: Check the shipping news in any of the L.A. papers before you make this trip, and try to do it on a day when one of the great trans-Pacific liners

is to leave for Honolulu. The *Lurline* sailing is a photographer's festival, with serpentine banners billowing in the wind, passengers madly waving, the band playing "Aloha Oe"—what an experience!

Love mountain scenery? Want panorama shots of L.A., Hollywood, Beverly Hills and the beach cities? Drive through Griffith Park (Vermont Avenue ends at the divided highway entrance to Griffith Park) and turn onto Mulholland Drive as you leave the Planetarium area. From Mulholland you should be able to catch breathtaking glimpses of the Los Angeles alluvial plain on one side and San Fernando Valley on the other. The hillside houses are owned by picture people. Tip: Be cautious when crossing mountain intersections; for some reason, mountain dwellers tend to consider themselves alone in the world and drive as if they were riding a comet. Obey the fire warnings—no smoking, no open fires. This drive will take you to the sea and you will find yourself in Santa Monica. If you want to continue along the Coast Highway, northbound, you will spot Holiday House just beyond Malibu. It is restaurant, cocktail lounge and motel, and from its dining room your camera will take in the entire sweep of Santa Monica Bay. And in the corner booth you just may note Jayne Mansfield.

Now that we've thought out a brief stopover visit for you, let's assume that you are a real leisurely vacationist, doing Hollywood brown, with time galore. Wonderful for you! And following you'll find more things to do and see for longer visits.

However short or long your Hollywood holiday may be, there are several excellent means by which you may arrive at your glamorous goal. You may wing your way by plane, via a number of wonderful sky routes such as American Airlines' nonstop flights direct to Los Angeles from most key cities in the country. You'll enjoy their famed luxury Mercury service aloft, with its spacious lounges, superb meals and distinguished fellow passengers, all at no extra fare. Or you may arrive by train by way of the famous Santa Fe, for instance. On its wonderful new Hi-Level El Capitan you'll ride in comfort in reclining coach chairs high above the ordinary train level. Excellent, inexpensive food, dome-type lounge cars allow you to start your vacation sightseeing the moment you step aboard. If you plan a really leisurely trip, you might travel by bus. Trailways Tours, for example, will plan your sightseeing and hotel arrangements, if you

prefer it that way, at the same time offering you the treat of air-conditioned buses with big picture windows that afford a top priority view of the passing scenery. Getting there is part of the fun!

You may find joyous relaxation in weekend visits to: Palm Springs, with side visits to nearby Palm Desert and Hemet, where the Ramona pageant, based on Helen Hunt Jackson's unforgettable Indian story, is held during April and May; San Diego, with side trips to Mt. Palomar and into Mexico at Tijuana; Santa Barbara, wonderful to see, as well as Solvang, which American Danes constructed to assuage their homesickness for Denmark; and Laguna Beach, a coastal town no inlander should miss, with its fabulous and unique Pageant of the Masters, based on the world's art treasures.

Places To Stay

No attempt can be made in our limited space to list the outstanding motels in southern California because there are, literally, hundreds of picturesque, clean, modestly-priced caravansaries in which a traveler could be happy overnight or for months. However, noted below are some of the great hotels of the region with brief clues to their specific attractions ("D" designates Diners Club service):

Ambassador (D), 3400 Wilshire Boulevard. This No. 1 home away from home is surrounded by its private park, providing the photographer with dazzling possibilities wherever he looks. It is also within walking distance of Bullock's-Wilshire and I. Magnin (two of the finest specialty shops in the country) and is opposite the original Brown Derby. A busline (eastbound) to downtown Los Angeles and (westbound) to Beverly Hills, Westwood and Santa Monica passes on Wilshire. The Ambassador is the home of the Cocoon Grove, the Greater Los Angeles Press Club and Dalzell Hatfield Galleries, has tennis courts, a pitch and putt course, a heated swimming pool and several enticing specialty shops. Reservations essential; rates from \$12 for two.

Bel Air (D), 701 Stone Canyon Road, Bel Air. For the seasoned traveler who prefers (above all else) elegant surroundings, matchless service, a leisurely and quiet vacation. The grounds are a kodacolor delight; reservations always; rates start at \$18.50 for two, but plan on about \$23. **Beverly Carlton**, southwest corner of the intersection of Olympic Boulevard and

Canon Drive in Beverly Hills. This chic, modern hotel boasts a series of balconies from which great pictures can be made. Brian Donlevy was one of the original tenants, other celebs like the pool. Reservations essential; rates for two \$13 up.

Beverly Hilton, 9876 Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills. Southern California's newest. Rooms on west side have lanais from which stupendous pictures can be made. Rooms on east have picture windows affording views of Beverly Hills, Hollywood hills, Los Angeles. The Traders (see "Places to Eat") is in the shop area. Heated swimming pool, several excellent restaurants and a "drug store" that is strictly from Mars—everything in this world and many from the next. Reservations essential; rates from \$16 for two.

Beverly Hills Hotel (D), 9641 Sunset Boulevard, Beverly Hills. Perhaps the most popular of the B.H. hotels because of its excellent parking facilities and its proximity to shops, plus its surroundings and prestige. It would be almost impossible to take an uninteresting picture on the grounds or from a window. Several chic dining rooms: The Polo Lounge cocktail room is the rendezvous of the great as well as the thirsty. The Persian Room is the dine and dance spot (cocktail or evening dress is suggested) and remember that it is closed on Mondays. Swimming pool, tennis courts (that's Ginger Rogers in this court and Katharine Hepburn across the way) and a boutique that will drive the average girl out of her pastel mind. Tariff: \$16 up for two.

The Biltmore, 5th Street at Olive in downtown Los Angeles. Pershing Square garage directly east. Your pictures in and around the Biltmore could include greenery, statuary (Beethoven, L. A. version of the Minute Man) and the concrete canyons of a city whose height limit has been—until recently—thirteen stories. (Limit now is twenty stories.) Philharmonic Auditorium, where the light opera season and concerts are offered, is diagonally across the street and the Biltmore Theatre (one of L.A.'s two important legitimate houses) is in the hotel. Rendezvous Room is fun, open from noon until 8 P.M. weekdays, from 5 P.M. until midnight on Sundays, closed Mondays. Reservations at hotel essential; rates, \$12 up for two.

Chapman Park (D), 615 South Alexandria, in the Wilshire District. Occupies a block almost directly across the street, but slightly west, from the Ambassador. Main building has been renovated. Bungalows set in flower-choked grounds are charming. Oratoria in the walled garden is a wonderful spot for weddings. Reservations, of course; rates, \$10 up for two.

Chateau Marmont, 8221 Sunset Boulevard (on the Strip). A palm-surrounded recreation of the architecture of France's chateau country. This is the hostelry at which many of the foreign stars, making films in Hollywood, are domiciled during their stay. Reservations essential; rates, \$14 up for two.

Franciscan Motor Hotel, 2630 North Cahuenga, above the Cahuenga Freeway. This is a motel, but it is so unusual that it must be mentioned. It lies along a hilly ridge overlooking the Freeway running from downtown Los Angeles to San Fernando Valley, thus offering an inspiring vantage point for the shutterbug. The owners keep it spotlessly clean and decorated in tune with the seasons (delightful at Christmas). Better write for reservations; rates, \$8 up for two.

Garden Of Allah (D), 8152 Sunset Boulevard. Completely redone since its Alla Nazimova, Greta Garbo and Errol Flynn days, it is a traveler's delight. Dining room, cocktail lounge, heated swimming pool, a block from Schwab's and Googie's



If you are very, very lucky and have influence, you may get to visit a studio like M-G-M, as did Honey King and Jane Lynn, who are in M-G-M's "Designing Woman"

(young players' hamburger haven) and opposite Frascati's. Reservations absolutely; rates, \$12 up for two.

Hyatt House, 5547 West Century Boulevard. This spanking new ultra-modern inn is just a robin's hop from International Airport, where you can rent a Hertz car and give yourself wheels. Hyatt House is a favorite with airline personnel for luncheon and dinner, and there is a cosy cocktail lounge. Rates: \$10 up for two. The near-Frank Lloyd Wright architecture presents exciting possibilities for both black and white and color photography.

Knickerbocker (D), 1714 Ivar Avenue, in the midst of Hollywood. One-half block north of Hollywood Boulevard, 4 blocks from NBC, 5 blocks from CBS. The pool is new and attractive. Great headquarters spot for the traveler who plans to catch radio and TV shows. \$10 up for two.

Miramar (D), where Wilshire Boulevard meets Ocean Avenue in Santa Monica. If you are an inlander and have never before seen the ocean, the Miramar is the place for you. It lies high on the Palisades, but the views of the sea are superb. Best pictures are to be taken in the morning, when the sun at one's back awakens the Bay's bright blue. The Miramar consists of a main building and a series of bungalows; dining room is a drop-in spot for celebs. Reservations always; rates, \$12 up for two during late fall, \$15 up during depths of Eastern winter or height of Eastern summer. (People come to California to escape cold and heat.)

Plaza (D), 1637 N. Vine Street. Opposite Hollywood Brown Derby and one-half block south of Hollywood Boulevard, this is a small but highly convenient hotel in the midst of everything—Pantages, shops, radio and TV studios. \$8 up for two.

Roosevelt, 7000 Hollywood Boulevard. Opposite Grauman's Chinese, a block from the Hollywood Paramount (at both theatres the great film premières are held), the Roosevelt is big, comfortable, and busy. The cabana rooms around the pool are delightful, and there are spots in every direction demanding to be recorded on film; the pool area, particularly, is stolen from the South Seas. Rates: \$10 up.

Statler, Figueroa (pronounced Fig-you-ROW-ah), between 7th and Wilshire, in downtown Los Angeles. Second newest hotel in the area, the Statler is a worthy member of its chain and a photographer's field day. Bring your money tree because the shops in the hotel and within walking distance are bank-breakers and worth every penny. Cafe Rouge for breakfast and Terrace Room for dinner, usually amid the bustle of a horde of happy conventioners. Reservations positively; rates, \$12 up for two.

Westwood Manor, 10527 Wilshire Boulevard in Westwood (home of UCLA). The Manor is the resting place chosen for visiting film biggies and stars until they rent other digs—new, chic, a landscape view from every window. Reservations essential; rates, \$10 up for two.

Places To Eat

There are, literally, thousands of excellent restaurants in and around Los Angeles. Nowhere else in the world, probably, can you get—without argument or trouble of any kind—a crisp, chilled green salad with Roquefort dressing, a superlative cheeseburger and a cup of fresh, delicious coffee at 4 A.M. Any 4 A.M. It would be impossible to list even a majority of the four-star plate-and-spooneries, so the index below is made up of spots patronized by celebrities and/or those that present memorable photographic possibilities. The symbol "D"—after a restaurant name indicates that Diner's Club charge



Here Honey and Jane look over another tourists' mecca, the famed Moulin Rouge

accounts are honored. Prices quoted do not include liquor.

IMPORTANT PHOTOGRAPHIC NOTE:

In some restaurants you will be permitted to take flash pictures of your own party; in some you will not, because there have been those in the past who have abused the privilege. Many "celebrity" restaurants do not allow even knowing and tactful professional photographers on the premises; so, naturally, an amateur shutterbug would be given the heave-ho.

Band Box (D), 123 North Fairfax Avenue, across the street from Farmers' Market and CBS-TV. This spot is open from 7 P.M. until 2 A.M. (closed Mondays). Entertainment is practically continuous, food is super—and expensive, but worth it.

Barraclough's (D) (pronounced Bear-ah-cluff's), 6220 West 3rd Street, opposite and slightly east of Farmers' Market. This very modern, glistening new restaurant serves breakfast, luncheon and dinner 7 days per week. \$6 for two will do it comfortably.

The Bat Rack, 2454 Wilshire Boulevard, Santa Monica. Well worth knowing because it is one of the few places in southern California where one can acquire a good steak right up until 1 A.M. The kitchens of most restaurants close between ten and eleven with a snap like an angry beartrap. The Bat Rack opens for luncheon at 11:30 A.M. and really gets a play between 9 and closing at 2 A.M. Celebs shooting late or returning from a late location date on the spot, which is small, intimate, friendly. \$6 will do it for two.

Beefeater's (D), 170 North La Cienega (Restaurant Row). New, comfortable and getting a celebrity play. Open for luncheon and dinner every day. \$7 will do it.

Beverly Wilshire Hotel Pharmacy. Located in the West Wilshire corner of the hotel's first floor, this a spot to bear in mind because it is open 24 hours per day, every day. Crowded at noon and during dinner hour, but a great spot for the late, late snack. Exceptional menu for a drug store. **Blum's**, corner of Camden Drive and Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills. One of the great confectionery-restaurants of the area. Be sure to read their sundae menu carefully; it's witty and droolful. Open every day from 9 A.M. until 9 P.M.

C. C. Brown, 7007 Hollywood Boulevard (block west of Grauman's Chinese). Serves knockout hot fudge or hot caramel sundaes, Hollywood younger set "reduces" here. Open 11:30 A.M. until midnight. Send home a box of their chocolates—the most!

Brown Derby (D). The "hat" Derby (and this makes a great picture when snapped from the Ambassador grounds directly to the south) is located at 3377 Wilshire Boulevard. Coffee shop opens at 7 A.M., dining room functions from noon until around 11, every day. The Beverly Derby, 9537 Wilshire Boulevard, diagonally across from the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, is open for luncheon and dinner. Los Feliz Derby, 4500 Los Feliz Boulevard, has a coffee shop that opens at 7 A.M., closes at 2 A.M.; the dining room serves luncheon and dinner. The Hollywood Derby, 1628 North Vine Street, is probably the most famous of all, and is always filled with celebrities. Coffee shop open from 7 A.M., dining room from noon until around eleven P.M. Reservations are absolutely necessary in all Derbies except possibly on Sunday. There is a new Derby on Stocker Street between Crenshaw and Santa Rosalia that is open on a 24-hour basis, and is smaller, less crowded at the dinner hour than the other locations.

Captain's Table (D), 301 South La Cienega Boulevard, on Restaurant Row. This spot specializes in seafood flown in from where-have-you (mahimahi from Hawaii, lobsters from Maine, prawns from New Orleans) and in celebrities transported from as wide an area. Open daily from 5 P.M. until 2 A.M. Reservations necessary, tariff fairly high.

The Castle (D), 828 S. Robertson Boulevard, near Beverly Hills. A great spot for a picture—turret, stone walls, drawbridge, etc. Also has really good Caesar salad and charcoal broiled steak. Open daily 11 A.M. to 2 A.M. Prices reasonable.

Chasen's, 9039 Beverly Boulevard, near Doheny Drive in Beverly Hills. Serves dinners from 6 P.M. except Mondays when closed. This is one of the great restaurants of the world, a star hangout. Exterior snapshots only. Prices in keeping with gourmet scale everywhere, i.e. very expensive. Reservations absolutely essential, unless you merely want to pick up a Schweppes with or without at the bar.

Clifton's Cafeterias. If you are in downtown L. A. and want to catch a quick bite at a pittance, as well as an interesting flash-color picture or two, there are two convenient Clifton locations serving breakfast, luncheon and dinner: Woodsy Brookdale is at 648 South Broadway and palmy Pacific Seas is at 618 South Olive.

Cock 'n Bull (D), 9170 Sunset Boulevard, at the west end of the Sunset Strip. This remains the photog and magazine-writers' hangout. Luncheon on weekdays and Saturdays from noon until 2:30 (buffet) and dinner from 6 until 11 (buffet). Sundays a brunch is served from 11, also buffet. Prices are reasonable, food like shepherd's pie, Welsh rarebit and English trifle.

Cove (D), corner of 7th & Berenda, just a block east of the Ambassador. Serving luncheon and dinner through the week, dinner only on Saturday and Sunday. Food in the French manner, tariff medium (fish, etc.) to high (steaks, specialties).

Don, The Beachcomber's (D), 1727 N. McCadden Place, Hollywood. One-half block north of Hollywood Boulevard, 2 blocks east of Highland Avenue. This is the original Beachcomber's, established by the colorful New Orleans restaurateur who changed his name, legally, during the war to "Don Beachcomber" and who now holds forth in Honolulu and Tahiti. This spot specializes in Cantonese food, rum beverages, rain on the roof, atmosphere and fun. Great flash picture scenes in every direction. Tariff not inexpensive by any means, but food superb. Open every day from 5 P.M.

The Duck Press (D), 2353 E. Olympic Boulevard (east of downtown L. A.). If you yearn for quail, venison, pheasant under glass, or practically any other game en-

tree, the Duck Press is for you. King Gable usually has his ducks prepared at this spot, as do most California sportsmen. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 11:30 P.M., Sundays and holidays 4 P.M. to 11 P.M. Expensive but worth it.

Fox & Hounds (D), 2900 Wilshire Boulevard, in Santa Monica. An Old English-style tavern of proportions never dreamed of in Old England. Luncheon and dinner daily. Reservations; prices fair but tall.

Frascati's (D). There are three of these Belgian-cuisine restaurants in the L. A. area: 8117 Sunset Boulevard (diagonally across from Schwab's) is one of Joan Crawford's favorites; serves luncheon and dinner every day except Sunday, when it opens at 5 P.M. 1056 S. La Cienega (on Restaurant Row) is open as above, and so is 9501 Wilshire in Beverly Hills. The Sunset location has an exterior patio that would make a good snapshot. Prices are moderate to expensive.

Gotham Delicatessen (D), 7050 Hollywood Boulevard. This is a hangout for the young Hollywood players who dig a midnight snack. Spot is open from 9 A.M. until 1 A.M. weekdays; closes at midnight on Sunday. Fine fodder at tender fees.

Hamburger Hamlets. How would you like a cheeseburger manufactured out of 1/4 pound of charcoal broiled ground sirloin, plus two strips of crisp bacon, plus a slathering of cheddar cheese, plus a final garnish of Russian dressing, price 85¢? Don't drown in your own juices, f'even's sake, until you get the addresses: 8929 Sunset Boulevard (on the Strip); 369 North Bedford Drive in Beverly Hills; or 10943 Weyburn Avenue, Westwood (home of UCLA). The Hamburger Hamlets are owned and operated by Harry Lewis, who was once a Warner Brothers star. Nowadays, in addition to turning out fabulous foods, he also marches into the kitchen

and whips up—via top-secret recipe—a brand of lobster bisque (85¢ per copy) that fetches gourmets from hither, not to say thither and yon. Live a little.

Jack's at the Beach, on the Ocean Park Pier, Ocean Park. From this pier you can get some great shots of Santa Monica Bay to the north and east, and of the Palos Verdes hills to the south. As for the restaurant, super. If you can snag a table in front of the windows you'll never forget the view—or the food. Dinner served from 5 P.M. until about midnight. Closed Tuesdays. Movie rendezvous, so reservations are advised, and prices are high. After dinner you might pop over to the Aragon Ballroom for a few dances to Lawrence Welk's Champagne Music.

King's Arms, 4323 Riverside Drive, Burbank (short distance west of Warner Brothers studio). Looks like a medieval castle in miniature and the parking lot attendants who take your car are dressed like grooms of old. The great oaken door opens into a small entry in which Excalibur is imbedded in concrete; a nearby plaque explains that anyone who can withdraw Excalibur from its stone is rightful ruler of England. Well, you can always try! Within the main portion of the restaurant there is a "round table" bar, a massive fireplace entirely encircled by banquettes and small tables. Beyond this are two dining rooms, each with unique attractions in keeping with the King's Arms theme. Food is superb, prices moderate to uppish. Open weekdays from noon until midnight or so; open Sundays from 3 P.M. Don't miss this one—but make reservations.

NOTE: A companion restaurant is the Queen's Arms, on Ventura Boulevard in the San Fernando Valley, but at present it is so overwhelmed by hungry localites that it seems somewhat unfair to burden the staff by adding more standees to their

inevitable queue for dinner. Its decor is not as interesting as the King's Arms.

La Rue (D), 8633 Sunset Boulevard (on the Strip). From across the street (Sunset) you can get a fine shot of this most chi-chi of Filmtown's dining spots. From the exterior it looks as if a sidewalk cafe should be nestling beneath its awnings—a clue to the French cuisine that has made La Rue famous. Dinner served from 5:30 daily except Mondays. Reservations essential. Tab will be impressive, but so will be your fellow diners, your surroundings, the service and the food. If you're only moderately hungry, ask for Queen's Pancakes—and remember to note the date. Unforgettable as a first kiss.

Luau (D), 421 N. Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills. Don't miss a picture of the Luau exterior, in color preferably. One of the most photogenic restaurants in the world and worth half a dozen shots. The interior is quite as enchanting and the tall, handsome man who will, in all probability, greet you is Steve Crane. Luau is open for dinner every evening; cuisine is Cantonese, but the steaks are excellent, too. Tariff high, and worth it.

Lucey's (D), 5444 Melrose Avenue (two blocks east of RKO Studios). Luncheons and dinner served daily expect Sundays when the "Closed" sign is up. Within the vine-covered walls there is a courtyard (rustic tables, striped tablecloths) worth a color shot, but better keep your camera in its case inside because Lucey's—particularly at luncheon—is a prime movie spot, especially patronized by RKO, Columbia and Paramount. Reservations essential, better count on \$5 for two for luncheon, \$8 to \$10 for dinner. Cuisine Italian.

Ming Room (D), 358 S. La Cienega (Restaurant Row). Owned by Bruce Wong who has worked in almost every Oriental picture ever shot in Hollywood, this beau-

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tifully decorated spot opens during the week at 4 P.M. and serves until around midnight; Sundays it opens at 3 P.M. Prices in line with Restaurant Row checks.

Musso and Frank Grill (D), 6667 Hollywood Boulevard. Serves breakfast, luncheon and dinner every weekday; closed Sundays. You haven't lived until you (with a star at each elbow) have pressed your fork into a stack of M. and F. flannel cakes. Back room could be transported intact to New York and would find itself at home. Prices moderate.

Naples (D), 1508 N. Gower, one-half block north of Sunset, just east of CBS. This unpretentious, cramped little bistro is a favorite coffee and pizza place for players from Columbia Studios and CBS. Open for luncheon and dinner every day; luncheon reservation absolutely necessary. Prices friendly. Yes, that's Aldo Ray in the first booth, Kim Novak in the second.

Nicodell (D). Both Nicodells are always busy and celebrity-filled; both open at 10:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Original is located at 1614 N. Argyle (block east of Vine, block south of Hollywood Boulevard) and the younger brother is situated at 5511 Melrose Avenue, not far west of Lucey's. Incidentally, there is a parking problem at both locations, so in case you are driving, spot your favorite Nicodell, then circle the block to the nearest parking lot and walk back.

Oyster House (D), 666 N. La Cienega Boulevard (on Restaurant Row). This place is new, rather New Orleans in feeling and popular with celebs. If you love pompano en papillote, order it here; if you've never tried it, your taste buds will burble. Oyster House is open for dinner seven days per week; reservations suggested; tab a little rich, but worth it.

Patio, 3077 Wilshire Boulevard (opposite and one-half block west of Bullock's-Wilshire). Unimposing entrance, but walk through the small forward restaurant and there is a charming patio under sheltering trees—an excellent shot in black and white or color. The food is just as intriguing: giant hamburgers, ham sandwiches, and tuna (1 can of white fish per sandwich). The menu is brief, but everything on it is divine. Open Monday through Saturday, 11:30 A.M. until 4 P.M. This is worth going out of your way to visit. Be hungry when you try it and accompany your sandwich (85¢ to \$1.10) with Café Melange, 35¢.

Perino's, 4101 Wilshire Boulevard, Wilshire District. One of the great restaurants of the world. Perino's ranks with Le Tour Argent and Maxim's in Paris. It is also one of the most expensive restaurants in this or any country, but worth every penny if your palate is particular and you enjoy the knowledge that an oilionaire from Texas, a socialite from Gotham, and a maharajah from India may be your next-table neighbors. Luncheon from 11:30 A.M. Dinner from 6. Reservations wise.

Ready Room (D), 365 N. La Cienega (on Restaurant Row). Johnny Wilson, USC athletic great of yesteryear, is the boniface at this charming tavern-type restaurant. Their roast beef is the best in the city in the opinion of those who should know. Luncheon from noon until 2:30 weekdays; dinner from 5. Saturdays and Sundays dinner only served. Reservations suggested; tab for two about \$8.

Romanoff's (D), 140 South Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills (one-half block south of Wilshire, 2 blocks west of Beverly Drive). The façade of Romanoff's makes a good afternoon shot as it faces west and the texture of huge doors and brick walls provides interesting background. No interior photography permitted—not even professional. HRH Prince Michael Romanoff, a gentleman of modest stature but

stratospheric wit and poise, is usually about, being charming to his many-carated crowd. A cautious visitor may patronize the bar and view the dining room where there are certain to be some of the famous pampering themselves on Lucullan food. Plan on at least \$15 for two without beverages or tips. Luncheon and dinner daily except Sundays when the Crown Room is often used by private parties, but the rest of the edifice is dark. Reservations wise.

Santa Inez Inn's Fireside Room, 17310 Sunset Boulevard, Pacific Palisades (quarter of a mile from the junction of Sunset and Pacific Coast Highway). Breakfast, luncheon and dinner are served in this charming dining room with its tremendous fireplace, its balcony overlooking Sunset and its glass wall overlooking the Inn's swimming pool. Prices are reasonable and there are at least six excellent vantage points from which to make good pictures. There's an unusual gift shop in the lobby.

The Sawdust Trail (D), 1735 N. McCadden Place (same side of street but up a notch from Don, the Beachcomber's). This place



At the exciting Coconut Grove, visitors like Honey King, Jane Lynn are welcome

is hard to find because Villa Capri is in front of it, but stroll down the alley and there you are, at a one-time small hotel which has been converted into a series of dining rooms around an outdoor patio. Dinner for two (without beverages or tips) will run \$5 for chicken, \$6 for charcoal broiled steak, a process which you can watch. For dessert try vinegar pie, no fooling! This place is closed Sundays, but otherwise serves dinner from 5 to 11 P.M. **Scandia**, 9131 Sunset Boulevard (on the Strip). If your background is Scandinavian, or if you merely dote on scrumptious food, Scandia is for you. It is a compact place and tremendously popular, so reservations are obligatory at any time. Menu on a blackboard; binoculars furnished if necessary. During the winter holidays, be sure to try their glug. Closed Mondays. Luncheon and dinner served through Saturday, dinner only on Sunday. Expensive, but worth it. If you feel venturesome, ask the waiter to advise an entree. If you are over 21, try Swedish punch—the hot breath of an iceberg—as an after-dinner drink.

Sportsmen's Lodge (D), 12833 Ventura Boulevard. Another of the great southern California restaurants. A fine picture can be made from the footbridges spanning the

trout lakes from which you can catch your own dinner, if you want to know your food that well. In addition to sea and lake foods, the steaks are tender with age, and the salads are crisp as a new-minted twenty. Expensive, and worth it, reservations wise, dinner served 7 nights each week.

Tail O' The Cock. There are three members of this delightful family which brings a touch of famed Southern hospitality to the Coast. All serve luncheon and dinner every day (Bantam Cock and 477 don't on Sundays) and such luncheon and dinner! Veddy social and white-gloved is the 477 South La Cienega location (reservations essential) and veddy festive it is during the holiday season when Santa and his reindeer greet patrons from the roof. The Bantam Cock (newly enlarged and redecorated at 643 N. La Cienega) is informal and gay. The San Fernando Valley address is 12950 Ventura Boulevard, the headquarters of many Valley players (stage, screen, radio-TV), but you'll be just as welcome as if you were Bob Hope.

Tallyho (D), 8750 Beverly Boulevard. This is an English tavern type, cheerful, cosy, and source of excellent viands. Reservations suggested for dinner, served from 5 P.M. until midnight every day. Tariff about \$7 for two.

Tam O'Shanter, 2980 Los Feliz Boulevard. On your way to the Glendale Southern Pacific station, or to Forest Lawn Memorial Park, this is an excellent place to visit. The waitresses are dressed as Scottish lassies. The beamed rooms, several with fireplace, are charming and the food reasonably priced. Try the deck steak (two broiled ground sirloin patties with a layer of cheddar cheese between) served with shoestring potatoes. Who's dieting?

The Traders, in the Beverly Hilton Hotel shop area (motor entrance on Santa Monica Boulevard). Don't miss this one if you dote on Cantonese food. Exterior pictures can be made any time during the afternoon or by flash later (dinner only is served from 5 on). Either Don Avelier or King Wong will greet you and see that you are seated to advantage. Have stuffed shrimp as an appetizer and include Oyster Beef in your dinner order. Very expensive, but you'll have the Oriental dinner of your life amid romantic surroundings. Always a celeb somewhere nearby.

Villa Capri (D), 1735 N. McCadden Place. A favorite rendezvous of the local Italian colony and such greats as Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Sal Mineo and Frankie Laine. Espresso coffee and Cappuccino (if you're over 21) are delights of the house, not to mention pizza, fettuccino and such. Dinner only, served 7 days per week, prices reasonable.

Villa Nova (D), 9015 Sunset Boulevard. Another of the great Italian restaurants which combines atmosphere, a colorful clientele and excellent food. Remember the old school roundelay "Ninety-nine bottles, hanging on the wall"? The originals form part of the decor at Villa Nova.

Wil Wright's. No trip to Hollywood can be considered complete until the tripper has surrounded an ice cream masterpiece from Wil Wright's. There are 5 locations, open daily from noon until midnight: 200 South Beverly Drive in Beverly Hills; 10879 Lindbrook Drive, in Westwood Village (UCLA); 8252 Santa Monica Boulevard; 8641 Sunset Boulevard (on the Strip); in the Arcade Building on Marlton Street, just above Santa Barbara Avenue in the Crenshaw District.

Things To See and Do

Catalina, an island about 20 miles off the coast of California, the darling of the high school and early college clan. There's swimming, dancing at the Casino (to name

La Brea Tar Pits. These are located in a landscaped park just between Ohrbach's and the May Company Wilshire. It's free, and you should roam through it—keeping close rein on any children in your party because there is constant excavation going on—within clearly marked and roped-off areas. Keep the camera handy and pose some of the members of your party on the huge concrete bears and sabre-tooth tigers that have been installed to give modern man some idea of the intrepidity of his forebears.

Los Angeles County Museum. Figueroa Street at 39th Street, maintains permanent exhibits on art, history and science and constantly changing temporary art exhibits, such as the Edward G. Robinson and the Chrysler collections. Don't miss the costume gallery which includes the clothing of some of Hollywood's long-time greats. Open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. except Mondays, Thanksgiving, Christmas. Free.

Marineland of the Pacific, reputed to be the largest Oceanarium in the world, this is situated on the Palos Verdes Peninsula between Redondo Beach and San Pedro, at Portuguese Bend. Don't miss it. Admission, \$1 for adults, 90¢ for servicemen, 50¢ for children. This fee will let you spend the day, because an attendant will stamp your hand if you wish to go in and out of the tank area. In addition to the Oceanarium building, there are a refreshment stand, picnic grounds with tables and benches, a huge restaurant-cocktail lounge with a breathtaking view of the Pacific (you really *can* see Catalina on a moderately clear day) and a motel. All are immaculate, and all are reasonably priced. At the Oceanarium the shows are given from 10:30 A.M. until 4:30 P.M. There are three different 15-minute displays of the inmates, and these are given in rotation throughout the day. You will love the porpoises; get set to shoot them fast.

Missions. Father Junipero Serra founded the first on July 16, 1769, in what is now called Old Town in San Diego; the last was founded in Sonoma (in northern California) on July 4, 1823, and named San Francisco Solano. Between these two cradle ends grew the infant California. If you are coming to California, you should do this much research in advance: Send \$2.75 to Brown and Nourse, Publishers, 100 Edgehill Drive, San Carlos, California, for a copy of a slender volume entitled "California Missions" by Floyd Ray. It includes a list of the Missions, the dates of their founding and over 80 superb photographs. You will treasure it for the rest of your life and leave it proudly to your great-grandson.

Movie Studios. If you know a Big Wheel, or better yet a Colossal Wheel, you might secure a pass to visit a sound stage. Otherwise, the best way to see a studio is on a Tanner Gray Line Tour.

Olvera Street. Opposite the Old Plaza on Main Street in downtown Los Angeles, this restoration of the first street in El Pueblo is fascinating for the eyes, award-winning for the camera. Best to visit at night. Be sure to squander 50¢ on a trip through the old adobe and listen with your imagination's ear to the tinkling of a ghost guitar played by fingers long gone to dust.

Radio and TV Shows, at NBC, CBS, and so on. Order tickets to your favorites by mail at least a month in advance. If your trip is spur-of-the-moment, check with the Information Desk in the entrance of each of the broadcasting stations.

Southwest Museum, 234 Museum Drive (the white building looming over the Pasadena Freeway) is open 1 to 5 P.M. daily except Mondays and holidays and contains enough Indian lore to set Custer to carving arrowheads in his grave. This is the place to lose the youngsters while

you take pictures from the various tower levels. Admission free.

After you've seen Southwest Museum, turn left onto Figueroa and go to 4603 North to view a replica of a Spanish colonial ranch of the 1800's, authentically furnished. Open 2 to 5 P.M. Wednesdays and Sundays. Free. Bring along a serape and have a friend snap you as a throw-back to the days of the Dons.

DANCING

Bar of Music, 7351 Beverly Boulevard. Dancing and entertainment from 9 P.M. nightly; a fun spot, informal dressing okay. Minimum on Saturdays. Check for dinner around \$10 for two.

Ciro's, 8433 Sunset Boulevard (on the Strip). This is one of the top spots in California. Floor shows at 10:30 and 12:30 nightly. Cover charge and prices are what you would expect, since Debbie and Eddie are likely to be at the next table, Peggy King and Andre Previn across the room. Reservations essential. Dress, afternoon or cocktail type.

Cocoanut Grove, in the Ambassador Hotel. Another celebrity spot: expensive, reservations essential. Dress: chic but not the white satin formal.

Cinegrill, in the Roosevelt Hotel (Hollywood). Dancing nightly to the music of two alternate orchestras; Saturday afternoon dansante, and Monday is mambo night. Tab is reasonable (\$12 for two without beverages) and dress what you would wear to a club dance at home.

Mocambo, 6230 Sunset Boulevard (on the Strip). Another of the celebrity spots, which means interesting views, expensive menu, reservations essential, and dress afternoon or cocktail type.

Moulin Rouge, 6230 Sunset Boulevard, near NBC and CBS. Best evening entertainment in town. Revue, dinner and dancing for \$5.50 per person. Place looks like the night clubs one sees only in motion pictures. Closed Mondays.

Palladium, 6215 Sunset Boulevard, also near NBC, CBS. This is the yum-yum plant for the young crowd: Always a name band, always a cold Coke or a sandwich available at a food stand. Open Wednesday through Sunday 8:30 P.M. until 2 A.M. Admission charged, depending on where you wish to sit between dances, or

whether you want to dance or just observe. Average price about \$6 per couple.

THEATRES

A listing *only* of those offering fare other than standard movies:

Beverly Canon, 205 N. Canon Drive, Beverly Hills. Foreign films.

Biltmore, 5th Street between Olive & Grand, downtown L. A. Legitimate house, showing Theatre Guild attractions and others.

Carthay Circle, 6316 West San Vicente Boulevard, one block south of Wilshire, between Fairfax and La Cienega. "Around the World in 80 Days," produced by Mike Todd, alias Mr. Elizabeth Taylor. Don't miss this fascinating film with David Niven, Cantinflas, and practically everyone else in Hollywood or Elstree. Matinee, \$1.75 up; evenings, \$2.50 up.

Fine Arts, 8556 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills. Foreign films.

Four Star Theatre, 5112 Wilshire Boulevard. Foreign films or roadshow specials.

Greek Theatre, in Griffith Park. An outdoor arena, functioning in the summer only, but offering such goodies as Harry Belafonte in concert, light operas and such. \$2.50 up. Tickets must be secured well in advance because a subscription list takes up many seats.

Horseshoe Stage, 7458 Melrose Avenue, between Fairfax and La Brea. This theatre is usually taken over by groups, but call Hollywood 2-6666 in case there may be an extra seat or two. At this writing, "Desire Under the Elms" is playing.

Huntington Hartford Theatre, 1615 North Vine, opposite the Hollywood Derby. Legitimate shows. This is a beautiful theatre; light dinner is served at reasonable prices before curtain and beverages between acts. Tickets from \$2.20 up.

Pan-Pacific Auditorium, in the Gilmore "Island" (so-called because it is surrounded by commerce and residential areas) south of Beverly Boulevard, between La Brea and Fairfax. This showplace is used for the Ice Follies, the annual Home Show, the Antique Show, and ice-hockey games.

Pantages Hollywood, at 6233 Hollywood Boulevard. This is a movie mansion, but you should catch a picture there because it is the theatre in which the Academy Awards are handed out each March.

Pasadena Community Playhouse, the cradle



Thrilled by celeb drawings, Honey and Jane at Brown Derby

of tomorrow's stars, located at 39 South El Molino Avenue, Pasadena. Legitimate drama. Delightful picture possibilities in the patio, prices reasonable.

Players Ring Gallery Theatre, 8351 Santa Monica Boulevard. "Little Theatre" at its best. Catch a performance because chances are excellent you will spot a young player about to be placed under contract. Hugh O'Brian used to star in such productions. **Ritz Theatre**, Wilshire at La Brea. Legitimate drama. As this is written Russell Nype (of "Call Me Madame" fame) and Marjorie Lord are starring in "Anniversary Waltz." Tickets from \$2.20.

Theatre Mart, 600 Vermont Avenue. Now in its 23rd year of presenting "hiss the villain" productions. Nowadays "The Drunkard" shares playing time with "The Wayward Way," which also exposes the evils of alcohol while the audience munches pretzels and drinks beer, cost of which is included in admission price starting at \$2.65.

Vagabond, 2509 Wilshire Boulevard, just west of MacArthur Park. Shows the best of foreign films.

Warner's Beverly, corner of Wilshire Boulevard and Beverly Drive. Road-show cinema house. Current: "The Ten Commandments."

Warner's Hollywood, 6425 Hollywood Boulevard. "Cinerama Holiday"; if you haven't seen Cinerama, you haven't lived.

Places To Get Glamour

Make this vacation an occasion to redo yourself on either a deluxe or a modest scale. While in glamorous Hollywood, why not take advantage of the opportunities for glamour that the stars too are happy to seize?

For a makeup treatment, call Max Factor, HOLLYWOOD 2-6131, for an appointment. Give the salon about two days notice and allow about an hour for your charmification. You will be given a free street makeup, plus advice about stressing your good points and disguising your less than perfect features. Your only obligation is to buy \$3 worth of cosmetics, which you would want to do anyhow. The salon is located at 1666 North Highland Avenue, a half block south of Hollywood Boulevard.

For a new hairdo, telephone the House of Westmore, 6638 Sunset Boulevard, HOLLYWOOD 7-7111. The time consumed and the price should be about what you are accustomed to back home.

For a new outlook on how to dress, have luncheon from noon until 2 P.M. at Bullock's-Wilshire or Bullock's-Westwood and watch the daily (except Sunday, of course) fashion show. I. Magnin's, Vermont near Wilshire, shows business girl fashions every Monday from 7:30 P.M. until 9:30 P.M. Alvena Tomin stages a well-rounded collection of smart fashions at Barraclough's, 6220 West 3rd Street, every Tuesday noon.

For a chance to put your new fashion knowledge to work, visit the chic salon of Don Loper, 152 South Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills, just a few steps south of Romanoff's. You could buy a \$500 ball gown here, but you don't have to. Have a look around, be frank with the sales force about your needs and you might well walk out with a treasure that will mean a new lease on life.

For delightful California fashions "at a price," try the Town and Country Market, which is directly south, across Third Street, from the Farmers' Market. It consists of excellent shops and quaint restaurants.

For a raincoat that is strictly Californian and will bring about spasms of envy in the hearts of everyone back home, hie yourself to the incredible shop of Irene



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For a fashion lift if you are unusually tall or exceptionally heavy, take yourself happily to Lane Bryant, 233 North Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, and come out ready to pose for the best picture you've ever had snapped.

What to Wear

Let your wardrobe for Hollywood be dictated by two things: the season and your interests. Don't pack everything you own—remember you're restricted in weight if you're traveling by air and just plain restricted if you load yourself down with too much luggage.

In choosing your clothes, stay with two basic colors. You'll find this saves space, for you'll be able to wear the same shoes, gloves and bag with several costumes. Then, for change, add a gay scarf, an interesting piece of costume jewelry and gloves. Travel in a suit and wear a small clutch-type hat, carry an all-weather coat or raincoat, along with an extra-large handbag. Your sightseeing shoes should be comfortable and practical; your dressy pair, a neat pump that can double for afternoon or evening. Be sure to pack one dressy suit and count on wonder fabrics to ease your laundry budget. For cool days, a wool jersey or knitted dress is perfect; for warm weather pack two street dresses or a variety of separates. You may not think you'll need it, but a cocktail dress usually can be used in Hollywood. Cardigan sweaters are indispensable and a stole can add flair to a dinner dress and keep you unbothered by draft or air conditioning. Don't forget, too, a small evening purse. By all means, take a bathing suit and cap and don't forget those indispensables: nylon lingerie, stockings and pajamas. For leisure hours, pack travel slippers and a comfortable robe. And leave room in your luggage. One of the delights of travel is to buy things you can't find back home and which will later remind you of the fun you had.

Pack according to season: *April* in California is lovely, and a shirtmaker, cotton tweed suit or dress or a linen sheath is ideal. Bring a warm coat and a cardigan. *May* is Hollywood's dual-personality month. Up until the middle of the month weather is usually summery and bright and the first of the dressy cottons have begun to appear. About May 15th the high fogs begin and hang on until as late as the first to fifteenth of July. Sharp winds and dew at night can make a warm coat or a dress in packable jersey welcome. But don't be fooled by the fog. You can blister red if you lie on the beach too long. *June* weather is more of May with the exception that the days are longer and the danger of sunburning at the beach much greater. For parties, white will be the color most worn; fabrics will be floating nylon, printed chiffon, pastel organdy. Bring along, or plan to buy, a playsuit, cotton pedal pushers. *July* and *August* are high summer months, the days being hot and sunny; the nights, chilly enough near the ocean for a warm jacket (fur, cashmere, or lined wool). The Hollywood Bowl concerts are on (check the local

papers for program) but be sure to dress warmly in a sweater and skirt and take along a laprug if you have one in your car; the summer dew is penetrating. *September* is the hottest month of the year. Dacron-cotton drip-dries will seem pure gold. One pure silk shantung or silk tweed will take you anywhere in style and a cardigan will protect you against air conditioning. The beach season, which opens with the Memorial Day holiday, closes with the Labor Day weekend, although some of the best beach weather arrives slightly later and often lasts through Thanksgiving. *October*, *November* and *December* are on the sunny side, shirtsleeve weather and ideal for cotton dresses; but have a no-wrinkle jersey or knitted suit in case. *January* is the chilliest month and there is likely to be rain, so carry a raincoat, boots and an umbrella. If you're a skiing enthusiast, you'll find the best snow above Hollywood during *January*, *February*, *March* and sometimes *April*. *February* and *March* continue like *January*, although not so cool.

Calendar of Hollywood Events

April: In Palm Springs, Desert Circus Week, with Western garb, kangaroo court, celebrities in a Main Street lockup (memorable pictures), parades, charity ball; in Hemet, Ramona play mentioned elsewhere; Hollywood Bowl, Easter Sunrise Services; also in the Rose Bowl in Pasadena, at Forest Lawn, on Mt. Rubidoux, Riverside.

May: Newport to Ensenada International Yacht Race; Hollywood Park, beginning of horse racing, continues to middle of July.

June: Catalina Island welcomes the flying fish home from their southern sojourn with gaily lighted cruisers and decorated yachts; San Diego County Fair at Del Mar's fair grounds next to the race track

built by such film greats as Bing Crosby, Pat O'Brien and Fred Astaire.

July: Beginning of the Hollywood Bowl Symphonies under the stars; beginning of the Laguna Beach Pageant of the Masters; in Long Beach, Miss Universe Pageant.

August: Solvang's Danish Days described elsewhere; Newport Harbor's Flight of the Snowbirds (small sailboats) at which, last summer, the late Humphrey Bogart served as crew for one of the youngsters, a kindness the old salts at Newport will never forget; in Santa Barbara, Old Spanish Days Fiesta under the full moon; Los Angeles Nisei Week, at which, if you are lucky enough to have Japanese friends, you may enjoy the tea ceremonies, the judo tournament or the fashion, talent, or baby shows.

September: In Huntington Beach, Twins Convention, not to be missed if you are a pair of twins, with prizes for prettiest, most freckled, youngest, oldest, etc.; Los Angeles County Fair at Pomona, which this year shows only photographs in the art exhibit, so you can see what the big boys are doing with flash, film and range-finder; in San Pedro, the fishermen's Fiesta, blessing the fleet, dancing in the street, parading the lighted and decorated fishing boats.

October: From October until January 1st the biggest of Hollywood pictures are premiered in order to make them eligible for Academy Award consideration. Watch the daily papers or theatre marquees for the magic phrase "World Premiere." Bleachers are set up for the comfort of the fans and nearly all celebs will pose.

November: In Long Beach, All-Western Band Review, including 75 bands from schools and military groups, with prizes for best bands and majorettes.

December: Christmas, Christmas everywhere. Santa Claus Lane in Hollywood; Christmas Tree Lane in Altadena (a mile of lighted deodars); Newport's floating Christmas tree; Long Beach's parade of cruisers carrying Christmas carolers; Beverly Hills' competition for best-decorated homes; San Fernando Valley's similar race.

January: In Pasadena, Tournament of Roses and the Rose Bowl Game; in San Diego, New Year's Regatta and Shiver and Shake Club (known austere as the Rowing Club) takes a dip in San Diego Bay; Los Angeles Open Golf Tournament; Santa Anita Winter Meeting in Arcadia, from the day after Christmas until March (Note: Six of the meeting's races award more than the Kentucky Derby purse).

February: Breathtaking camellia show in Descanso Gardens, La Canada, with a small admission charge to see 48,000 plants in simultaneous bloom; in Indio, Riverside County Fair and National Date Festival including Arabian Nights' pageant; in Palm Springs, Westerdale, first rodeo of the year sanctioned by Rodeo Cowboys Association and a great place to spot celebrities by the dozens; in San Diego, Soaring Championships, with sailplane pilots hoping to catch a breeze over Torrey Pines mesa and soar all the way to Honolulu.

March: In San Bernardino, National Orange Show, a terrific fair; in Sierra Madre, the Wisteria Festival, fete held in honor of a vine with delusions of grandeur, produces an acre of blossoms; at Hollywood Park Race Track in Inglewood, California International Flower Show, about which you wouldn't believe your own memory if you didn't have camera evidence to prove it; in Death Valley, Furnace Creek Golf Tournament (Note: Death Valley is something to see between November and April, but no tourist should attempt the trip without being fully briefed at the Automobile Club of Southern California, Figueroa Street at Adams). THE END

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Heston Sounds Off

(Continued from page 50)

who wants to land on the front pages of every newspaper in the country and wreck his career?

"There are other reasons, too," Chuck pointed out. "I think it goes back to one's childhood almost. I was brought up by parents who believed in 'clean living and Sunday churchgoing,' in honesty and integrity. When we came down from the woods of Michigan to Illinois so that I could attend high school, I was what you'd call a country bumpkin—big, gangling and green."

The change was great for the teen-age boy who had spent most of his life alone, roaming the beautiful wooded areas that belonged to his family. At New Trier High School in Winnetka, Chuck found himself left out. "The kids in school were a smart lot. They had cars to race around in and parties on their minds. I was homely and self-conscious," Chuck recalls, perhaps with some exaggeration. "My hair hung in my eyes and more often than not I was broke. I never felt I wanted to belong to a crowd like that."

Looking back, it seems unbelievable that Chuck never had a date all through high school. But it's true. "Books and acting cluttered my mind, not girls or parties. In fact, at the one affair I did go to—the big graduation dance—I didn't last long. My parents drove me over to the school auditorium and dropped me off. I wasn't too keen on going in but didn't have much choice. After taking one brief look at the laughing crowd, I turned around and fled. This simply was not my kind of fun. Still isn't. I'm a homebody, I like to putter around the house, listen to music, sometimes cook up a batch of spaghetti, play with Fray."

When Chuck entered Northwestern University, though, something special did happen to the country boy from Michigan. Sitting two rows in front of him in Fundamentals of Theatre Practice B40 was pert, dark-haired Lydia Clarke. "I remember even the sprig of artificial holly she wore—that first day I saw her," Heston fondly recalls. But he kept his admiration to himself until one afternoon after class when Lydia casually asked him how she should speak her opening line in their one-act play. The line was (Chuck's never forgotten it): "My frog is dead." He suggested she say: "My *frog* is dead," with emphasis on the frog. That did it—Chuck fell in love.

The next time Lydia wandered backstage after a school performance, Chuck was ready. He fumbled but managed in the end to finally get a date. "It was wonderful," he says, "and terrible."

"I didn't have a cent in my pocket. So I took Lydia to the college hangout, crossing my fingers I'd meet someone I knew there. Luckily, I did and I borrowed a dime. Lydia and I had one cup of coffee each, over three hours of talk about everything from Shakespeare to Barrymore. It was the cheapest date we've ever had."

Chuck maintains—rather emphatically in fact—that he knew from the start that Lydia was right for him. "She was sincere about everything—or tried to be—and kind and warmhearted. Also, we'd had the same kind of upbringing." For the next three years, Chuck proposed to Lydia regularly, and just as regularly she refused. Since then, Lydia admits that she thought the big lanky woodsman from Michigan looked as wild as the woods he'd come from. Besides, she was young and marriage was not in her plans. The theatre was her love.

It was wartime and Chuck was in the

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Army Air Corps and his morale had sunk to its lowest. "I'd just given up all hope of Lydia's consenting," Chuck says, "when one morning I received a wire: I HAVE DECIDED TO ACCEPT YOUR PROPOSAL."

They were married in Greensboro, North Carolina, on March 17, 1944, just before Chuck left for overseas duty. "Lydia wore a lavender suit with a flowered hat. On the way to the church we got caught in a sudden downpour. The flowers wilted and the suit was limp and I expected tears. All Lydia could say was, 'If only they'd been real flowers, it might have done them some good.'"

After his discharge at the end of the war, Chuck and Lydia went to Asheville, North Carolina, as co-directors and leads in the Thomas Wolfe Memorial Theatre. But Broadway had always been their goal and with only dreams they went to New York, where they found a thirty-dollar-a-month cold-water flat. "We shopped frugally for bargains at the supermarkets and struggled valiantly for a niche in the acting profession," Chuck says.

Bit parts, a television walk-on came their way. And, about this time, other women began to notice the tall, good-looking young actor, Charlton Heston.

How did Chuck feel about his sudden popularity?

"I felt then as I do now and as I did even in high school," he says. "I like attractive women and enjoy their company at a party but I don't want to enter into any relationship outside of marriage that isn't a purely friendly and platonic one. Anything else is out.

"But don't misunderstand me," he quickly goes on to add. "I'm as appreciative of a pretty girl as the next man. That's normal. But it's upbringing, a sense of right and wrong, or honor, if you will, that makes an extramarital relationship to me so repugnant."

And how should a wife feel about the fact that other women might be attracted to her husband and that he might find them interesting?

Heston claims it depends upon the husband. "Lydia knows perfectly well that she is my love—in fact my first love. And, I think, that means everything."

"How do you make Lydia feel secure in such a situation?"

"That's difficult for a husband to answer," Chuck says, pausing to consider the question. "But I suppose it's being aware of her as a person. To let her know that you appreciate the way she thinks and the way she looks. To let her know that you enjoy talking over your ideas, your problems with her and that you recognize that as an individual she has needs—to feel loved, to feel wanted, to feel important in her own right. That's why I never would ask Lydia to give up a play in which she was interested. I suppose being aware of the little things that women think important and that men often don't understand is necessary for a happy marriage. Things like smiling at your wife across a crowded room when you've separated at a party, or holding her hand when she seems overwrought or afraid, or remembering important days and noticing how hard she may have worked getting the slipcovers to fit. I guess it all adds up to thinking less of yourself and more of the other person."

"But isn't Lydia ever jealous?" we prompted.

"I don't think she'd mind if I told you. Yes, Lydia has been at times. But I think that's only natural—for any of us. But, fortunate for me, Lydia's a fine actress. She seldom displays her jealousy. Unlike some couples, we never have any after-the-party-is-over arguments. You know, the guests have gone home and the

wife snaps: 'Why were you so attentive to that young niece of Bill Jones?'"

In their early struggling days, Chuck scarcely had time to give another woman a tumble. He was too busy. There was one television job after another. First commercials, then small dramatic roles and finally meaty leads. In 1950, Hollywood beckoned and Chuck made his first film, "Dark City," opposite Elizabeth Scott.

The results were new roles and his career began to flourish. In the meantime, Lydia was becoming a well-known stage actress and the Hestons discovered they were spending more time apart than together. For instance, when Lydia was in Chicago with the hit, "The Seven Year Itch," Chuck was shuttling between New York for television and Hollywood for movies. For ten years, though, they kept their marriage solvent and their love alive

TO REACH THE STARS

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Columbia Pictures, 1438 North Gower Street, Hollywood 28

Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

M-G-M Studios, 10202 West Washington Blvd., Culver City

Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood 38

RKO Radio Pictures, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood 38

Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood

20th Century-Fox, 10201 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles 35

United Artists, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

Universal-International, Universal City

Warner Brothers Pictures, 4000 West Olive Avenue, Burbank

through marital hazards which should have defeated both.

"The most important thing is to marry the right person in the first place," says Chuck. "From the very beginning, Lydia and I had a great bond—our love for the theatre. Lydia's success was as important to me as mine was to her. And strange as it may sound, it was her success that deepened my respect for her. It's possible to respect someone you don't love," Chuck went on, "but it's hard to love someone you don't respect. I have the greatest respect for Lydia's work and the things that are important to her. And, we've been lucky, we've been willing to compromise."

"But an actor has more problems than the average husband, don't you agree?" we interjected. "For instance, as your career flourished and you found yourself before the cameras with many lovely Hollywood stars like Jennifer Jones, Susan Hayward, Eleanor Parker, Anne Baxter. Didn't they intrigue you?"

"Certainly," Chuck candidly replied.

"But no more than any other lovely creature. It may seem ridiculous to compare a pretty actress to a fine thoroughbred, but beauty and perfection are the same in any form of life. They're all God's work.

"Sure, some actors get carried away by the charms of their leading ladies and wind up getting cozy after the klieg lights are out. But this happens in offices, in plants, in places all over the world where men and women work together. Acting is work, an actor has to be as professional as, say, a worker in a steel plant. A steel worker has to learn to handle his product. He wears protector gloves, an asbestos apron, a mask. Sex is what sells tickets at the box office, but an actor must learn how to handle it.

"For instance, I refuse to pose for stills with actresses playing opposite me unless the photographer takes us on the set in costume. I turn thumbs down on photographs of myself and rising starlets, and I always insist publicity shots are with two actresses instead of one. If any actor poses with only one lovely girl, chances are, a gossip columnist will pick it up and make a news item out of it. With two, well, it's not so easy.

"Yes," Chuck declared, shifting his long legs under the table, "there are a hundred opportunities for an actor to cheat. But why? An intelligent actor realizes that most women aren't really interested in the man himself, but in his name. In our profession, you soon learn there are certain women who collect romances with famous names like other women collect Dresden teacups. It's not very flattering to any man to feel he's nothing but a trophy to be won and then put on a shelf. But then again doesn't any intelligent man realize this? Love is made up of lots of things: devotion, beauty, strength, loyalty, sacrifice, understanding. It's life itself. Who, in his right mind, would jeopardize all this for a casual fling? I've yet to meet a married man who was unfaithful to his wife who wasn't, at heart, discouraged with himself.

"You've got to know what you want and realize when you have it," Chuck explained seriously. "Then there's rarely a situation you can't handle."

"What about the enamored young ladies who somehow get hold of a star's telephone number?"

Chuck laughed loudly. "It happens to almost every actor. Usually when you're out of town, generally on a personal-appearance tour, when you're staying at a local hotel."

"How do you handle it?"

"I use Dick Powell's famous line," Chuck replied, with an impish grin. "Dick always answers, 'Gee, honey, I'd love to meet you. Just a minute. Wait till I ask my wife.' The girl invariably hangs up.

"No, I have an easy working formula. Kiss your leading lady in the morning, lock yourself up in your dressing room for lunch; kiss her again in the afternoon. By six o'clock when the director says, 'Wrap it up,' you're ready to go home—to the woman you know best, the woman who's gone through laughter and tears with you, the woman you love. And as the years go by, you'll realize that no outside flirtation, with its brief superficial pleasures, can solve boredom or personal problems nor can an affair possibly compare with the contentment, the richness and the happiness of a constant marriage."

Thirteen years of marriage without a single whisper of gossip for the Charlton Hestons has proved this is a pretty good formula. Particularly when it can be made to work in Hollywood. THE END

DON'T FAIL TO SEE: Charlton Heston in Paramount's "Three Violent People."

Escape to Happiness

(Continued from page 59)

baby christened after Doris Kenyon, who starred with Rudolph Valentino in the famous 1924 version of "Monsieur Beaucaire."

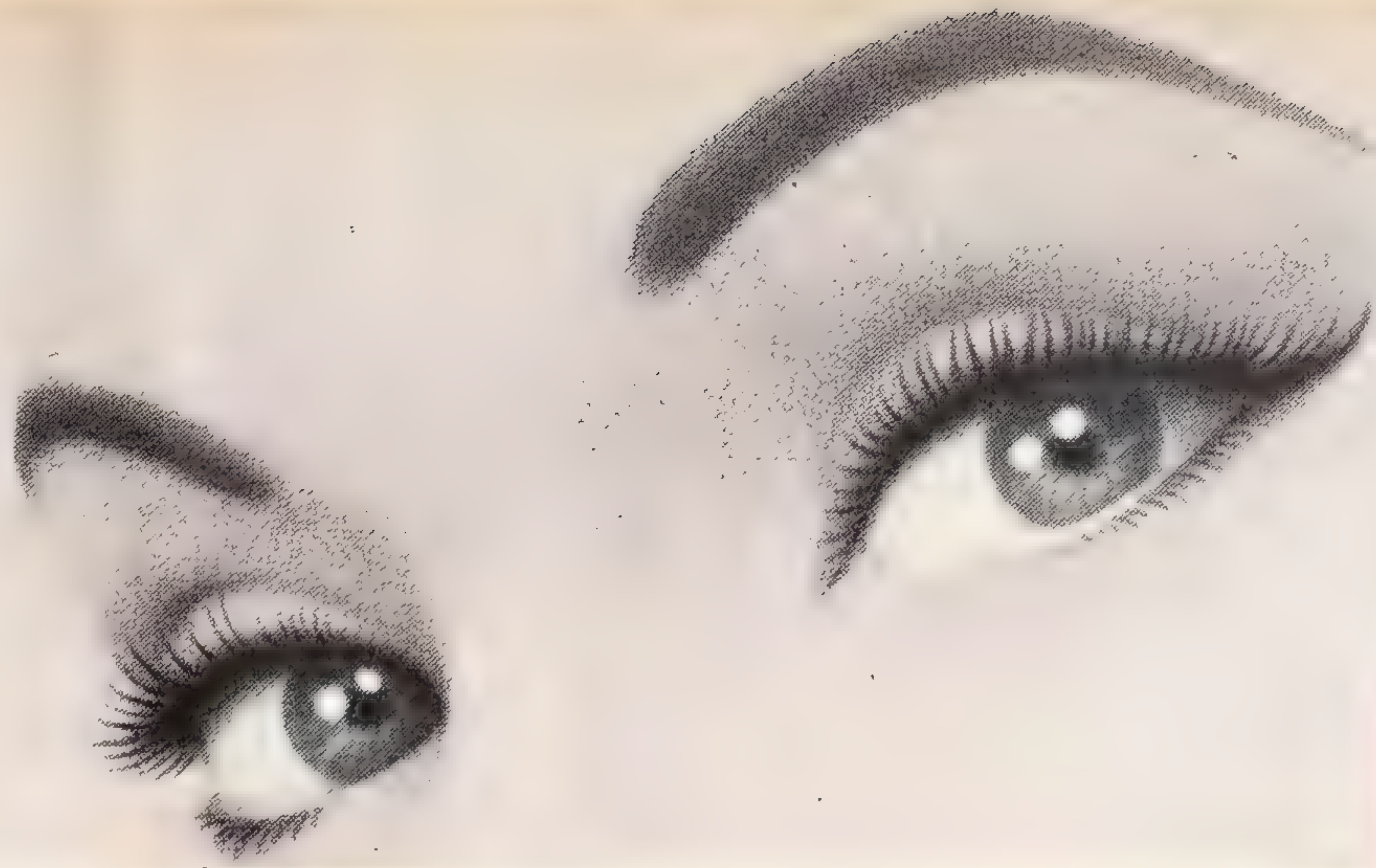
Doris' inheritance from her father was definitely on the more serious side. William Kappelhoff was a dedicated musician of the old German school of Wagner, Bach and Beethoven. His greatest love was the organ, an instrument confined in Cincinnati to the great movie houses, which he scorned for their frivolity, or to the great churches, which could offer little in the way of remuneration to a man with a growing family. When Doris arrived there was a four-year-old son Paul who was already going through shoes and clothes at an alarming rate. To provide for his family, Mr. Kappelhoff tutored in German, taught piano, violin and voice, served as a music coach in the public schools, worked nights as choral director of the biggest *Gesangverein* in the city, and then on Sunday found his personal release in playing the Masses on the organ of St. Mark's Church. It was an arduous program, and it did not make for a congenial home life. Here you find the first clue to Doris' insistence today that she must have time to enjoy her family. There are to be more clues, all equally bitter.

Shortly after Doris' fourth birthday, the Kappelhoffs moved from Grandmother Welz's large downstairs apartment into a duplex of their own. It was a move of only a few blocks, but some of the happy musical bedlam was lost in the move. Life became more ordered, more disciplined. Doris was entered in the nearby St. Mark's elementary school, and because of her exceptional aptitude for music her father started her out on a rigid program of piano instruction. He saw her as a gifted instrumentalist, with an uncanny ear for harmonics, and possibly he was right. Her mother saw her as a gifted dancer, with an uncanny sense of rhythm and remarkable physical coordination, and she, certainly, was right. Doris was too young to care.

For all her present shyness, at school Doris was a spirited youngster of whom her teachers still say, "If any excitement was being stirred up, you'd always find Doris in the middle of it." When life turned bitter for Doris, after she had been twice divorced, she used to conceal her hurt with hard professional patter and smart cracks. Of her school days she once quipped, "I had more freckles than anybody, and more boy friends than freckles."

The facts only partly support this statement. It is true that she easily rated as one of the most popular girls at St. Mark's and later at Regina High School, but not for the usual reasons. Quite the reverse. Actually she was a very lonely girl, already making her first down payment on the price of stardom. When the other kids were racing home from school, Doris was sedately on her way to the only school that really meant anything to her, the Mount Adams Dancing School conducted by Harry Hessler. To a large extent, Doris' popularity and exciting leadership in school can be explained as wish fulfillment. With her outside life so narrowly limited, school time became her playtime.

It is no secret that aiding and abetting Doris in her ambition was her mother. Many nights Mrs. Kappelhoff worked until dawn, designing and sewing costumes for her daughter, and many were the nights, too, that William and Alma Kappelhoff did not see eye-to-eye on the turn their daughter's career was taking.



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Both were sensitive people and artists, the one serious and classical, and the other gayer and more theatrical, and the wide gap in temperament was proving impossible to bridge. When Doris was eleven, William quietly withdrew from the family circle, and the resulting divorce passed without notice outside the family. Some writers have tried to ascribe Doris Day's success to the frustrated drive of a girl trying to compensate for a broken home, but the theory is hardly tenable. The drive and ambition had always been with her.

The difference between a great dancer and a dancing star is a subtle thing. It may be too much to say that Doris at twelve was a great dancer, but there can be no doubt that she had that subtle something that distinguishes a star. She was in demand all over Cincinnati, and at rates as high as five dollars for ten minutes' work. Then one night she was booked to appear before a large businessman's club, and ahead of her on the bill was a young tap dancer named Jerry Doherty.

It so happened that the boy's mother was standing next to Doris in the wings, watching her son onstage. Later Mrs. Doherty watched Doris dance, and the big idea was born. Before the evening was over, Mrs. Kappelhoff and Mrs. Doherty were watching the team of Doherty & Kappelhoff.

Jerry and Doris were good. After that they got together and practiced daily by the hour. Within a year the intense concentration on teamwork paid off. In a citywide contest, against scores of adult contestants, they won a \$500 prize as the best team. On the strength of their youth, they received nationwide publicity, and on the strength of the publicity Hollywood held up a weak and wavering, but nevertheless beckoning, finger.

There was never any real question of *what* was to be done about it. The only question was, "How?" In the end it was decided that Mr. Doherty would continue to work at his job with a Cincinnati dairy and thus provide a sure income against the uncertainties of Hollywood. Mrs. Doherty and Mrs. Kappelhoff would take Jerry and Doris to the Coast.

Stories about Doris Day tend to discount her first assault upon Hollywood, probably because Doris herself seldom mentions the brief career so painfully lost, but its influence was vast.

The Hollywood trek of the two mothers and their gifted progeny was an exception to the rule for such wistful journeys. Famed Louis Da Pron, teacher of the best tap dancers in Hollywood, forgot his long waiting list and took them under his guidance at once. The great dance team of Fanchon & Marco, bookers of dancing acts for all the theatres and studios on the West Coast, snapped them up eagerly and booked them for a series of engagements in small clubs.

By the autumn of 1938, Doris and Jerry were seasoned professional dancers, and their schedule couldn't have looked brighter. Along with their usual club dates—many of them return engagements at higher salaries—the pair knew the studios had several big musicals on schedule, and Fanchon & Marco were confident that the big break was just around the corner. Mrs. Kappelhoff and Mrs. Doherty decided to make a rush trip to Cincinnati, sell their property there and return to Hollywood for good.

On Friday, October 13, their affairs were settled. To celebrate that, and their departure for Hollywood the next day, a big family party and song fest was held at Aunt Em's in Trenton, some thirty miles north of Cincinnati. It was a rainy, nasty day, and even though Aunt Em's house

was gay and full of song and good German food, Doris and a friend decided to go out for some hamburgers at their favorite stand in nearby Hamilton.

It was dark when they arrived in Hamilton, with the driving rain further decreasing visibility. At the railroad tracks bisecting the town, the car stopped. A string of empty freight cars stood silent on a siding, but no locomotive was in sight, no warning bells were ringing and no red lights were flashing. The youngsters drove cautiously past the last freight car and started across the second track. There are many versions of what happened next.

Doris recalled later in the hospital that she was frightened by the loud crash that folded in the side of the car, but except for a numbness in her leg, she felt all right. She tried to move her right foot, but it responded slowly, as though it had gone to sleep, so she helped lift it with her hands, out the door. She stepped out and her leg crumpled beneath her, throwing her on the tracks. She gave her leg an impatient shake and then, in the feeble light of a distant street lamp, she saw the white bones protruding through her blood-soaked stocking. "I guess I fainted."

Since this was the accident that turned Doris Day from a dancer into the famous jazz and ballad singer she became, she has made a habit of saying, "It was a broken leg that gave me my start. With my leg in a cast, there was nothing else I could do but sing." Now that her records sell in the millions, with her latest, "Julie," a nationwide hit within a week of its release, she can well say that, and might even believe it. But at the time, her

broken leg was not a start. It was the end.

In a daze, the Dohertys and the Kappelhoffs cancelled their Hollywood plans and did what they could about reorganizing their lives in terms of Cincinnati. Fortunately, they were all well-liked, so the affairs that had been settled were quickly unsettled and resettled again, and everything became as it was before the Hollywood dream. They were back where they started, except that Doris was in bed with a huge cast around her leg, and a steel pin through the middle of it. "Reinforced concrete," she called it gamely.

The happy part, which is the only part Doris will mention in interviews, concerns the hours she spent in bed with her radio. She began singing with her favorite stars, and because the house was quiet while her brother was in school, she let go with some loud and raucous jazz that had the same bounce and rhythm to it that she had once expressed with her dancing feet. And she had some good bandleaders to sing with: Benny Goodman, the Dorseys, Fred Waring, Paul Whiteman, Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington and a new one named Glenn Miller. "But I never dreamed that someday I would know them all, and sing with some of them," she says now. "My voice didn't mean a thing to me. I was just singing for kicks."

In the midst of her jazz interlude, she was suddenly fascinated by the rich, soul-squeezing voice of Ella Fitzgerald. Doris began to pick it up, and with the voice came a soft touch of southern accent that still can be detected in her sentimental ballads today. She didn't drop jazz entirely, but more and more she began twisting the dial to bring in the warm ballads that today are known as the Doris Day type songs.

The tragic part of those days in bed Doris recently brought herself to touch upon, and then but briefly. She related how for months she had looked forward to the day she could return to Regina High School, where she had spent some of the happiest hours of her life. She did return, on crutches. The girl who had once merrily tapped her way through the polished corridors now inched her way along, fearing her crutches would slip and send her crashing to the floor.

"I was in the way," she says. "There was no place for my crutches under my desk, so someone was always tripping over them. They made a clatter when I put them down, and they made a clatter when I picked them up, and everyone was looking at me. Outside in the corridor between classes, everyone was rushing, and I could barely hobble. More than anything else, I was afraid someone would knock my crutches out from under me. I just couldn't take it."

More than anything else, she could not stand being pitied. She quit school in her junior year, never to resume her formal education again, and that, too, she feels deeply. It will be the full college course for her son Terry, even if his undeniable acting talent brings him movie offers before that time.

Under normal circumstances, Doris might well have returned to school once she had discarded her crutches, but by that time she was already launching her second career. And being one who always gives credit where credit is deserved, she has often told interviewers how the late Grace Raine, a gifted teacher of singing and voice coach for most of the talent at Cincinnati's radio station WLW, launched her on that career.

There were two things about Doris' voice that struck Miss Raine at once. It was true as a Swiss bell, and Doris had no confidence in it. For a time Doris

ACCESSORIES

SHOWN ON PAGE 79

Hat: Deep-set, narrow brim cloche in lipstick red strawcloth, grosgrain ribbon band. By Mr. John Jr. About \$11

Handbag: Vagabond satchel, a handsome traveler in aniline cowhide with zippered flap, inner pockets. Red, black, navy, wheat, flax, luggage, gray, white. By Theodor of California. About \$11 plus tax

Gloves: White cotton shorties, fresh and untrimmed, to take in batches. By Dawnelle. About \$3

Umbrella: A shaft of red with Whangee handle, matching case. By Giant. About \$5

Luggage: Handsome ensemble in vinyl-covered flyweight magnesium, matching acetate taffeta-lined. By Samsonite Ultralite. Blue, green, gray pastel sea shades. Beauty case, \$22.50; ladies' O'Nite case, \$27.50; pullman, \$39.50; all plus tax

even believed that her singing lessons were merely part of a plot to take her mind off her lost dancing career. Actually, no lessons were needed to improve the tonal quality of the voice. Miss Raine cannily set about giving Doris lessons, not so much in singing as in self-confidence.

Doris had been a professional dancer and would work her heart out for an audience. She had acquired the professional performer's slogan, "Never let the audience down." With this thought uppermost in mind, Miss Raine set about getting Doris before an audience.

Thus one night the chop suey connoisseurs of smiling Charlie Yee's Shanghai Inn on East Fifth Street in Cincinnati were astonished to see before them a frightened girl on crutches who was trying to quaver her way into "Ain't Misbehavin'," which she obviously wasn't. But in another ten minutes she was belting out the blatant "Murder, He Says," and jiving into "The Joint Is Jumpin' at Carnegie Hall." She was standing on both feet and beating out the time with her crutches. In the background Charlie Yee and a whole tong of little Yees were kicking the gong around, and in the foreground a responsive audience went mad with enthusiasm. Seldom has an aspiring vocalist had a more auspicious debut, and in a less likely place.

Doris continued to sing for Yee on Saturday nights, rapidly gaining confidence. Then, too, the five dollars she got for an evening's work was very real money. Miss Raine kept her busy. To give Doris experience working with bands, she booked her for all sorts of charity dances, lodge parties, sauerkraut festivals and businessmen's conventions.

Today Miss Day cannot bring herself to sing in public, even for a fascinating offer of \$50,000 a week from a Las Vegas casino, and on the set her directors find only one complaint—she speaks and sings too softly. Both inhibitions date back to the days when she sang her heart out, anywhere and everywhere, for the experience.

By the time she was sixteen she had progressed to the point where she was hired by Art Dahlman to sing with his Topper Club Band for the annual ball of the Street Railway Men. Art was so impressed with her ability to build a song that he put her with Don Dunham's band, a small combo that was being given a chance to make good on WLW. But for all WLW's prestige and power, the combo and its juvenile vocalist vanished after sixteen weeks. "It was a good band, and popular," explains Art, "but we didn't have the cash to promote it."

Undaunted, Miss Raine crossed station lines to put Doris on a sustaining program over WCPO. The microphone was a hard taskmaster to please, and it had to be wooed assiduously. Miss Raine would listen to each broadcast at her home receiver, and then make such comments as, "Don't crowd the microphone. You're working too hard. Remember, an audience might not hear you gasp for air, but a microphone does."

The public appearances coupled with the radio experience, plus the hours of vocal exercises at home, paid off. At that time bandleader Barney Rapp opened a nightclub called the Sign of the Drum. As Barney now tells it: "I needed a vocalist. We held auditions in the Hotel Sinton. Ruby, my wife, kept the score, but we must have heard about 200 singers to my way of thinking. Doris was among the first, and no matter who we heard after that, she was our girl. We hired her at twenty-five dollars a week."

Thus before Doris reached her seventeenth birthday, she was successfully launched on her second career. Within

the year it would carry her to the heights, and back to the depths again. The first crash had only broken her leg; the second would be much harder to take.

From Doris herself comes this account of her first night at the Sign of the Drum. "My mother drove me there in the old family car. It was about eight miles out from town, and all the way out there I sat holding the evening gown my mother had made for me. I was so nervous my hands were sweating, and I was afraid I would wrinkle the gown. When we got there the place was already crowded, and I asked Mr. Rapp where I would find the dressing room. That stunned him. 'A dressing room?' he sort of gasped. 'We all dress before we get here.' I think I was ready to cry, but my mother just took me by the arm and pushed me into the powder room. It wasn't even finished yet. There were paint cans and loose plaster on the floor. But my mother held the door so no one could get in, and I changed as fast as I could. Now when the studio fixes me up with an elegant dressing room, I always remember the powder room at the Sign of the Drum."

Barney Rapp remembers she came on stage for her first number looking elegant and scared to death. "She had a voice of her own, mind you, but she was too young to have developed her own style. I started her out with an easy one. 'A Foggy Night in London Town' it may have been. I didn't know if she was holding up the microphone or if the mike was holding her up, but she was a real professional. By the end of the first number, I could at least hear her. And by the end of the evening she was really giving out with the lyrics. 'Old Black Magic,' 'St. Louis Blues,' 'Beale Street Mama.' Doesn't sound much like the Doris Day we know now, but I want you to know that kid was a real hot singer."

Doris worked for Barney all that winter, learning just about every popular song ever written. For the first few months, Mrs. Kappelhoff drove her daughter to the club for her opening number and then returned for her at closing time. For her it was an exhausting ordeal. Finally she made a deal with a trombone player in the band. He lived not far from the Kappelhoff home and, in return for a few gallons of gas, he reluctantly agreed to pick Doris up on his way to work and bring her home on the way back. Being an excellent musician, he would have much preferred sitting in on a few jam sessions with the boys after hours instead of driving home a juvenile singer, but having made the deal, he was stuck with it. His name was Al Jorden.

The next important deal was made when Barney began broadcasting from his club several times a week.

"We've got to shorten your name," said Barney firmly.

"How about my namesake?" suggested Doris. "Doris Kenyon?"

Barney liked it. "But even if it was her own name we couldn't use it," he says now. "People would think we were featuring the movie queen, Doris Kenyon. Then my wife thought Doris ought to have a 'D' to start her last name. That gave me an idea. We used to get about a thousand cards a week asking Doris to sing 'Day After Day,' and the number did kind of fit her, so I said, 'Doris Day.' A lot of people think she was named after 'Night and Day,' another number she got a lot of requests for, but it was 'Day After Day' that did it. Ask Doris."

That's the story, all right—I asked.

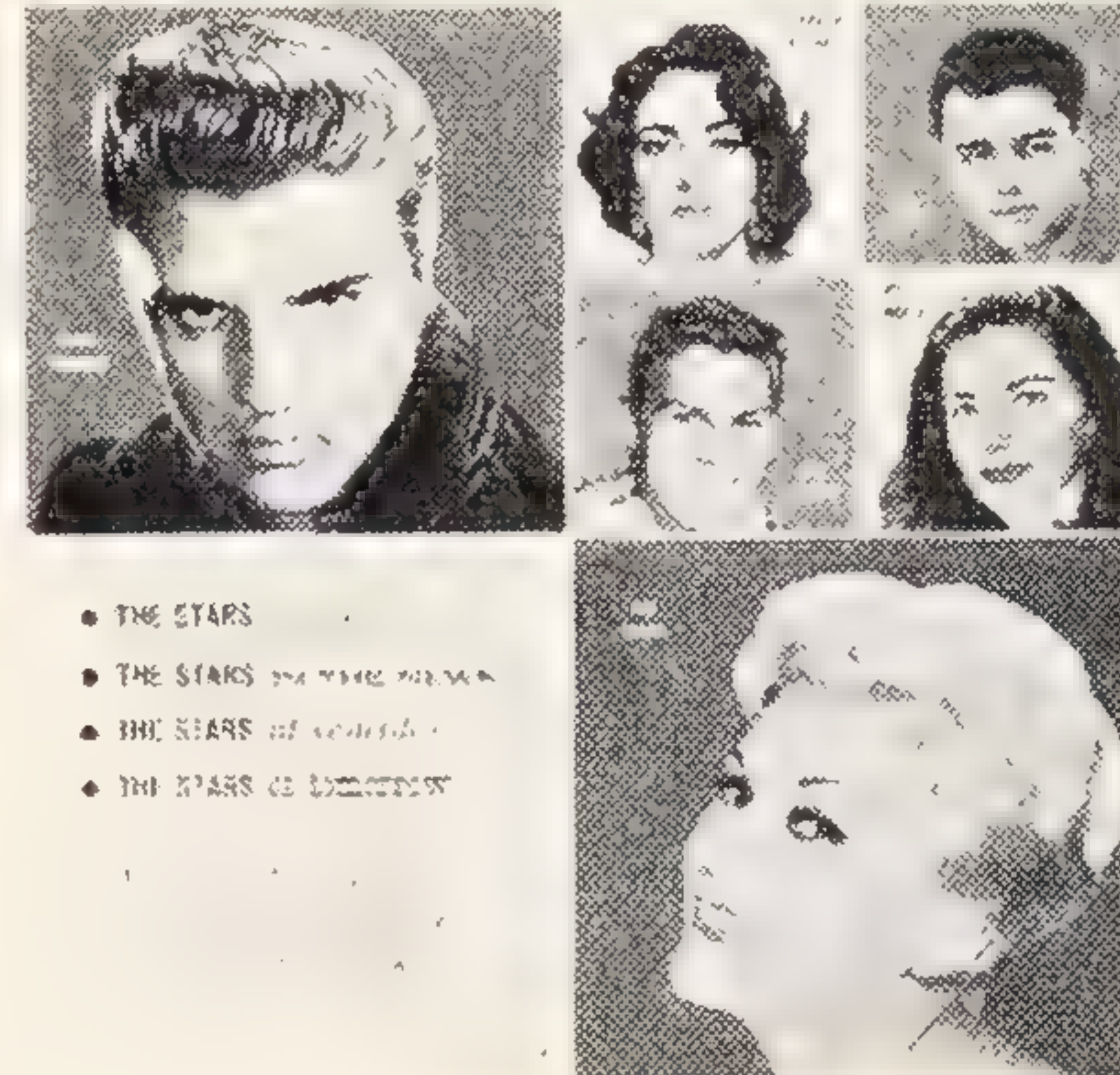
When the club closed for the summer, Al Jorden no longer had to drive Doris back and forth every night, but the habit was still there. He began dropping around

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as usual, but not reluctantly. When at last he got a wire offering him a job with a band Gene Krupa was getting together in New York, he had a long talk with Doris. It was too good an offer to turn down, but still—He went to New York, but this time with real reluctance.

The famous Krupa jazz beat did something for Al. Within a matter of weeks he became one of the best trombone players in the country, and Jimmy Dorsey snapped him up for his bigger and better-paying orchestra. Al's letters to Doris became more urgent.

It was then that Danny Engel returned from a swing that had taken him through Chicago. Danny is a rotund, amiable man who calls himself a song-plugger for the Chappell Music Co., Inc., but as one of the deans of music in the Ohio Valley, his influence goes far beyond the modest limitations of his office. Quite by chance Doris happened to be in the music store where he hangs his hat, and when he saw her he was struck by one of his many inspirations. He walked up to Doris and said, "How would you like to sing for Bob Crosby at the Blackhawk in Chicago?"

Said Doris, "Huh?"

"Yep. I just left Crosby, and he's looking for a girl vocalist. Now I know what Barney Rapp says about you, and I've heard you on the air, and I think you're ready for the job. First the Blackhawk, then the Chicago Theatre, and then New York for the fall radio season with 'Your Hit Parade.' How does that sound?"

"You think I can get a job like that?" gasped Doris.

"Come on, let's go!" Danny said. "Sing for the man."

Thus impetuously was Doris launched into the big time. And everything worked out just as Danny had predicted. She tackled the huge Chicago Theatre and learned how to sing to huge audiences. By the time she reached New York, the millions she sang to over a vast network held no terrors. She won them over with the same ease that she had won over the patrons at the Sign of the Drum. All except one man.

The truth was, Doris had been a little absent-minded about such minor details as birthdays, and one of the network vice-presidents started to fret about the child labor law enforcement officers. To spare "Your Hit Parade" this staggering embarrassment, Doris was ordered dropped at the end of the first thirteen-week contract.

But Al Jorden was in New York, they were two hometown folks in the big city together, and Jimmy Dorsey's band looked set for the winter. The logical, if not the sensible, thing to do was get married, so they did.

Almost at once the band business was engulfed in the black clouds of World War II. Big bands gave way to small combos, and the combos fought it out over jazz, swing and bop. Long-term engagements gave way to countless one-night stands in the sticks, and Al was off on the road. Fortunately—and this is what Doris means when she says things just happen to her while she does nothing—the very night she finished her last show with Bob Crosby, Les Brown offered her a job.

Then began a strange kind of married life. Doris went one way with her band and Al another with his. They crossed trails frequently but seldom met. On those rare occasions when she could join Al for a week or two between engagements, she spent her time riding with him in buses from one stand to the next. For family life she sat in impersonal hotel rooms waiting until 5 A.M. when her husband, after riding all day and blaring out a high tempo all night, would come "home" too exhausted to speak.

Two months after Pearl Harbor Doris gave birth to Terry in the vast Medical Arts Center of New York. For the first time in years she was radiantly happy. Though she showed every promise of reaching the top in her career, she renounced the whole works in favor of her family. Al, too, was happy, but now, as the sole breadwinner in the family, he found the going tough.

They talked it over and decided to return to Cincinnati. With the last of their savings they made a small down payment on a house and Al went into war work, a task for which he was eminently unsuited. He felt trapped. When he was offered a chance to join a small band playing at Army camps around the country, he was off. The marriage, doomed by circumstances from the start, began to crumble.

The road was no place for Terry. For a time Doris tried leaving him with her mother while she joined Al on the road, but her heart wasn't in it. This period, in which she was a hotel-room wife and absentee-mother, is particularly painful in Doris' life. She was neither singer nor homemaker—nor mother. The marriage disintegrated completely. Three years after it began, it ended in divorce, one of the countless thousands produced by the times.

Back in Cincinnati, she found happiness in Terry, but the hurt of the divorce was deep. Complicating matters was the fact that she had to earn some money, and real fast, to keep milk in Terry's bottle. The only trade she knew was singing.

Her first solid offer came from Milt Weiner, general manager of music at WLW, a man who has introduced more singing talent to the radio audience than almost any other manager in the land.

"Oh, the fan mail she used to get," he reminisced recently.

Unfortunately for Mr. Weiner, one of the listeners one night happened to be Les

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in June PHOTOPLAY—**MAY 7**

Brown. He was making a long, late haul from one one-night stand to the next, and *que sera, sera*. He tuned the car radio to WLW and recognized Doris' voice.

Les stopped at the next all-night filling station and began dropping coins in the phone. When at last Doris was free to answer, he blurted: "I heard you! You're better than ever! Why didn't you let me know you had started work again?"

"Oh, Mr. Brown," wailed Doris. "I can't leave Terry."

"The band needs you, Doris. Look, don't give me your answer now. Think it over, and let me know." He named his next few stops. "I won't do a thing about a singer until I hear from you."

Doris was in a turmoil. Les was in a position to pay four times what she could earn in Cincinnati, and the clincher came when her friends pointed out that the big job would not only aid the war effort, but make Terry's future more secure financially.

After the war the glamour and romance returned to big-time show business. Doris sang in the biggest hotels, met the most famous people, was dined in the most fabulous restaurants and entertained at parties at the richest estates. And she was miserable. She missed Terry. To conceal it, she affected a gay brittleness, gave out with the fast wisecracks, and sprinkled her conversation with jive talk. She was to all appearances a real hep kid. But her defense was not as iron clad as she thought. When she met George Weidler, a top saxo-

phone player with Stan Kenton's hot aggregation, her lonesomeness showed through her glib patter. She married him in Mt. Vernon, New York, in 1946. Now, she thought, she could make a home for Terry.

There was no home. For the second time, she found herself taking her voice in one direction while her husband took his saxophone in another. This time it was even tougher.

She had left Les Brown and was working in the famous Little Club in New York, a top spot, but for her the end of the road. The bouncy vivacity that had made her was all but gone. When she sang a love song, she thought of George off in the sticks somewhere, and her eyes filled with tears.

The owner, who knew what she could really do when in the mood, was properly sympathetic, but he also had to face such sordid realities as the rent money. "You're all mixed up," he said kindly but with finality. "You can't sing in New York when your heart is somewhere else. You had better take some time off to get with your family."

At this low ebb, Hollywood held up a false and glittering promise. Not the movie Hollywood, but the radio and television Hollywood, which was booming. George, whose sister Virginia had achieved some success as a movie actress, agreed that there might be a point in rushing out West to get in on the ground floor. Once more Doris had visions of a small cottage for her family, with maybe a small palm tree and a geranium in the front yard.

They arrived just in time to get in on the ground floor of one of the greatest housing shortages in America. They ended up in a trailer.

But they had a roof over their heads. Now that they were in Hollywood, job offers came through from New York and Chicago that Hollywood couldn't meet. "It's too confusing," said George dolefully. "We'll never get organized."

The confusion worsened. If Doris got an engagement in some distant club, George was out of work. If George was on the road, Doris would be sweating out a period of "at liberty" in the trailer. Married life became a series of letters and postcards, with the sender writing in haste and the receiver reading at leisure, with hours to pick out "hidden meanings" in the hurried phrases. They broke up once and were reconciled. With renewed hope, Doris signed up with Century Artists, Ltd., a Hollywood agency that might be able to get her bookings closer to home. It was run by three partners, Al Levy, Richard Dorso, and Martin Melcher. Melcher handled most of the music bookings, but he was married to Patti Andrews, who was also a top draw. So as a matter of diplomacy, Al Levy took over the handling of Doris' bookings to avoid any hint of family partiality.

It worked for Doris, who could sing with any band, but George, talented and high-strung, could work only with bands that required his particular brand of highly skilled musicianship. For him things became more exasperatingly confused than ever. On April 10, 1947, he announced that marriage was just another complication. This time he walked out for good.

An hour later Al Levy, excited about the possibility of a movie role for Doris, was on the phone to her.

In the third part of Doris Day's life story she begins at last to see the light of her future happiness, in singing, in Hollywood, in her marriage with Marty Melcher. Read the third installment of this heartwarming story in June PHOTOPLAY. (Doris is in M-G-M's "Julie" and Warners' "The Pajama Game.")

Give a Man Room to Grow

(Continued from page 71)

things were better. I suppose that's a kind of growing up—recognizing and overcoming one's deficiencies."

Rock took a big bite out of the roll and motioned to the waitress for a menu. He studied it for a long time, asking her if this or that was fattening. At last he settled for a steak, no potatoes or bread. He threw down the roll disgustedly. "I'm the kind of guy who can easily polish off three ordinary meals at one sitting. If I ate the kind of food I love—rich gravies poured over a hill of mashed potatoes, and so on—I'd get really out of condition. I don't though. You suppose that's a sign of maturity?"

He polished off his steak, leaned back again in his seat and lit another cigarette. He took a deep drag and then looked up toward the ceiling, silent in thought.

It was easy to understand the remark made by a studio makeup artist after working over Rock's face. "Hudson's face is almost too handsome. In most actors you have to take out lines. But with Hudson you have to put them in."

This aversion to mere good looks could well be Rock's reason for slouching around in denims, moccasins and a faded sweater, often unshaved.

Rock ground out his cigarette and went back to talking about growing up. "I don't know whether this is a sign of immaturity or not but my greatest fault is my inability to get sore at the right moment. If someone deliberately insults me—and that has happened a few times—I carry it around in my head, getting madder and madder as I think about it. Finally when I do blow up, I'm likely to lose all sense of dignity and proportion and say and do things I'm sorry about afterward. I guess I'm what they call a 'slow boil.'"

One of the things that does get him "boiled" up is the lack of responsibility many parents show toward their children. He deplores the tendency today, when people have too many material possessions, to give youngsters everything they want. "As a kid," he said. "I had chores to do every day. As soon as I was big enough I ran a paper route, getting up at five in the morning. And after school I had to high-tail it to the stores for groceries. There wasn't time for me to experi-

ment with things that would have gotten me into trouble. If I showed any tendencies in those directions, I got a liberal application of old-fashioned strap oil. I'm pretty sure it didn't do me any harm. And then before I knew it, there was the war. Kids grow up awful fast in the Army or Navy. I was drafted at eighteen and at first I was resentful. After I was in awhile though, I loved it. It was the only university I ever attended."

He said this neither proudly nor humbly. It was a simple setting forth of facts. One has the feeling that he was a good sailor, going along with conditions as he met them, never pitying himself. His own big hurdle was a native shyness which still troubles him. "I never had the gift of gab," he said, "so I just shut up, limiting responses to 'Yes, Sir,' or 'No, Sir,' as the case indicated. For once my total lack of exhibitionism was an asset. The Navy is generally tough on guys who talk too much."

He went on to talk about kids, the unregenerate young rebels who, too often, end up in a mess of trouble. Rock dislikes the term juvenile delinquent. "Kids, these days, are growing up in a pretty complex world," he said. "They have nothing to keep them busy, no responsibilities. So being born adventurers, they keep looking for new things to try. But they are not delinquents. If anybody is, it's their parents. I hope Phyllis and I have a large family—five or six children. And believe me, they'll get a lot of attention and a lot of love."

Rock signaled to the waitress for a check, fell back against the cushions of his chair and placed his big hands on the table.

"About this maturity thing again," he said, getting up to leave, "I wonder if it isn't just a matter of needing a lot of room to move around in—a chance to stretch out, to test your wings."

When he stood up his head nearly touched the low ceiling of the restaurant, his shoulders filled the corner where he had been sitting.

Yes, Rock certainly did need a lot of room. But unlike most men, Rock Hudson had the whole world to stretch out and grow up in.

THE END

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(Continued from page 48)

Gardner, a sexy siren and a ball of fire. Nobody inquired whether or not she could act. It was enough that she was billed as "Britain's New Bad Girl," and that the staid *New York Times* called her "a torrid baggage." Certainly the movies she had appeared in were no clues to her talents. Besides her British efforts, she had made "Land of the Pharaohs," a Howard Hawks picture filmed in Italy which hadn't hurt her reputation as a sexy siren. She paraded about in it wearing skimpy Cleopatra-type costumes.

But while the publicity mills were grinding out stories about her alleged wickedness, with appropriate pictures to prove the point, Joan was thinking about her career. For behind the façade of the alluring figure and the lovely face was an actress. Being a real professional, she had taken any parts that had come her way and she had accepted the publicity that had gone with the "bad girl" roles. But there was simply too much talent there to be stuffed into a pair of tight blue jeans or a skimpy bathing suit forever.

Joan says, recalling this period of her life, "I realized I was killing myself as an actress." And she adds simply, "You can't be bad all the time and get very good."

"Getting good" is just what Joan has been making a habit of since she decided to hang up her shingle in Hollywood. She was bounced right into a starring role in "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing," and while she wasn't exactly a lady she looked and acted like one. And in contrast to the blue jeans and bandanas that had been her trademark for so long, Darryl Zanuck put her in more fancy clothes than anybody since Linda Darnell in "Forever Amber." Joan, who has often said that she has never really liked herself in any of her pictures, had to admit in this one that she was certainly a delight to look at.

Well, if she doesn't like herself in movies it's certainly not that she hasn't had the chance to identify herself with a wide range of characters. In her past four films she has played a nun ("The Seawife"), a sexy vamp ("The Opposite Sex"), a well-bred English girl ("Island in the Sun"), and a broken-down alcoholic ("The Wayward Bus"). Given a choice she reluctantly admits that it was the English girl that she enjoyed playing the most. "I suppose," she says, "this is a rather unimaginative choice, but the girl has a great deal of character and what's more important for me—I have something to do. It is hard work, but fun, projecting a type that isn't really yourself at all. That's what I want to do consistently." And, she adds rather pointedly, "This bags under the eyes and no makeup bit has to go."

While Joan has been establishing herself as a star (though she hasn't quite crawled out from under the "no makeup bit") there is a question whether or not she has found herself as a person.

A clue to this is her consuming restlessness. To use one of her own phrases, life for Joan is just a matter of "go, go, go." It motivates everything she does. Her brisk, colorful speech, for instance. There is a jazzy flippancy to it that is startling when contrasted to her clipped British accent. And then there is her passion for traveling, her inability to settle down anywhere. She is like a perky poodle constantly tugging on a leash.

And Joan is the first to admit this. "I'm terribly restless," she said recently. "I guess it's because I hate and detest routine. I don't want to know what's going to happen to me next week, or next year, or even tomorrow. I only want to look

back and recall all the things I've done. I've never planned anything in my life and look at all that's happened to me."

Joan's passion for movement—whether it's on a dance floor or in an airplane up in the sky—has reduced living to very simple terms. Her home in Hollywood is a small one-room apartment, a place to sleep, change clothes and to indulge in her favorite indoor sport—listening to music.

But even the casual life of Hollywood begins to pall for Joan after awhile and she has an urge to get up and go—somewhere, anywhere. In the past fifteen months she has traveled over sixty thousand miles and she says "that's not nearly enough." If she could set an itinerary for herself she'd spend spring in London, Paris or Rome, early summer in the south of France, late summer in the West Indies, autumn in New York and the winter in California. And if anybody suggested a trip while she was at one of those places she'd have her bags packed before you could say "reservation."

Even keeping up with Joan for a day in Hollywood is exhausting. If you didn't like music you'd really be on her "square" list. Joan's day begins and ends with music. Before she gets out of bed she flips on her record player and it stays on as long as she is in the house. She has a huge collection of records—calypso, Afro-Cuban, show tunes, and she says, "Believe it or not, one or two classics."

As soon as she is out of the apartment and seated in her pink Thunderbird, she's twisting the radio dial. When she smashed her car recently, she wasn't half as broken up about not having a car as not having a radio to listen to on her way to work.

When Joan isn't on the set, she's whirling off to a party or a barbecue, or the beach or movies or a dance, "anything and everything," she says, "as long as it has variety. I'm a Gemini and I am supposed to have many moods—and I do. I'm never bored as long as I am doing something."

But in spite of the fact that Joan is one of the "dating-est" girls in Hollywood she still feels that her social freedom is restricted because she is a woman. "Before I decided I liked being a girl, I wanted very much to be a boy," Joan admitted frankly recently and this may also be a clue to her restlessness and independence. "I resented the freedom men have and I still do. They can go anywhere they want and do as they please. A man can phone a girl as often as he wants. If he's turned down a dozen times, he still has the right to call again. A girl can't call a man. If she does he will immediately label her as cheap. So girls are forced to take subtle measures to get the right man to ask her for a date." And Joan concludes, somewhat defiantly, "I hate playing games and that's what it comes down to!"

Joan's argument, as far as she personally is concerned, is rather theoretical. Joan is not one to stay home. It was reported recently that Joan dated ten different men ten nights running, but this is more in the realm of publicity than the actual facts warrant. Still it's no exaggeration to say that Joan could have if she had wanted to. Actually she doesn't play the field, and her name's been linked with only three men since she came to Hollywood. When she first went to California there were hints at romance with Sydney Chaplin, whom she had known in England. And if one Chaplin wasn't enough there was Charles, Jr., who occasionally "stood in" for his brother, but most frequently it was Arthur Loew, Jr.

But none of these romances became more than just grist for the gossip col-

umns, for Joan says seriously, "I am simply not ready for a new marriage. I haven't gotten over the first one yet. When I married Maxwell Reed I was much too young to know what I was doing or to assume any of the responsibilities of married life. I learned my lesson the hard way." And she adds forthrightly, "I am going to be very discriminating this time before I say yes to someone I plan to spend the next fifty years with."

And like everything else Joan is very definite about the kind of man that will be. "He must have a very large sense of humor and a total lack of conceit. He must be kind and gentle and never, never, take himself too seriously. I can't stand pompous self-righteous 'toadies.' I want a man who can laugh at himself, as I do."

One condition Joan doesn't make is that he be any particular type. Robert Rossen, the director of "Island in the Sun," said that when they were on location in the West Indies, Joan much preferred the company of the crew to the actors.

Recently, Sheree North, a girl as candid as Joan, had a chance to watch her friend come through one of Hollywood's toughest tests unscathed. "There is one place on the studio lot," Sheree said, "where all women are without artifice and equal. That's in the harsh daylight glare of the makeup department. You can't play the big star there—not when you haven't your face on. So if I tell you that Joan ran this obstacle course without a misstep, you'll understand what kind of a girl she is. I know, I liked her on sight. She had a spirit and independence and a quiet air of 'If you like me fine, but if you don't I won't cry about it.' She wasn't going to be bothered trying to meet and ingratiate herself with the top VIP's as so many newcomers do. She was a free soul."

Joan, of course, is very much of an individual and glad that she is. "I think it's good to be strong willed in a career. I've worked fifteen months without a break, but I am not an established star and I could be just as easily laid off for the next fifteen months. But to avoid this I have to fight for what I believe is right, for roles that I want, for a chance to be not just an actress but a good one. I've found being an individual helps."

Joan has learned since she arrived in Hollywood that you can be independent and honest without being "off-beat." At one point early in her career she confided to a friend that she had always been criticized, "by my family, at school by girls and teachers, by my agent and by the viewers in England when I got into pictures. So I reacted the only way I knew how—to be defiant to prove my point."

Joan today is no longer defiant, she doesn't have to shock people to gain attention nor does she have to say "no" when she wants to say "yes." And in her discovery that she likes being a girl, she has shed the I-don't-care manner and dress that caused her critics to refer to her as a sloppy Bohemian.

Joan said recently of herself, "Even when I am wearing blue jeans and 'jiveing' all night I now feel feminine."

But from this you shouldn't infer that Joan Collins has become a "saint" or has bowed to convention or has lost any of her zaniness and zip. She is just finding it more fun to do things for the right reasons than for the wrong ones. And she has learned that while it is often hard to say "No"—that little word can sometimes spell out the difference between heartache and happiness.

BE SURE TO SEE: Joan Collins in 20th's "Island in the Sun" and "The Seawife."

(Continued from page 53)

claimed she once said she played so many Western and harem dancing-girl roles that when she awoke in the morning she automatically reached for a six-gun or seven veils.

Yet today Yvonne De Carlo is being considered, among strong competition, too, as a top dramatic actress. Just weeks after the premiere of "The Ten Commandments," she was rumored for Academy Award consideration and producer-director Charles Martin, who worked with her in "Death of a Scoundrel," remarked: "Miss De Carlo is no hula-hula dancer but an actress. She can go all the way—from high comedy to tragedy." DeMille, himself, pointed out with pride: "It's fitting that Yvonne ends up as a star on the very lot where she started as an extra. Audiences will now see her as the really fine actress she is."

"It has all been gratifying," Yvonne says quietly. "I can't play June Allyson roles, so I don't mind doing Scheherazade or Cleopatra. But I'd like to become known, if possible, as a first-class actress rather than a first-class slinker. Not that I'm complaining about my former roles," she'll quickly add. "After all, where would I have been without them? Hollywood's been good to me." So have the slinky heroine roles. An astute businesswoman, Yvonne has a spacious Coldwater Canyon home, a drawer full of used travel tickets and an impressive bank account, and until a year and a half ago, an impressive title—"the world's most beautiful bachelor girl." During those days, columnists used to go into tantrums trying to keep up with her escorts; her date list read like a page from Burke's "Peerage" and included a shah, two princes, a lord and at least two millionaires. About her gypsy life and her travel treasures—the rugs from Iran, inlaid tables from Egypt, chairs from Africa—they were all part of a life she liked.

"If you told me then how drastically my life would change, I wouldn't have believed it," Yvonne says today. A stay-at-home gypsy, her wardrobe fails to include one diaphanous robe or buckskin skirt. Instead of counting her jewels, she's busy measuring formula and keeping track of her husband's socks. As for the harem wiggles, well—they're a thing of the past as Yvonne has discovered that she doesn't have time for all the opportunities coming her way.

Happiness and satisfaction seem to touch everything Yvonne reaches for today and yet, she'll admit, nothing was planned. Things just began to happen.

Early one morning she answered the telephone. . . . "Yvonne?" asked the voice on the other end of the phone. It was her agent. "You know about 'Ten Commandments,' don't you?"

"Know what?" she asked. Of course, she knew about the picture. Everyone in town did. "What about it?" she asked.

"Great news," the voice sounded breathless. "The part of Sephora—Moses' wife. Until today, that part was wide open. Not any more. Guess who's got it? You! DeMille wants De Carlo!"

Not until weeks later, in conversations with Mr. DeMille, did Yvonne find out how, without asking, she had won this important role.

DeMille was in the process of casting and was considering Nina Foch for the role of Moses' Egyptian foster mother. Miss Foch's agent suggested that he see an earlier Foch movie called "Sombbrero." A date was set and DeMille, with a few of his staff, was shown the film in the

studio screening room. Foch was fine, he commented to an assistant. "Cast her." And he started to rise to return to his office. Suddenly, looking up he saw a tormented, sadly beautiful face, veiled in a Mexican shawl, flash upon the screen. Sinking back into his chair, he watched the scene through. When it was over, he had reached another decision. "Get me that face," he ordered. "That's Sephora." "Sheer coincidence," explains Yvonne.

But her performance in "Ten Commandments" was not. The praise she won from the critics and fans was the result of years of experience. Born in Vancouver, Canada, as Peggy Middleton (she borrowed her Grandmother's far more glamorous name of Yvonne De Carlo), she showed creative promise early in girlhood, writing and producing and acting in neighborhood plays for which she charged "two pennies for the boxes down front—wooden packing boxes, that is." At eleven she sold a poem to the local newspaper for "the magnificent sum of five dollars;" and when only in her teens, she was already appearing in little theatre groups. With her mother's help, she saved enough money for two coach fares to Hollywood. Once there, she proceeded to starve. When her visa and her mother's expired, they returned in failure to Canada.

The maiden voyage to Hollywood should have been discouraging. But again Yvonne and her mother cut corners in the kitchen, walked to work to save the money and eventually saved enough for the bus fare back to Los Angeles. More fortunate this time, Yvonne found a job hoofing in N.T.G.'s Florentine Garden chorus line at night. By day, she made the rounds, hoping for better parts. There were occasional walk-ons, but mostly, using a phrase popular then, only curt kiss-offs. It was a cousin in the RCAF who got her a break. Along with a few buddies at an isolated squadron headquarters, he mailed her pin-up picture to a movie publicity contest for the "most beautiful girl in the world." She won, later got a test and a few extra and bit parts, and still later won the role of "Salome—Where She Danced."

This role came indirectly. Yvonne was awaiting the results of her tryout for a horror feature when producer Walter Wanger spotted her in the casting reception room. She didn't get the horror role, but Wanger put her through tests for "Salome—Where She Danced." The first test was not satisfactory, but Yvonne, relaxing, clicked in the second and got the lead. The final product, however, won praise with faint damns. "She danced a fine Salome," commented a movie executive, "but act—strictly salami."

Yvonne never forgot it. She worked hard and long—still does, and her "secret method" in reading and working over scripts with dramatic coach George Shtanoff has apparently already paid off. Many stars don't work on a script until they're on location or the picture has started rolling. Yvonne starts the moment she can secure a copy of the screen play she's signed to do. She makes her lunches as brief as possible when working or preparing for work. At a recent luncheon, to save time, she ordered coleslaw and a cream-and-egg cocktail for nourishment.

Gradually, as Yvonne turned in strong acting performances, her other talents were being talked about. With Alec Guinness in his British production of "The Captain's Paradise," Yvonne won international comedy kudos. She also began discussions with Alec over a satire she'd

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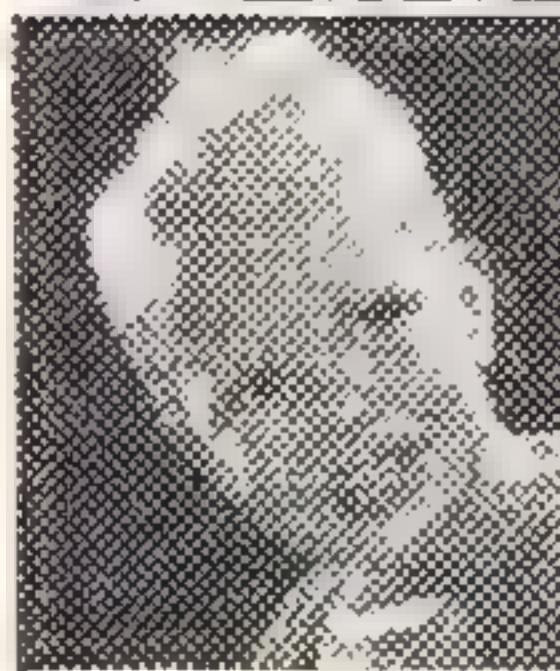
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written which may yet turn into a fine movie. Then there was her singing. Few, except a few relatives, were aware that Yvonne had studied opera for eight years—until she sang the lead in "Die Fledermaus" at the Hollywood Bowl. Recently she switched agents, going over to MCA which handles singers like Eddie Fisher, to begin an expansion into the record field. This was a natural sequel to a recent guest appearance on the Perry Como show, when as an unexpected switch she gave Perry some competition. The reaction was so strong that she's now rehearsing with a group of her own, The Masquers, and considering a recording contract.

Yvonne is beginning to expand in other professional areas, but she has always been respected and admired as a keen businesswoman. "She'd be stiff competition for any General Motors vp," remarked one friend in candid amazement. The early years of near-poverty in Vancouver had taken care of that part of her education. The home and acreage Yvonne bought in 1949, for example, could now be subdivided into family-sized lots and she could multiply her investment on the land alone.

While "Ten Commandments" shut the harem door for Yvonne forever, the film opened another for her. Until the picture, Yvonne seemed to have worn a special Cupidproof armor plate around her heart. Friends who know her well blame the fact that she came from a broken home. Yvonne doesn't talk about those days, but it's said her father separated from her young mother just before Yvonne was born. Her childhood was saddened by this and poverty. Her mother worked at sewing, washing and any chores she could find to help pay the rent and feed her young daughter. Whether subconscious memories of the unpleasant past interfered or not, the fact was that Yvonne at thirty had not married. She admitted to falling in love three times and holding back each time. She was glad of her decisions, she says, when she met Bob Morgan.

Yvonne met her husband on the "Ten Commandments" set and it is coincidental that it was at the fateful Well of Jethro, oddly enough, exactly where the biblical Sephora met Moses, the man she was to marry. She had known Bob slightly; they'd worked together on a few films—one being a they-went-that-away titled, "Shotgun." Bob was the stunt man and, at the time, she knew he was married to a swimming champion and had a young daughter. When they met again, on the Paramount sound stage in Hollywood, she didn't recognize him in his flowing robe

and beard as he demonstrated to an intent, serious-faced Charlton Heston the proper technique of distaff combat.

Days later, with the acquaintance renewed, Yvonne was told of Bob's personal tragedy. His young wife had died unexpectedly of cancer and he and his daughter Bari were living alone.

In the days that followed, Yvonne says, "I was growing more conscious of Bob and suddenly I realized that here was the someone I'd searched the world to find—right in my own backyard."

A few months later, an unprepared film colony opened Saturday morning papers to read that Yvonne De Carlo had slipped away to Reno and was married.

No one—not even the cast—knew she was engaged. Yvonne had wanted it kept secret. Only at the last minute did she tell a few close friends like Lita and Rory Calhoun, Pat and George Schweiger, stunt man Chuck Hayward and publicist Pat Newcomb whom she invited to meet her and Bob in Nevada. Reporters were thrown off track with the help of Lita and Rory, who registered for the bridal suite at Reno's Mapes Hotel, insisting they were in town for a holiday. After the ceremony the Morgans took over the suite and the following day, early, they left for a quiet motor trip.

"There's no reason to ask the Morgans if they're happy," a photographer who visited them at their home recently said. "They radiate it." Yvonne is intensely proud of Bob (six feet four, 195 pounds). In caste-conscious Hollywood, she delights in introducing him as a "stunter." Actually Bob's done a good bit of acting as well in little theatre groups. Recently he was asked to read for the major role in a new TV series, and, if that works out, big things could happen for him professionally. But as Bob in his easygoing way points out, "I didn't call them. They called me."

Bob's work calls for taking close shaves—falling off galloping horses, leaping from jugged cliffs, out of fourth story windows and enduring the heat of burning buildings until the last possible moment before sprinting out as they collapse. Yvonne no longer asks what he's scheduled to do. She may joke with a friend when asked where Bob is, "Oh, Bob? He's out at Warner's being cremated today." But actually, she admits, she'd rather know after the stunt than nervously wait to hear his footsteps at the front door at five.

Since her marriage, Yvonne has worked less, although she has received more film offers than at any other time in her career. "After Bruce was born," she says, "I decided to hold out for good solid

parts instead of all the 'stuff' I had been doing. I turned down a lot of money but I decided I'd just keep changing diapers and let Bob keep falling off houses until the right thing came along."

The "Bruce" Yvonne talks about is the Morgans' son, Bruce Ross Morgan, born July 8, 1956, prematurely at St. John's Hospital, Santa Monica, California. A well-built, husky little blond baby, he probably has done more to domesticize Hollywood's most glamorous siren than anything else.

"Actually, I'm a little overwhelmed by him," Yvonne will admit, staring at him sheepishly. "I like children, but I was never wild about them. In the past, I'd pat other people's babies on their tousled heads and compliment their mothers—but Bruce, well, I've never felt this kind of love before."

"We had a party a few months back for him. You should have seen him turn on the smile. Mrs. John Payne said she'd never forget it. And Louella Parsons said he was such a well-behaved and charming boy that she'd babysit for us any time—" Stopping, Yvonne smiled and then apologized. "Oh, I'm sorry—it might be boring. But it's such a joy, having a son and a pretty nine-year-old daughter." (Bob's daughter, Bari).

Bob has contributed a lion's share to Yvonne's happiness. "He is easygoing and a great relaxer for her," explained a friend who's known Yvonne since she first came to Hollywood. Hard-working, serious, Yvonne has a tendency to tie-up, get a little nervous. Bob's friendly, and nonchalant, and just as casual about discussing his occupation ("Nothing to it; it's a science nowadays") as he is about discussing the many decorations he won in the Navy during World War II ("Everybody has them").

About a month ago, Warner Brothers announced that Yvonne had snatched the important lead, opposite Clark Gable, in Pulitzer-prizewinner Robert Penn Warren's "Band of Angels." The role was of Scarlett O'Hara—"Gone with the Wind" importance. "The week before," explained Yvonne with her typical candor, "I was in suspended animation—all wound up. The night after my role was confirmed, I was up most of the night with all the wheels spinning—about leaving Bob and the kids to go on location in Louisiana, wondering the best way to do it and running through dozens of domestic decisions."

Strange talk for a girl who, to quote a friend, "traveled enough to qualify for Secretary of State," and who herself said, "Travel was a disease with me. I was always eager to take movie assignments that took me to new and exciting places on the other side of the world."

Still sultry, still beautiful and still glamorous, Yvonne is definitely a different woman these days. With no full-time cook, she's learned to prepare more than a few exotic dishes like shishkebab, which she learned to make in Egypt. A family needs breakfasts, too. She's still trying to master poached eggs—"They always seem to stick in the pan." But the days of restless wandering, of looking for something she could never seem to find are gone. There are moments, she confided, when she thinks about flying around the world in fast jets and of hunting curly-horned mountain goats with an escort of heavily armed palace guards galloping swiftly behind her. And the past is full of such memories—like her adventure in Cairo some years ago.

It was a beautiful afternoon, as Cairo can be late in the day, after the heat had subsided, just before sunset. Prior to leaving the hotel, Yvonne had been warned: Come back from the native



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quarter before dark. "But becoming fascinated with the exotic handloomed tapestries in the crowded open-air market places, I forgot the time," Yvonne explained. It had become dark before she left and, as she turned a corner into a narrow dirty street, she suddenly sensed that someone was following her. Taking a quick glance, she saw a stocky, swarthy man behind her—and "not a policeman in sight." She speeded her steps, almost running, then stopped suddenly. The man behind was running, too. Breathless, she couldn't go on, so she turned and stood facing the running figure. The man drew closer then, with a low bow, he asked, "You are American, no?"

"Yes, I am."

"You make cinema, no?"

"Yes, I do."

"You are name De Carlo?"

"I am."

"Aha, so I thought." He drew closer. She pulled back. He came closer, then in

a swift movement, he pushed a crumpled piece of paper at her. "Mees De Carlo," he said slowly, "ees it that I may have your—ah—autograph?"

No longings for such memories? Yvonne claims not. There are different experiences today. "Sometimes," she explains, with a contented half-smile, "everything will be quiet and I'll be reading downstairs. And suddenly, I'll hear a great hearty laugh ring through the house. I know what's happening, but each time it comes as a warm, delightful surprise. Bob is playing with Bruce. He'll toss him up in the air in a triple somersault and I'll wait for more childish giggles and afterward I'll hear Bob laughing happily. As I sit and listen, I wonder, with all this, who in her right mind would ever want to roam?" One thing's for sure, not Yvonne De Carlo. **THE END**

YOU WILL ENJOY: Yvonne De Carlo in Paramount's "The Ten Commandments" and Warners' "Band of Angels."

Liz and Mike's Madcap Marriage

(Continued from page 47)

Mike and Liz were married at a civil ceremony in the home of Fernando Parra Hernandez, a wealthy attorney and one-time intimate friend and business associate of Mexico's former president, Miguel Aleman. Parra Hernandez' house is one of the showplaces of Acapulco. It is perched high up above the bay with a striking view of the blue Pacific. Terraces lead down to the sea. Stately coconut palms, like sentinels, flank the driveway and hibiscus and bougainvillea grow everywhere in profusion.

For the ceremony, Liz wore a simple cocktail-length hydrangea blue dress that set off her deep tan and black hair, which gleamed through a sheer chiffon kerchief draped over her head. While she was animated and gay throughout the evening, Liz appeared visibly tired and weak from the eight painful weeks she had spent in a New York hospital undergoing treatments for her spine. And it was only with some effort that she managed a swing around the room with Mike later in the evening.

But nearly as tiring as the hospital experience were the seven days spent in Mexico for the purpose of getting her divorce from Mike Wilding. Nothing seemed to go as planned and up to the last minute it looked as if the divorce wouldn't be granted and that the wedding would have to be called off. Mike Todd, who thought he had everything neatly lined up in advance, hadn't known he would have to contend with a balky judge in Acapulco who just three days before the scheduled event loftily declared that he wouldn't get himself mixed up in a "quickie" divorce. The fact that elections were coming up a couple of months later may have influenced his decision. But, in any case, Todd was wild. He grabbed the telephone and lined up a full battery of Mexican lawyers and told them to find somebody who would grant the divorce. But there was a studied indifference to Mike's plight. Even Cuernavaca, which is known as the home of speedy divorces in Mexico, turned a deaf ear to Todd's pleas.

However, Mike and his beautiful bride-to-be continued issuing wedding invitations. "We're going to be married Saturday night here in Acapulco," he declared, "and that's that."

What Liz thought of all of this one will never know. She seemed to listen with pleasure to Mike's outbursts and he in turn was extremely solicitous, even tender, with her. But while she and Mike toured around Acapulco in a white Thunderbird that had been loaned to the couple

by Cantinflas, the Mexican comic who plays a leading role in Mike Todd's "Around the World in 80 Days," another Mike, her husband, was gloomily waiting in Mexico City for the divorce to be granted. To be on hand in case there were any snags.

Only a couple of days before, Wilding had talked with both Elizabeth and Todd in Acapulco. He had flown in from Mexico City to sign the divorce papers and was greeted at the airport by his wife and Todd and Cantinflas, who had been acting as official host for the visitors. They too had arrived by plane just a few minutes before.

The Mikes greeted each other cordially and the group then sped into town in a large black limousine. Their destination was the Villa Vera, an exclusive ten-room hotel run by Teddy Stauffer, a one-time globe-trotting sidekick of Errol Flynn. When they arrived, Liz, who was tired from her trip, went to her room while the two Mikes went down to the beach for a swim. A member of the wedding party hearing about the incident said ruefully, "It gave Wilding a chance to wash his marital problems away."

When Wilding and Todd came back to the hotel they seemed very friendly and had a drink together while waiting for the divorce papers to be signed.

It must have been a painful day for Wilding. A charming and courteous man, he made a great effort to be casual and lighthearted but there was a noticeable coolness toward Liz. Whenever he talked to her there was no bitterness in his voice but neither was there much feeling or emotion. He seemed glad that it was all over.

The day before, talking to reporters in Mexico City, he had said, "I came to Mexico for one reason, to sign the divorce papers. After all, it's my divorce, too, and I can't very well get it without coming here." Reporters claim that he didn't exactly say that he was glad to get rid of Mrs. Wilding via the divorce route, or any other, but there was a tone in his voice that implied as much. Too, when asked if he was in Mexico to see Liz in an attempt to make a bid for a reconciliation, his reply was an emphatic, "Good God, no!"

Wilding spent exactly four hours that day in Acapulco. He had come down for business and when it had been transacted he left. Todd saw Wilding to the limousine which was to take him back to the airport. Guests reported that there seemed to be a kind of understanding between the two men when they parted. There

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would certainly always be a bond between them. Liz had seen to that. One conjectures at what Mike Wilding's parting words were to Mike Todd, what bit of advice he had to offer. Being a gentleman he probably didn't say anything, but one can wager what Wilding was thinking at the time even if he didn't voice the thought: "Mike, she's all yours. I hope you can do more for her than I did. I certainly hope you can make her happy."

After Wilding departed for Mexico City, Mike and Liz, whenever Todd wasn't on the telephone to one of his lawyers, took rides around Acapulco in the Thunderbird, stopping at a silver or curio shop here and there to buy something. Liz never looked lovelier. Most of the time she wore very short, white cotton shorts, sleeveless cotton blouses and babushkas over her dark hair. Whenever they got out of the car Mike was very careful to help Liz negotiate the tricky cobblestone pavement from the car to the shop. Whenever he was seen with Liz, the tough little showman seemed tender and affectionate. Liz appeared radiantly happy.

But their romantic idyll was constantly interrupted by Mike's refusal to be pushed around by recalcitrant divorce officials. He bellowed and roared and he acted as if it was his divorce that was involved, rather than Elizabeth's and Wilding's.

Todd was so enraged over the delay and so determined that he would manage to get Liz divorced from Wilding that at one point he picked up the telephone and called Chicago and bought two theatres as a wedding gift for Liz—one to be named after him and one after her.

On Friday morning, the day before the wedding was scheduled, Mike stopped pacing. Instead he jumped for joy. The divorce had been granted in Mexico City.

The wedding took place, as Todd had said it would, the following afternoon at six o'clock.

The wedding list was small—family and a few old friends. Among the former were Liz's parents and her brother Howard and his wife. Commenting on the wedding the day before to reporters, her father had said simply, "I wish for my daughter the same thing that every father wishes—that she will find happiness. I hope that this time her dreams will come true."

Todd's son, Mike, Jr., was there with his wife as, of course, was Cantinflas, who appeared this time in the role of Mike's best man.

But next to Mike and Liz, the guests who drew the most attention were Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher. Debbie had come down from Hollywood to be Liz's

matron of honor. For Liz this was the culmination of an old, old friendship that began back on the M-G-M lot several years ago. At the time, Liz was an accredited star with all the trappings that go with it, while Debbie had only begun to make her presence felt. She was shy about dining in the commissary with the studio bigwigs, and, as a result, she usually brought her lunch from home, a sandwich and some fruit. One day on her way to a fancy lunch, Liz spotted Debbie munching on a sandwich in the darkened corner of a set. It was just a plain old ham and cheese on rye but it looked so good to Liz, who was tiring of filet mignons, that she asked Debbie if she would like to exchange a sandwich for a steak. Sharing meals fostered a lasting friendship and it was natural that Liz ask Debbie to officiate at her wedding.

Following the civil ceremony performed by the mayor of Acapulco, of which Liz couldn't understand a word but was heard to exclaim, "How interesting," a huge wedding cake was wheeled in, a tower of white topped by two diminutive figures. One was a Mexican *charro* (a gentleman horseman) and the other depicted China *poblana* (the legendary Chinese lady who traveled to Mexico bearing good luck).

While the cake was being cut, a native orchestra struck up a romantic ballad, "Only Once." The lyric begins, "Only once does love come in a lifetime—only once and nevermore."

The romantic mood was severed a few moments later when Mike Todd discovered that somebody had forgotten to order champagne. He was enraged (as only Mike Todd can be enraged!) and it was only after a scouting party had returned with several bottles that peace reigned once again.

While corks popped and glasses were raised in toasts to the bride and groom, the sky over the harbor was suddenly lit up by a great display of fireworks, a surprise gift from Cantinflas, which reached its climax when two hearts appeared in the sky bearing the initials MT and ETT (Elizabeth Taylor Todd).

Initials and hearts also played a part in Mike's wedding gift to the guests. He presented everybody with a Tarascan Indian Wedding Shirt on which was embroidered a heart and the initials ET and MT.

The fireworks were followed by a performance of African dances put on by a local troupe from one of the Acapulco night clubs. Liz watched enchanted, and her eyes sparkled as brightly as the diamond earrings, bracelet and ring that Mike had given her as a wedding present. (When reporters asked Liz earlier in the

day what she had given Mike, she had replied, "My eternal love.")

The party broke up shortly after ten o'clock when Liz and Mike bade their guests good night and left for the cottage on the estate where they spent part of their honeymoon.

After they left, one guest was heard to say, "Well, I guess Mike always gets what he wants."

Getting what he's wanted has been Todd's way of doing things from the day he was born to Polish immigrants in the slums of Minneapolis anywhere from forty-five to fifty-seven years ago. Mike is deliberately vague about the year he was born, particularly so since he met Liz. He doesn't want to be accused of cradle snatching. Wedding documents indicate he is fifty-seven. But even if he were sixty-seven, he has the drive and vitality of a twenty-year-old. He started running when he was old enough to walk and he's never stopped. When other boys were starting to grade school with primers under their arms, Mike was peddling potato peelers on Chicago street corners. When this became too tame he worked in carnivals where he acquired his first taste for show business. By the time the kids he grew up with were thinking of voting, Mike had already made and lost a million dollars. He found his niche as an impresario and showman by giving the customers the best entertainment for their money they had ever seen at both the Chicago and New York World's Fairs. He made and dropped a fortune on Broadway. Profits from such hit shows as "Something for the Boys," "Up in Central Park," and "Mexican Hayride" were used as a "kitty" for gambling and playing the horses. While married to Joan Blondell, who prefers not to discuss this period of her life, he went into bankruptcy to the tune of a million dollars. While his enemies were cheering and his friends commiserating, Mike took the only kind of action he is capable of. He fought back. When competitors in show business were counting him out, Mike presented "This Is Cinerama," then "Oklahoma!" in his own Todd-AO process. When the biggest extravaganza of Mike's highly extravagant career, "Around the World in 80 Days," was launched he was patted on the back for at least making a good try. "Around the World" may gross more than any picture ever made. Estimates range between thirty and fifty million dollars.

This is the man Liz has married. The man about whom Liz announced publicly, practically from the moment she laid eyes on him, "I'm passionately in love with Mike Todd."

This was a different kind of a man from any that Liz had ever known. From the moment she blossomed into a woman when she was hardly more than a child ("I have the body of a woman and the mind of a child," she once blurted out to reporters after her marriage failure with Nicky Hilton) she was pursued by men. She reacted toward them as a child does to a new toy or pet (she had a childish love for dogs and horses at the time). But admirers came in droves just to eat out of her hand, to be seen with her. She was a spoiled darling, and when the equally spoiled son of rich hotelman Conrad Hilton asked her to marry him, she consented, thinking it would be "fun." It turned out to be just the other way around. On a honeymoon to Europe, Nicky deserted her for the gambling tables. He's reported to have said at one point, "You bore me."

When they returned to Hollywood, she sued for divorce. What followed was a very painful period for Liz. For the first time in her life she had known what it feels like to be rejected. It seems hard to

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believe that this exquisite girl who was idolized by millions of fans was suddenly filled with self-doubts. After Nicky she had a mad rash of dates, as if she were trying to prove to herself that she was capable of romantic feelings.

About this time Liz went to England and one of the first persons she met was an old beau on whom she had a crush when she was sixteen. "I really had a thing on Michael," she said later. "We were working at the same studio and I followed him around like an adoring puppy. One day he took his hand in mine and said, 'Liz, one day you should marry me.'"

Liz was nineteen when she saw Mike Wilding again and the twenty years difference in their ages didn't seem so important. What was important for Liz was that here was an old friend she could rely on—a fellow Englishman, a fellow actor, somebody she felt warm and comfortable with. Many claim that Liz asked Mike to marry her.

At first it seemed like an ideal marriage for both. Mike was deeply in love with his wife and, as any other man would be, flattered to be married to a young beautiful girl. Liz, on the other hand, had great respect for Mike. There seemed to be a solid foundation in their relationship that indicated it would last. At first, Liz leaned on Mike's words as much as she leaned on his arm. She regained confidence in herself, and with that came happiness. And the children seemed to make their marriage complete.

What brought about a change is hard even to speculate on. Perhaps they spent too much time apart. Maybe they were too casual, too sophisticated. At any rate,

Mike Wilding and Liz Taylor drifted apart and it was over.

Over in spirit, if not in fact, even before Liz met Mike Todd. And when she did, it was just about all over in fact, as well. Todd saw Liz and knew right then and there he was going to marry her. Mike's a man who gets what he wants and Liz was what he wanted. If she resisted him, it's not on record anywhere. And did she want to, anyway? This was the first man who ever made Liz feel really wanted—who was willing to fight for her. The men Liz had known in her past had been at best, gentlemen, at worst, weaklings. Todd is ruthless and he's tough but to his very core he's every inch a man.

What the future will hold for them is anybody's guess but it's not news that Liz has long wanted to give up her career. She's often said that she never wanted one, that it was forced on her. Mike, on the other hand, has repeatedly said that he doesn't want any wife of his to be an actress. In a recent interview he elaborated on this point. "If Elizabeth should want to make a picture now and then as a hobby, maybe . . . but an actress with a real career has no time to look after the man she loves. I'm older than Elizabeth and I think this is fine. I've grown up, acquired some wisdom and I plan a life full enough to keep both of us busy and interested."

Perhaps, through this man who knows what he wants, Elizabeth will find what she wants, too, and what she is meant to be. It will be enough if Mike can help her find happiness. THE END

SEE: Elizabeth Taylor in George Stevens' "Giant" for Warners and M-G-M's "Raintree County."

Between Heaven and . . .

(Continued from page 65)

impression. And besides, I seemed to be falling in love with a stranger who didn't seem interested in me at all, so that I was careful to keep to myself the truth of what was happening to me."

That evening Anne took inventory of herself. She recalls deciding that before love a girl just is—and accepts herself without too much self scrutiny. But with love comes the great, new question: Who and what are you? She had a presentiment that Hollywood might be the wrong place to find out. It was hardly the place to inspire unselfishness, to learn how to give of yourself which is the essence of love. And this made her feel strangely sad.

"I remember asking myself why I wanted to be an actress," Anne says, speaking of this evening. "I had thought for several years that I knew. It was the challenge, always the challenge. On the screen it is *you* up there. And you are asking the audience if you are justifying yourself, if you are an interesting enough person to come before them, if you have a distinctive enough identity and the talent to make it worth the audience's while to look at you and wonder about you and possibly be won by you. Yes, a challenge that must be met—that you have to go through with.

"And I wondered. Did I love John, really, or was he, too, just a challenge? Did I want him as myself the woman, or as myself the actress? And I wondered then, as I wonder now, if this could be the story of other actresses in love, and if it might explain much of what happens to Hollywood's romances."

A critic has commented about Anne's work in such pictures as "All About Eve," "Carnival Story," "The Ten Commandments," and her quite new one, "Three

Violent People," by saying that she has never turned in a bad performance and "it appears as if she never will."

Anne thinks this critic is wrong.

"Again and again I have felt myself horribly inadequate to a part or to a moment in a script," she declares. "I have died any number of deaths before an audience or in front of the camera, sworn that I would never walk the fiery coals of ambition again. And, of course, that night, when I wondered about my love for John, I knew even then that my ambition might not be confined to my professional life only, that it could overflow into my personal life. And I didn't want love on that basis. I wanted *just* love. But you never know. You especially never know if you are an actress, and acting is so dear to you that you don't know where it leaves off and your own life begins."

Events gave Anne an opportunity to find out, at least, if John could be attracted to her; soon after their first meeting they were both cast in "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier."

For the first two weeks of the shooting he paid no attention to her at all, went directly to his dressing room after each scene, while she found herself unable to stop thinking about him. She began studying him in hope of discovering some chink in this armor of reserve he cast about himself, and found it, eventually, in his love for card games. He particularly liked to play gin rummy, and was, like most gin rummy players, inordinately proud of his ability. The only trouble, as far as Anne was concerned, was that she cared little or nothing about cards.

One noon, bumping into him "accidentally" in front of his dressing room where he had just lunched off a tray (Hodiak hated to eat in the studio com-



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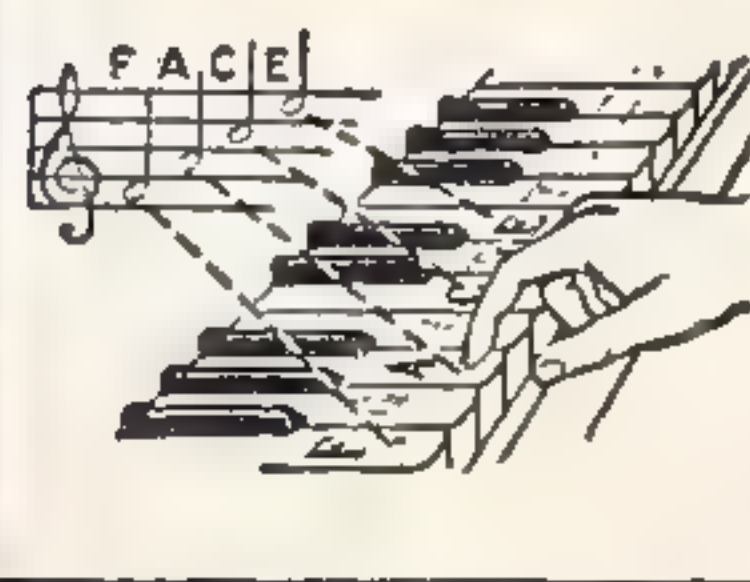
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missary), she asked him if he would like to play some gin.

When he consented, after a suspicious stare, she knew she must win the first hand. If she lost that one he might not even care to play further and would probably dismiss her from his thoughts.

Hodiak dealt and her cards were poor ones. She tried to improve them but luck seemed against her or, more likely, she was inept. Then a good card came her way, another, and still another; her hand was suddenly made and she could hardly restrain her enthusiasm when she lay down her cards, shouting, "Gin." Hodiak stared at it and then at her. Walking back to the set he was, for him, downright affable, and, she thought, was "taking her in" with his eyes rather than just seeing her.

For the rest of that day, for the first time in her career, Anne couldn't remember one line without flubbing. And for that day it didn't matter.

John Hodiak was born to poverty. He was the son of a Ukrainian immigrant and factory worker in the Hamtramck section of Detroit. He knew that he faced a hard fight to lift himself to a better level of life. The theatre appealed to him early as the most favorable arena to wage this battle, and as early as his fifth grade school days he would play hookey to wangle his way into movie theatres or perhaps catch an occasional vaudeville show. When he discovered that his diction was faulty, he got a job with the Chevrolet division of General Motors, chauffeuring executives so that he might listen to their talk and manner of expressing themselves. At seventeen he won an acting prize in a Hamtramck radio station contest. At twenty-two he was a radio star in Chicago earning \$750 a week.

All this about him, which Anne learned as they went together, won her admiration and solidified her regard for Hodiak. But she was to learn other things about him. He had an ulcer when he was still in his twenties and had developed hypertension and high blood pressure by the time he was thirty; he was much more sensitive, thinner-skinned, than he looked.

A sad story in the newspaper could move him to tears and the prospect of undergoing an emotional experience of any kind could visibly shake him. Not many people who attended his wedding to Anne, which took place in the garden of her parents' home after they had moved to Burlingame, California, will forget the look on Hodiak's face as he joined her in front of the preacher.

"He was so stern you thought he was about to strike his bride," recalls one guest. Anne once arranged a surprise

birthday party for him after their marriage and when he entered his home to be welcomed by a living room full of guests who had turned out in his honor his face went white and he had to retire for a while.

It was in November of 1944 that Hodiak first proposed to Anne, but it was a hesitant proposal, as if he was not sure it was a wise move for either of them, and Anne caught the mood. "Before I even answered we both knew we would not be married soon," she once told a friend, describing the incident. "I'm sure our love was strong, but so were our fears. Perhaps we should have been braver—both of us. One of the things John was afraid about was my parents' attitude, and he was right. They objected partly because he was an actor and therefore in a business which they thought was quite unstable, but mainly because they knew me and felt that it was unwise for me to marry a man with whom I had no common background. It was not a matter of snobbery. They liked John and came to love him. But they felt that we didn't have strong enough mutual interests, aside from acting, to carry us over the hurdles of our quarrels when these came. And they were right. Acting didn't help because acting, which had brought John and me together, was later, after our marriage, to hasten our split."

Not until two years after his first proposal did Anne and John marry. Their honeymoon was a happy one. Supposedly they went to stay at the smart Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs, but actually they roamed the Rockies in that region, by jeep and pony, and fell in with the spirit of the country by making a practice of staying overnight in abandoned cabins in isolated ghost towns. They would drive back to the hotel after a day or two, but just to get provisions and take off by themselves to find another lonely, but to them idyllic, retreat. Anne played one more game of gin rummy with Hodiak, lost \$30, and never again pretended that she knew anything about the game. They laughed at, but slept in, horrible iron beds left behind by the miners, drank head down from rushing mountain streams and saw no other living things but birds, chipmunks, and an occasional white-tailed deer. Anne cooked and was good at making-do without proper facilities. She wasn't so good at ironing. She tried it once with Hodiak's trousers—the iron was too hot and he never wore them again.

The honeymoon was as happy a beginning as any two young people could have but awaiting them was Hollywood. There isn't an actor or actress in the film colony,

nor has there ever been, who isn't emotionally involved in his or her career. There may be a few strong souls who for a while can maintain an even temperament when things are going badly—but not for long.

Events assailed Hodiak on many sides when they returned to California; enough to weight any man down. It was wartime and he tried to enlist but because of his hypertension he was turned down by every branch of the service—even the merchant marine. His last hope was to be taken in the draft. Again failure. But he didn't look sick; on the contrary few men appeared as strong and vigorous. And this was brought out many times; by friends who didn't know about his condition, by servicemen who would cast aspersions upon his patriotism (once a group of sailors openly challenged him for not being in uniform), and even women he didn't know came up to berate him. Personally, he went through hell all the way and his ailment being what it was, the whole experience was doubly shattering.

There was not for him, too, the solace that might have come out of progress in his work. He was a fine actor, none better of his age at that time in the opinion of most studio heads. But somehow he missed getting the roles he wanted, and the parts he did get were indifferent ones and detracted rather than added to his stature. While this was going on, while he sat home waiting glumly for calls from the studios which began to take longer and longer to come, Anne's name began to shine even brighter.

Her dramatic contributions to pictures like "The Razor's Edge," "Angel on My Shoulder" and "Blaze of Noon" were rated of major calibre. They won for her further roles in top product like "The Walls of Jericho," "Yellow Sky" and "All About Eve." Hodiak was happy for her; but, being both human and an actor, his happiness about her success was coupled with a sickness about his lack of it.

Anne knew what was going on. Moreover she knew that his misery was sharpened by the fact that she was doing so well. But how was she to help him—by quitting pictures?

"Life just isn't being fair with John," she burst out to her mother once. "He gets up at five o'clock in the morning and is miserable because he has nothing to do, and I have. A busy world is waiting for me, but not for him. It destroys a man, no matter who he is. And then, how can I come home from the studio and talk about my day when his has been so empty? Every word would be like rubbing salt in his wounds. So I don't. So we talk about something else and we both know we are trying to cover up."

This wasn't all that was foreboding in the marriage of Anne Baxter and John Hodiak. Their lives had been different before they met and some of these differences began to be manifest in a way that was not only disquieting, but to Hodiak, almost devastating. His mother was a woman whose activities were confined strictly to her home. Anne's mother, on the contrary, had many interests beyond it, social, civic, artistic, and her husband approved of them.

Unconsciously Hodiak's idea of wifehood was patterned after his mother and slowly this came to the forefront in his relations with Anne. He needed a girl who not only adored him, but whose universe centered around him, who had never really lived before she met him; someone who was always there when he came home at night, to whom his life was all the life she needed.

He never, during his entire married life with Anne, asked her to give up her career. But after a time it was a thing

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that was in the air, a sort of desperate solution, and Anne is not the first Hollywood actress-wife in such a situation to whom such a step was unthinkable.

Since life is never simple, nor even only simply complicated, there would have to be, and there was, another irritant. Because of their dissimilar backgrounds (and as predicted by her parents), Anne's mode of life, founded on the near-wealthy scale of her upbringing, the level on which she thought and acted, her approach to people, her attitude to their combined activities, her very references, were for the most part foreign to Hodiak and often he could not hide his resentment. He sometimes took them as a reflection on his birth and childhood as the son of a factory worker.

This was the state of their marriage about the time their daughter was born. With the addition or subtraction of a factor here and there it parallels the marital state of hundreds of other film couples bygone and present. Can such a marriage endure? The record is a negative one. Few have succeeded.

"We certainly tried," Anne has said. "We both cared about our marriage—about our love and our marriage. But maybe we were both so deeply involved as separate individuals that we couldn't be objective. I mean that we each had so strong a personal viewpoint that we

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couldn't spread it to take in and understand the other fellow's. It's a kind of selfishness that sets in when you think that you might be hurt making the concessions needed for a settlement. So there is no settlement—and you are really hurt."

Anne and her husband never really talked about the things which were forcing them apart. "We talked endlessly in our heads, I think," Anne has said, "but not openly to each other. We never had a good fight, and I think a good fight is an important device to get the truth told even if yelled or shrieked. Maybe we were both cowards, and we paid for it. If you are afraid of what is wrong you can never make things right."

It is quite possible that even if they had faced their troubles more frankly the marriage could not have been saved. Hodiak was unhappy about his career, about the wife he had as contrasted to his lifelong conception of what a wife should be and about the lack of similarity in their outlooks generally. Anne was unhappy too, because she sensed that only by changing her whole philosophy, only by refuting the dream of acting which she had had since childhood could marital peace be achieved. And she knew she wouldn't, probably couldn't, change.

"What's the use of pretense?" she confided despondently to a friend once during this period. "My whole life has been a crisis. No, not only my life, but practically everyone's life out here in Hollywood is the same."

There grew in her mind at this time the conviction that she was not able to look ahead ten or twenty years and visualize herself still with Hodiak and living with some degree of fulfillment. She thought of their baby and became convinced that it would hurt Katrina less if the separation came when she was still too young to feel the full impact of it. And one night when she and Hodiak were talking about themselves again, there grew

in her mind the idea that things were coming to a head, that, in fact, she was trying to bring them to a head, that, as she now realizes, she was trying to make him angry enough so that she could make a final break.

She achieved her purpose by walking out of the room suddenly and going to her bedroom where she started banging dresser drawers open and shut. He came in after her and looked perplexed. "We have never done that before," he said. "We never walked out on each other."

She turned and came out with it. "I want a divorce!"

He studied her. "We've never mentioned that word before, either," he said. Then, after a moment of silence, he turned around and left. The marriage was over.

Hodiak never seemed to show any anger about the parting (he went to live with his parents whom he had brought to Tarzana in the San Fernando Valley) until Anne filed her suit. Then for a period there was a streak of typical Hollywood retaliatory statements and actions from intervening "friends," and they both suffered from the emotional involvements which these caused.

During the year she waited for the court decree to become final Anne sounded some confused notes in her life—a few of them rather sour. She sat some nights alternately hoping that Hodiak would phone her, and then hoping that he wouldn't. She went blonde, hunted a new circle of friends, came out with the famous cigar bit, and figuratively played a sort of game of handball with herself as the ball and bouncing against every wall in Hollywood.

The business of smoking cigars, a habit she never acquired at all, has come to haunt her. It arose out of a misunderstanding between her and Russell Birdwell, her good friend and publicity representative. One day she sent him a note in which she mentioned a producer who, jokingly, had her take a puff of a special cigar made for women.

Birdwell decided to photograph Anne in such a smoking pose and her state of mind was such that she gave no thought to the possible consequences. A few days later the pictures were sent out to the press and one of them appeared in a New York newspaper under a caption reading, "Does she chew too?"

The impression it made was a bad one and Anne was bewildered by the minor furor it caused. Yet, actually it had a psychological explanation and represented a distracted Anne rather than the normal one. As an imminent divorcee she had not been able to shake off a sense of failure, and in this frame of mind she had trusted the judgment of others more than she trusted her own, and took a number of directions which were questionable. "Even unbelievable," was her comment not long ago, when she was reviewing her early post-divorce days. It is hardly likely that she will ever express herself this way again.

By court decree, Anne and John Hodiak were no longer man and wife January 27, 1953, but there was still in their hearts an attachment for each other that neither could ever express, yet it would not die. When he came to visit Katrina, whose custody had been given to Anne, his manner with Anne was curt and formal. This is what she wanted, she kept telling herself, yet she would find herself at times also wishing they could be a little more friendly, a little closer—and she would find herself sometimes trying to do something about it.

One late afternoon she asked him to stay for cocktails. It could have been dinner too. But while they sat with

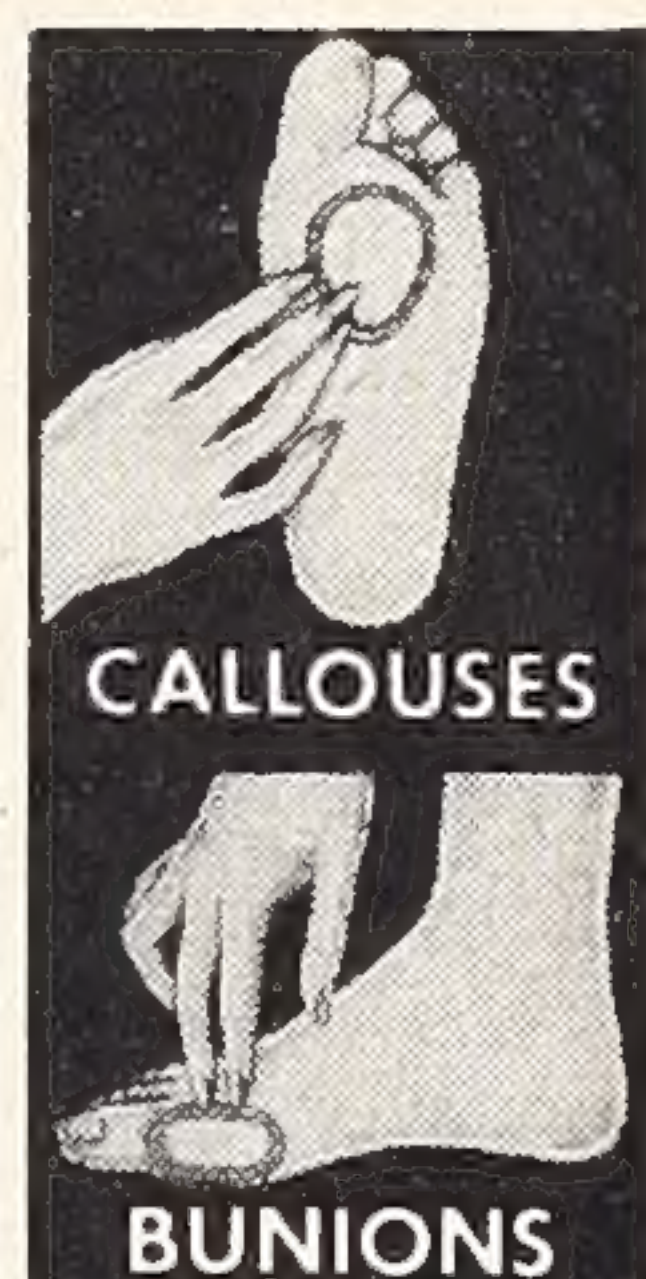
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drinks in hand and talked, they talked around themselves, rather than about themselves. "It was as if two ghosts were there," she recalls. "Nothing that was said had real meaning, nothing could be grasped."

A little more than two and a half years after the divorce, twenty minutes after he woke up on the morning of October 19, 1955, and called out to his mother that he was ill, John Hodiak was dead, of a heart attack. Anne, who during their married life had watched his diet and had made him go to a doctor about his condition (he had never even bothered to seek medical advice about his hypertension), suffered not only a profound sense of shock, but also one of disappointment and failure. To help him over his ailment had been one of her early hopes, taken on with the eager enthusiasm of a young wife, and then forsaken in the emotional chaos of their breakup.

His funeral in the Catholic church, in which he had once been an altar boy, was the first such service Anne had ever attended in her life. She had thought she could not even bear to come, yet neither could she stay away. His folks were not bitter, held nothing against her, she could see, when they met—for which she is still grateful to them.

"You'll want to be alone with him," his sister Ann said, taking it for granted.

"Oh, no—" Anne begged.

"Of course you do," said the sister. "He looks beautiful."

Anne made herself go then to the coffin. He did look "beautiful," and terribly young. He was wearing a tie she had given him—and a pin, as well as his wedding ring. She found herself talking to him, saying some of the things she had always wanted to say to him—and couldn't.

Anne Hodiak is not yet over that day, nor will she ever be. Yet she does not intend to spend her life looking backward. Through her daughter, now almost six, and through her honest desire to achieve usefulness in her profession, she is bound closely to the future.

Of her daughter, Katrina, she says, "She will love her father, even if only in memory, more easily than she will love me. She will both love and hate me. She has only the best of him. This is as it should be."

Of her work she has a clear conception. It does not embrace any wish to be successful as a personality. It does hold a hope that she can be successful as an actress. As a consequence her preoccupation with appearance, in the Hollywood sense, has greatly lessened. She hates parts which center on the beauty of the heroine rather than her emotional motivations. Makeup men are slowly learning not to make suggestions about which side of her is more photogenic than the other, why she doesn't have her nose fixed (she broke it as a child falling out of a sled) or how to bring out her good features.

Of her future as a woman she is, as might be expected, both clear and unclear. About marriage she is at the point where she wonders what she has to offer, rather than what she may be offered. Not long ago she was asked what she would say if a suitor proposed and she said she might reply with a quotation from "All About Eve," as spoken by Bette Davis in that picture: "Why do you want to marry me? I'm conceited and thoughtless and messy."

"But don't you want to be happy?" was the question which this prompted.

"No, I don't want to be happy," Anne said simply and honestly. "I'll settle to be alive and active."

THE END

GO SEE: Anne Baxter in Paramount's "The Ten Commandments" and "Three Violent People."



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